

KATHARINE WALTON: OR, THE REBEL'S DAUGHTER.

A TALE OF THE REVOLUTION.

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"THE YEMASSEE," ETC.

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(Continued from page 179.)

CHAPTER XXVII.

"You have a Trojan prisoner, called Antenor,
Yesterday took. Troy holds him very dear."

TRILUS AND CRESSIDA.

BALFOUR was soon apprised, by the treacherous servant, of the absence of Proctor from his lodgings the night before; and the impossibility of accounting for it, as usual, led to the conjecture that John had been sent out of the way, simply that he might not follow the footsteps of the master. When, the next day, Proctor left the city, it was determined by the commandant, after a long conference with John, that the latter should pursue him, but in a disguise, and on a horse which Balfour furnished. Two hours, accordingly, had not elapsed, when the faithless servant was on the tracks of his master. The progress of Proctor was not so rapid but that he could be easily overtaken by an eager pursuer. Fifteen miles from the city the spy distinguished him about half a mile ahead. He maintained this distance for the rest of the journey. Proctor reached Dorchester and proceeded to take lodgings at the house of Humphries, "The Royal George," the better to avoid suspicion. A rival tavern was kept by Pryor, but, as he was a suspected Whig, he no longer received the public patronage. Even the patriots, in order to escape suspicion, avoided the dwelling of one with whom they yet thoroughly sympathized. The spy, whom practice had made an adept, having ascertained the manner in which his master had disposed of himself, went at once to the post of Dorchester, carrying letters from Balfour to Vaughan. His horse groomed and stabled, he left the fortress under cover of the night, and established a watch upon the house of Humphries. After supper, Proctor came forth, and, as the localities were all well known to him, he took the direct route for the neglected hotel of Pryor. Thither the spy followed him; but, beyond the single fact that he saw his master enter this dwelling, he gathered nothing from his espionage. Pryor received his visitor at the entrance, and conducted him to an inner apartment, where, in the course of an hour's conversation, Proctor unfolded all the difficulties in his case, and indicated the extent of service which the other might perform for him. Though a blunt, rude man,

and a fierce Whig, Pryor was not hostile to Proctor. The latter, in command at Dorchester, had done his spiritings so gently as to have compelled the respect of the people generally. Besides, the service desired by him was one which aimed to defeat the machinations of Balfour and Vaughan, both of whom were hated, and was further commended to him by a brief letter from old Tom Singleton, whom our landlord well knew and greatly honored. The consequence was that Pryor took up heartily the cause of his visitor.

"It can be done, Major Proctor. It *shall* be done!" said Pryor, with an oath. "I will do it. I can manage Graddock and Clymes, but I must have money, and my own way."

"You shall have both," was the prompt reply.

Twenty guineas were at once put into his hands.

"This will do," returned the landlord. "If more is wanted I will contrive that you shall know it. You shall hear of me through old Tom Singleton. He will tell you that your money will be safe in my hands."

Proctor quickly declared that he needed no such assurance.

"Nevertheless, major, it's in the way of business that you should have it. And now that we understand what's to be done, we don't need you any longer. You must be off with to-morrow's sun. You can be of no service in dealing with these people, and your presence here will only occasion suspicion, and make the affair difficult to manage. Of course, Balfour knows all about your coming here."

"Scarcely."

"Don't you believe it. He knows you've left the city. If he's busy, as you think, in this matter, and really desires to destroy you, and if your man John be in his employ, and is the rascal you think him—and which I verily believe—I never could bear the fellow—then, be sure, that he has sent a spy after you."

"I saw no one," replied Proctor, with rare simplicity.

"Oh, to be sure not! It is a spy's business to see and not to be seen. But do you so act as if you felt that every footstep which you take is watched. Go back to Humphries, and ask the old scoundrel all sorts of questions in regard to the affair of the

rescue of Colonel Walton. Don't say a syllable of Gradock and Clymes. Talk only of Marion's men, and the goggle-eyed Tory, Blonay. This will lead them off the scent. Set off with the dawn to-morrow, or an hour before it, and, by sunrise, I'll report everything to Vaughan, just as Humphries will be sure to do. This will save me harmless. Otherwise, I should be very apt to enjoy the bayonet pricks of a corporal's guard before I had fairly swallowed breakfast. We must be artful. We must fight fire with fire."

Satisfied that things were now in proper train in this quarter, Proctor left the shrewd old landlord and returned to play the game prescribed with the loyalist, Humphries. We need not dwell upon the details. The counsel of Pryor was closely followed, and the whole history of the rescue of Walton, by Marion's men, was deliberately discussed, point by point, in all its particulars, under the dubious lights accorded by the wit or wisdom of the Tory landlord. With dawn, Proctor was already crossing Eagle Bridge, gazing sternly, as he passed, upon the little fortress in which his experiences, for more than a year, had been those of unmix'd trial and bitterness. His heart was filled with the maledictions which his lips did not utter, as he thought of his enemy, Vaughan; and his hand griped fiercely the handle of his sword in a mute but expressive thirst for the moment when he could close the account of enmity between them in the deadly arbitrament of fight. He little dreamed that his action was beheld, and its import properly divined. The traitor John was also in the saddle, and, from a neighboring covert, had him clearly in his eye. Proctor drove the spur into his steed and darted forwards; and the other dogged resolutely after him, taking due care not to draw too nigh, yet as careful never long to lose his master from his sight.

The spirits of Proctor grow more elastic as he rode. There is something in the very effort to foil the enemy which contributes to the conviction that the thing may be done; and the exhortations of Furness, of old Singleton, and Pryor, their counsels, and the cool readiness with which their several faculties had been brought to bear, in the same manner, and upon the same game, seemed to relieve it from all its embarrassments. For a moment, it occurred to the British major as something singular that his two agents in the business should both be of the patriotic or rebel party; and that he should owe his acquaintance with Singleton to the interposition of a provincial loyalist—though sufficiently explained by the former—was yet a circumstance which continually occurred to his thoughts as something curious. Nor did it escape him, as also among the catalogue of things to occasion surprise, that Pryor should speak so confidently of communicating with old Singleton whenever the necessity for it should occur. But Proctor had become quite too cold, as a subject of his royal master, and entertained quite too little sympathy with the existing powers in Carolina, to allow himself to meditate these

doubts with his usual vigilance. If there was anything suspicious in the connection between these parties, there was no responsibility, on his part, which required that he should investigate the matter. New thoughts and fancies, new conjectures, hopes and fears, passed into his brain; and he found himself busied in fruitless guesses as to the unknown, but, as he now believed, fair correspondent, to whom he was indebted for all the clues to his present inquiries. Was she fair? was she young and lovely? and how, when, and where had he awakened in her bosom the degree of interest such as her solicitude in behalf of his fortunes would necessarily show that she felt? He was bound to believe her both young and fair. Common gratitude required nothing less, and it gave him pleasure to believe it. His interest in the unknown continued to rise—it had risen prodigiously within the last few days—and his fancy began to frame a portrait of her to his eye, which might possibly become a fixed image in his heart. But of this Proctor had no misgivings. He felt grateful for the love which, unknown, had watched so faithfully over his fortunes; and the sympathy which had been thus gratuitously shown, might, naturally, in the heart of one so much alone in the world, and so much assailed by enemies, provoke and deserve a warmer sentiment than simple gratitude. It was while thus brooding over the services of the unknown damsel that our British major was suddenly, and somewhat roughly, brought back to more immediate interests by a stern command to halt, from unknown lips, and by finding the bridle of his steed in the grasp of an assailant. He looked up to behold before him a sturdy forester, in the well-known blue hunting-shirt of the colonial rangers, one hand presenting a pistol, while the other bore heavily upon the bridle of his steed.

To clap spurs to his horse, to ride over the obstruction, and draw his own pistol from the holster, was the instant impulse of Proctor; but his action and purpose were beheld in season for a warning, to which he was compelled to listen.

"It's useless, major. You're surrounded. You're a prisoner."

The man's tones were civil, but firm. His words were seconded by the appearance of three other persons in similar costume, each of whom presented his rifle as he drew nigh. The necessity was not to be eluded or escaped, and, submitting with a good grace to his captors, one of them led his horse by the bridle into the neighboring thicket. In ten minutes after, a similar party had taken like possession of the treacherous servant John. The whole affair happened within twelve miles of the city.

The captives were taken to the shelter of a dense forest growth which skirted the Ashley. Not a word was spoken during the progress. Proctor, staggered by the audacity of the proceeding, was yet comparatively resigned to the event. His mind was in a state which enabled him to look with something like indifference upon all the caprices of fortune. For the present, he made no inquiries, con-

tioning himself with the reflection that the explanation would come quite soon enough. He was permitted to throw himself at ease, where he would, among the trees, and his horse was properly cared for by a negro groom whose face Proctor fancied he had seen before; a conjecture which seemed to find encouragement in the broad grin that opened the fellow's countenance to barn-door dimensions, as he led away the steed. But the captive was permitted no words with him. He was vigilantly guarded, three or four riflemen constantly keeping him in sight.

Proctor was surprised at the numbers of these people. They were continually coming and going. He noted no less than forty different persons. All of them were well mounted and apparently well armed. The place had the appearance of being frequently used, as in the present instance, for the camp of a scouting party. The earth was well beaten by the hoofs of horses. The trees bore saddles and bridles; the cook-pot smoked constantly with wild cheer of the woods; and yet the whole party were within two miles of the Ashley Ferry Road, then much more traveled than at the present day. Amongst all this motley and somewhat savage group, Proctor saw no officers beyond the grade of a sergeant; but the utmost order prevailed in the encampment. It was while he lay at ease in the shade that he saw another captive brought in as he had been. This was his man John. But the British major did not recognize him, and the prisoners were guarded separately, and at no time allowed to come together.

At noon, dinner was served him alone, and he was waited on with respect by one of the foresters. He was well known. The man addressed him by name.

"Who is your leader, sir?" was the question of Proctor.

"He must answer that question for himself," was the reply.

"When shall I see him?"

"To-night, I reckon."

It was an hour after dark, when a considerable bustle in the camp announced an arrival. Meanwhile, a fire had been built among the trees where Proctor had made his tent, and a couple of blankets were provided him, with a thick roll of black moss by way of pillow. He had supped; and while he lay at ease, with his feet to the fire, meditating the novel phase in his fortunes, a group approached him of three persons, the centre and taller figure of the party, to his great surprise, being masked. They stood on one side of the fire, while Proctor lay on the other. The masked figure began the conversation with asking the captive how he had been treated.

"As well as I could wish, sir, my captivity alone excepted. Am I to understand that I am a prisoner in the hands of the Americans?"

"You are! You will be treated well, Major Proc-

tor, and with proper respect for your character and rank. Indeed, sir, you need not be a prisoner a moment longer. If you will give me your word, as a man of honor, that, for one week, you will say nothing of this adventure, nor make any report of the body of soldiers you see here, you shall be free to depart with the dawn."

"That is impossible, sir. I can make no such pledges. My duty, sir——"

"Enough, Major Proctor! It will be my duty then to keep you safely, at least for a few days. It will be our care that you shall not have reason to complain of anything but your detention. Our fare is coarse, and the couch assigned you is a hard one; but you are a soldier, sir, and can accommodate yourself to such small inconveniences."

"I am content, sir. But, Colonel Walton, your voice betrays you—I know you!——"

"You know too much for your own safety," cried one of the officers accompanying Colonel Walton, drawing a pistol from his belt, with the words, and presenting it at the head of the prisoner. But for the timely interposition of Walton, the rash subordinate would have drawn the trigger. The piece was already cocked.

"Pshaw! McKelvey!" cried Walton, arresting his arm. "He can do us no hurt. We have only to keep him safely. Put up your weapon. Let me see nothing of this."

"You are too indulgent, Colonel," said the other.

"You will pay for it some day. This man——"

"At least, let us do no murder! Major Proctor, have I your word that you will not endeavor to escape, until we release you? This will be in a week, at the utmost. If you refuse, I shall only be compelled to subject you to greater restraint—in fact, to put you in irons."

"I can have no objection to make you such a promise, Colonel Walton, in the hope to escape such ignominy."

"It is then understood. Your range must be limited to the hundred yards on either side of your present place of rest. To attempt to pass beyond these limits will subject you to the rough handling of your guards. Good night, sir."

With these words the party retired. Proctor, however, could still hear, as they went, the expostulations of the angry officer who had threatened his life, against the ill-advised mercy of his superior. He congratulated himself upon his narrow escape from a sharp and sudden death, and wondering at the nature of the enterprise which brought the partisans so near to the city garrison, he sank into slumbers not less grateful because of the rough couch assigned him for their enjoyment. His fortune was much better than that of his servant John. The treacherous spy was hustled across the river that very night, his wrists folded together with bracelets of iron, and a determined trooper on each side ready to shoot him down at the first sign of difficulty. Let us return once more to the city.

Mrs. I see, lady, the gentleman is not in your books.—*Much Ado About Nothing.*

WHILE these events were in progress in the career of Proctor, society in Charleston was not wholly stagnant. The undercurrents, which represent the moral influences of the social world, were in sleepless motion; and the several parties to our history were more or less moved by their varying influences. The great ball at Cruden's was yet to take place, and was looked forward to, with eager excitement, by hundreds of those who sought in society rather the passing delights than the substantial virtues which make society secure and permanent. The interval, meanwhile, was not unemployed by those who, without being able to emulate the splendor of the intended assemblage, were yet anxious to make some figure in the world corresponding with their proportions and resources. The days were, accordingly, consumed in *fêtes champêtre*, and the nights in lively reunions. Parties for Haddrill's, Sullivan's, James', and Morris' Islands, were of constant occurrence, and drives into St. Andrews', Goose Creek, Accabee, and other contiguous places furnished employment and excitement to merry groups to whom the question to the Bezonean, "Under which king, &c.?" never offered the slightest annoyance. These excursions were all taken during the daylight, for the autumn season, in the swamp regions of Carolina, did not suffer pleasure to sport with impunity along the watercourses, unless with the sanction of the daylight and the sun. At night, gay abodes in the city received and welcomed the butterfly tribes to whom life offered no aspects which rendered the economy of time desirable. Our excellent Mrs. Rivington had her "evenings" as surely as her "mornings;" and there were a number besides who, if individually less frequent in throwing open their saloons, were sufficiently numerous to suffer no night to pass without affording a point of gathering for the light and motley multitude.

We will suppose some few days to have passed in practices such as these, since our last meeting with the conspirators at Mrs. Singleton's. The occasions were studiously contrived by Balfour and his satellites to bring Katharine Walton into company. The policy of Mrs. Singleton encouraged her in yielding to this object, however little she may have relished it at heart. But two results were aimed at in the concession. It was only prudent not to offend authorities which had the parties completely in their power, and quite as important, by conceding thus much, if possible, to divert suspicion from the secret toils of our feminine conspirators. Accordingly, Katharine Walton moved in a circle which in her heart she loathed, and received the devotions of those whose tributes revolted equally her patriotism and pride. But she preserved her temper in the calm control of her pure and proper thoughts,

and if she was not all that her suitors desired, she at least afforded them no idle provocation to complaint. In the meanwhile, she has met with and made the acquaintance of Ella Monckton. At first, the two maidens were somewhat shy of each other. We are in possession of the sufficient reason for this shyness on the part of Ella. Katharine's reluctance arose naturally enough: first, from the knowledge that Ella belonged to the enemy—was of the loyalist faction; and, second, because there was nothing either in what was said of her by others, or in the *empressment* of her own manner, to enable her to fix or command the consideration or curiosity of our heroine. But circumstances, and occasional communion, served to break down the first barriers which natural restraints had set up between them. A word, a tone, a look, will suffice where hearts are ingenuous and young, to appeal to the affections; and, very soon it was that, under a shrinking aspect, which the vulgar might consider pride, but which is just as likely to be an exquisite sensibility, Katharine Walton perceived that Ella Monckton harbored the most delicate, pure, and generous of natures. On the other hand, Ella, somehow, felt herself, in spite of herself, drawn towards her rival, as by an irresistible attraction. At first, the language of her heart secretly said—

"I do not hate, but I fear her! She pains and distresses me, though she does not offend."

Subsequently, it had another language.

"There is something very noble and commanding about this lady! She is a lady; sensitive, yet firm; pure and chaste, yet without any affectations of delicacy. She is gentle, too, and sweet, and there is a wondrous strength and melody, mixed, in the tones of her voice. I like her in spite of *him*; I like her, and feel that I could love her."

But there was a reserve even about the intimacy of the parties, which time alone could have broken down. Of course, Katharine Walton was not aware of any interest which she could have in the affairs of Ella; while the latter, on the other hand, was restrained by an ever-present fear that Katharine would decipher her secret interest in herself at every glance of her eyes and in the tremulous tones of her every utterance. The fear was idle. Katharine saw nothing in those eyes but the expression of a rare tenderness and delicacy; and heard nothing in her voice but a soft and touching harmony, which insensibly increased her interest in one in whom she never once thought to find a rival. But the parties insensibly came together more and more with every day. The ancient intercourse between the widows Monckton and Singleton was gradually resumed through the growing intimacy between the two damsels. To spend a morning at the house of the latter was a not unfrequent thing with Ella; while Katharine was easily persuaded to take her work, or her book, to the house of Mrs. Monckton, and go into a sort of temporary solitude in the sweet society of the widow and her daughter, whither the crowd never came, and where she was seldom exposed to

the annoyances which elsewhere invariably pursued her, of a misnamed gallantry, and a devotion which suggested nothing grateful to her fancies.

It was one afternoon, while Ella Monckton was on a visit to Katharine, that the gay widow Brewton joined the circle. In the constantly increasing round of her social progress, this lady was equally put in possession of the latest *on dit* of the city. She had been that morning at Mrs. Rivington's, where it seems that Proctor, and his command at Dorchester, had been the subject of conversation.

"There is evidently a determination, in high quarters," said the widow, "to destroy that poor fellow, Proctor."

The heart of Ella trembled at these words.

"I suspect, Kate Walton," she continued, "that you are to blame for it all."

"Mo! How? Why?"

"Ah! do not feign ignorance. Barry, and his eternal shadow McMahon, were both in full cry against him for his presumptuous admiration of you. It was charged that you are the cause of all his neglect of duty; and a great deal was said of a nature to lead me to suspect that great pains will be taken to establish the facts against him. But I did not so much trouble myself in relation to his case as to yours. The question was, in what degree you had given Proctor encouragement."

"I give him encouragement!"

"Come, come, Kate! Do not put on that sublime look of indignation. Proctor is not a person to be despised. He is one of the noblest of all these British officers, and, by the way, one of the best looking. A maiden might well give him encouragement without intending it, and might just as easily forget to shield her own heart against his attacks. Mark you, I do not say that such has been the case with you; but there were those present, this morning, that did say so, and who brought forward a large number of proofs to conclude what they asserted."

"And what did you say?" asked Katharine, with a smile.

"Oh! you may guess. I asked, with no little scorn, if there was any one so stupid as to suppose that you were going to throw yourself away upon a red-coat; and I turned to Major Barry, and remarked in these very words: 'Undoubtedly, major, you are among the handsomest, the bravest, and the wittiest of all your crew—perhaps the very Magnus Apollo of the tribe. Now, pray you, think of Miss Walton, of her mind, her person, and, last and least of all, her fortune; then, be pleased to wheel about and confront your own image in that grand mirror of Mrs. Rivington's. Having done so, and having brought all your well-known self-esteem to bear upon the question, then ask yourself what would be the amount of claim and attraction which you might urge, if seeking the hand of Katharine Walton.'"

"Oh, Mrs. Brewton!"

"I did; and, positively, a miracle! The little fellow blushed! Blushed, until nobody thought to look at the scarlet of his regimentals. And Captain

McMahon, looking in his face, blushed also—by reflection, I suppose; and for a moment the whole squad were silenced. But, with a sort of desperation, they renewed the fire, as much, it would seem, to please that brazen beauty, Moll Harvey, as with any other object. The argument was that you were quite too deeply involved with Proctor ever to escape; that Balfour, accordingly, stood no chance; that whatever might be done against Proctor was to him a matter of perfect indifference, so long as his life remained untouched; that he was already prepared to abandon the British for the American cause; and that your love, of which he was secure, was sufficiently compensative for all his losses and privations."

Poor Ella felt as if she could have buried her face in the earth—as if her heart were already buried there.

"What a sarrago of absurdities!" exclaimed Katharine.

"Nay, Kate, upon my soul, I don't see that. I give you my word for it they made a very plausible story amongst them. Somebody did say something about your once having drawn trigger upon Proctor, as a proof of your dislike; but the story was positively denied by others, and Proctor's own words quoted in denial."

"It was nevertheless quite true," said Katharine, gravely.

"True!" exclaimed Ella, with a convulsive shudder.

"All true," answered Katharine, with increasing gravity. "It is one of those things of which I do not care to speak. I revolt at myself when I think of it; and no doubt Major Proctor denies it, with an honorable disposition, to relieve me from the odium of having attempted such a crime. But it was in a moment of desperation, almost of madness, that the thing was done; and having told you thus much, I must tell you all, by way of explanation, that I entreat you, Mrs. Brewton, and you, Ella, to keep the matter secret. My dear cousin, Emily Singleton, was dying in our house: her brother, Robert, was with us, concealed, a fugitive, about to receive her last breath. At that awful moment, Major Proctor entered the dwelling, followed by his troops. I arrested him at the door of my cousin's chamber, from which Robert made his escape by the window. Major Proctor approaching with the resolution to enter, though I had forbidden it, I seized one of my cousin's pistols, and fired, fortunately, without effect, for I had no aim! I know not what I did!"

A deep sigh struggled forth from the breast of Ella Monckton.

"Why, what a desperado you are, Kate!" exclaimed Mrs. Brewton. "I thought I had wickedness and wilfulness for anything; but I never once dreamed of the possibility of my ever attempting to shoot down a British major. How did you feel, child, when you were doing it? when you pulled the ugly little crooked iron they call the trigger? when you heard the sudden bam! bam! and saw

the flash? Did you tremble? Did you faint? Did you not feel like going off into hysterics? Bless me, you are, indeed, a heroine! and how the thing was hushed up; for the person—who was it?—that mentioned it this morning gave it only as a rumor, and was easily silenced."

"It was too true! I knew not what I was doing—this must be my apology. I owe much to Major Proctor for his forbearance."

"And will pay him with your heart."

"Never! never! Let me tell you farther, and thus silence *your* doubts forever, Mrs. Brewton. I am the betrothed of my cousin, Robert Singleton; Major Proctor can never be anything to me but a gentleman of worth, whom I very much esteem."

Could Katharine Walton have seen the bright but tearful eyes of poor Ella at that moment! With what a bound her little heart rose to her mouth, and fluttered there like some captive bird, deluded for a moment with a dream of escape from prison!

Mrs. Singleton entered the apartment at this moment. She heard the revelation of Katharine, and spoke rebukingly.

"Katharine, my child, this should not have been told. It is our policy to keep it secret. If known abroad, it may be fatal to your fortunes. Balfour's forbearance is due entirely to his doubt of your engagement. He has, thus far, no reason to believe it. Let him suppose that the affair is irrevocable, and the commissioner of sequestrations keeps no terms with you, and you lose everything."

"Be it so, my dear aunt," replied the other; "but, believe me, I should rather lose all than deserve the reproach of holding out any encouragement to others, which may mislead."

"You are quite right, my dear," cried the widow Brewton. "I much prefer the manly course, myself."

"Nay, she is quite wrong, and *you* are quite wrong, permit me to say," responded Mrs. Singleton, with great gravity. "You are only asked, my child, to keep a secret which peculiarly concerns yourself, and which nobody has a right to seek. In doing so, you hold forth no encouragements to others, so long as your deportment is that of a lady. The presumption which takes for granted its own merits as too potential to be withstood, must pay its own penalties, and is not particularly a subject of commiseration or concern. If these people assume your freedom, let them do so; if they presume upon it, there will always be a reason to interpose and check them, either by simple rejection of their civilities, or by showing, if you think proper, that you are no longer your own mistress. In your present circumstances, there is no impropriety in that reserve which simply keeps from one's neighbor a private history, which is especially one's own; and every motive of policy insists upon the reserve."

"My dear aunt, my secret will be perfectly safe with Mrs. Brewton and with Ella."

The ladies thus mentioned hastened to give their assurances to this effect

"No doubt, no doubt, my dear; but without my warning, you would probably, under the same provocation, have revealed yourself in like manner to anybody else."

"It is very like I should. I have been always accustomed to this freedom; and I confess to a feeling noways agreeable in yielding to the reserve which you call policy, but which certainly seems to me to lead necessarily to false notions of one's situation."

"Not so; nobody ought to suffer because a lady keeps the secret of her betrothal. The gentleman who seeks a lady must feel his way cautiously. His first approaches, met properly by the lady, are his last, and there's an end of it. Everything depends upon herself. If she trifles with her situation, that is quite another thing. In your case, my dear, there can be no fears of this sort."

The entrance of another visitor changed the subject. Mrs. Ingliss, who now joined the party, was a genuine patriot, and at present under special annoyance. She had some of the more foppish of the British officers billeted upon her, among whom was the famous wit of the garrison, so often mentioned, Harry Barry, Esq., Major, &c. But the annoyance was not greatly regretted by her friends, since her patriotism enabled her upon occasion to turn it to excellent use. Keeping her own counsels, and studiously forbearing to offend the prejudices of the enemy, she inspired them with a certain degree of confidence, and they spoke very freely before her. By this means she gathered many items of intelligence, which found their way to our circle of female conspirators, and were by them conveyed to the partisans. Something was due to this lady, accordingly, and it became the policy of our patriots to afford every possible countenance to her mode of housekeeping. She visited the ladies of both parties, and they did not withhold themselves from her assemblies. Her present visit was to Katharine Walton. It was the usual formal initial call preparatory to an invitation; and the customary preliminaries being dismissed, Mrs. Ingliss solicited the presence of our heroine at her house on the ensuing evening. Finding Katharine hesitate, Mrs. Brewton interposed—

"Of course, she will come, Mrs. Ingliss; we will all come. We know what is due to you, and we shall enjoy ourselves rarely with your lodgers. Barry, you know, is my delicate aversion. I approach him as I would Tom Singleton's monkey, with the mood to torture him into the antics, without which the beast has no qualities. We will come, of course."

Mrs. Singleton gave a similar assurance, and the consent of Katharine followed. Mrs. Ingliss did not linger long after this; and when she departed she was accompanied by the lively widow. Ella Monckton still remained, her heart filled with inexpressible emotions. She had spoken little during the conference between the parties, but her interest had been lively enough in all that had been said.

There was nothing now wanting to confirm that warm feeling of sympathy which she had begun to cherish for the character of Katharine. That the heart of the latter was quite free in respect to Proctor—that there was no possibility that the parties should be ever more nearly connected with each other than they were at present—was a conviction too firmly established in her mind, from what she had heard, to suffer any future doubts or misgivings from this source. The poor girl was, for the time, unreservedly happy in this conviction. When she was about to go, to the surprise of Katharine, she threw her arms about the neck of the latter, and passionately kissed her cheek. The proceeding was so unusual—so unlike everything that had hitherto marked their intercourse—that for a moment Katharine absolutely recoiled. But, in the next instant, as she saw the face of Ella covered with blushes, while her eyes, gleaming with a most unusual brightness, were yet filled with the biggest drops, she took the tender girl fondly in her arms, and returned her kisses with a tenderness only less warm than her own. She could only account for the unwonted warmth of her companion by giving her credit for a heart of very great sensibilities, which society had not yet tutored into reserve and caution. But the scene, almost without words, united the two maidens in a way very superior to that which ordinarily brings persons of their age and sex together.

CHAPTER XXIX.

"Fellow, thy words are madness!

Three months this youth hath tended upon me;
But more of that anon.—Take him aside."

Twelfth Night.

Our scenes are required now to change with almost panoramic rapidity. The night of the day on which the proceedings of our last chapter took place was distinguished by a grand ball at the well-known dwelling of Mrs. Tidyman, in Ladson's Court, then occupied by Biddulph, the paymaster of the British forces in Carolina, a person of showy and expensive habits, who lived in great style upon the profits—since vulgarly styled "pickings and stealings"—for which his office afforded such excellent facilities. The court was lighted up with great splendor, and every apartment of the house was filled to overflow. Hither came all the select of the garrison, all of the loyalists, male and female, and a very few of the Whigs, but those only who were too timid to refuse an invitation which might reasonably be construed into a command. There was one exception, among those who did attend, to this general classification of the Whigs present. This was Mrs. Miles Brewton, whose talent for repartee usually saved her from any annoying assaults on the score of her patriotism, and who found these assemblages very favorable to her desires, which at once

aimed to conceal her purposes, and to afford them opportunities. It was a profound policy which prompted her desire to acquire the reputation of a mere lover of pleasure; while the boldness with which she declared her Whiggism aloud was almost a guarantee to the enemy that they had nothing to fear from her secret machinations. Here she met General Williamson, and, to her surprise, was drawn aside by him from the press, and sounded upon various matters which only did not openly trench upon the actual issues between the parties. She observed that he was curious and anxious, and that, though possessed of little ingenuity in conversation, he yet contrived, through the very necessity in which he stood, to throw out sundry remarks, which, had she been disposed, might have conducted to an interesting *éclaircissement*. She had only to seize, with a bold assumption, upon one of the two susceptibilities contained in some of his equivocal, to have found the way clear to a complete development. So, at least, she thought. But, predetermined that he was not to be trusted, and loathing his character as she did, she availed herself of none of the opportunities which he really desired to afford her. It was while they spoke together, however, that a young officer of the guards, named Sadler, approached them, and, addressing Mrs. Brewton, mentioned that he was ordered to Camden, and should leave the city in two days. He politely offered to take letters for her to Mrs. Motte (her late husband's sister—afterwards famous in story for confiding to Marion the bow and arrows by which her mansion house was destroyed) or for any other of her friends in the neighborhood. She replied in her usual spirit—

"I thank you, lieutenant; I should very much like to write, but really I have no wish to have my letters read at the head of Marion's brigade."

"Do you really mean, Mrs. Brewton, that I am in danger of falling into the hands of the rebel?"

"Would you have me prophecy more clearly, sir? The thing is inevitable. It is your fate. I see it as clearly in your face as if I read it in your palms. Persuade the commandant to send somebody else. His destiny may be otherwise written."

Sadler turned off in a huff. But we may venture to pause in our narrative to anticipate the rest of the story. Poor Sadler was really captured by Singleton, of Marion's brigade; and, in two weeks after, he returned to Charleston, and called immediately upon Mrs. Brewton to thank her for his disgrace. He fully believed that she had contrived to convey intelligence of his route and progress to the partisans. This event was one of several which finally provoked the British authorities to expel the lady from the city.

When Sadler had retired, Williamson, with evident eagerness, remarked—

"You speak with confidence of the whereabouts of Marion's brigade. Is your confidence the result of shrewd guessing, or do you know —"

She interrupted him quickly.

"It is prophecy, sir. I am another Cassandra—

doomed to tell the truth, and not to be believed when I do so. This poor lieutenant only goes to be taken. When I say so, I obey an irresistible impulse, which I certainly believe."

"Ah! the days of prophecy are not ours! We should half suspect you of knowing well what you prophecy so boldly. Now, my dear Mrs. Brewton, it concerns me something to know how far you speak from a knowledge of the fact. It will materially affect my habits if I could suppose you knowing rather than prophetic. I propose, for example, to take my usual weekly ride, the next day or the day after, into the country, and —"

He paused, and looked exceedingly sagacious and encouraging. She replied quickly—

"General Williamson, I do not prophecy for everybody. I can only say in your case that, should you be taken by Marion's men, your chance of being kept long in captivity would be infinitely less than that of this beardless lieutenant."

For a moment the significance of this answer did not seem to strike her companion. When, however, the full meaning flashed upon him, his face blackened to a thunder cloud.

"Madam—Mrs. Brewton!" he exclaimed—then stammered and grew silent. He rose abruptly from his seat, and then returned to it, his features somewhat more composed. Looking at her with an earnest glance, he resumed—

"It is evident, Mrs. Brewton, that you do not know me. You still regard me as an enemy. You will do me more justice hereafter."

"Nay, General Williamson, if you think that I do not desire, from the bottom of my soul, to see justice done to *you*, you do not know *me*."

This was as bad as before. He turned away quickly, saying—

"Very well, madam, very well! But you will yet repent these expressions!"

She hummed gayly, as he went, the refrain of an old ballad, then quite popular—

"And they bore away my bonny boy,
And they bore him to the fatal tree;
Brief space they gave him then to pray—
But his latest breath it was for me."

"Jezabel!" was the single word of Williamson, as he heard the words, and disappeared in the crowd. The widow saw no more of him that night.

Meanwhile, the dancing had begun, and the gayly-caparisoned knights and damsels whirled about the apartment, subject to frequent concussion with the densely-packed groups that looked on the while. Mrs. Brewton became the centre of one of these inactive groups; but it was no silent one. The events of the evening had vexed others as well as Williamson. One of these outraged persons was the somewhat famous Archibald Campbell, better known as Mad Archy, or Crazy Campbell, a wild, reckless, harem-scarem soldier, who united a most irregular intellect to a most daring courage—if we may consistently discover, in a deficient mind, the

fine moral virtue which is described as courage. Archy Campbell was famous for doing desperate things. He was vain, rash, headlong, and presumptuous, and much feared as a fire-eater. The arguments upon which he relied, in all discussions, were the bet and the duello. To stake life and money, equally, on his sentiments and opinions, was his favorite mode of proving himself right, and making himself so. He had his virtues, however—though, by the way, the former were not always considered vices or even defects of character. The woman rather favored him, possibly because the men feared him. He was handsome and generous, and kept a *gig*, which was one of the most showy of all the garrisons. To drive out a favorite damsel of an afternoon to the "Quarter" or "Eight Mile House," or beyond, to Goose Creek—making his trotter do his ten miles by the hour—was with him a sort of triumph which made him indifferent to the capture of posts or armies. His great ambition was social conquest. To come, see, and conquer, in a sense somewhat different from that of Cesar, was his daily aim. And he fancied himself always successful. This easy assurance led him, on the present occasion, into an error in which his presumption was duly mortified. We have spoken elsewhere of Paulina Phelps, as one of the loyalist *belles* at that time in the city. She was a very pretty girl, lively and intelligent; her charms being duly increased in public estimation by the fact that she was the heiress to a very handsome fortune. Mad Archy was not so far demented as to be insensible to this consideration. He was accordingly her avowed suitor and constant attendant. She did not discourage his attentions, as she was not the person to be regardless of the devotions of a young, handsome, and high-spirited gallant. Whether she encouraged them beyond proper limits is a question. It is certain, however, that he construed her good humor and indulgence into something more significant. On this occasion, just before the dancing had commenced, and while she was interested in the conversation of a very graceful gentleman, one Captain Harley, who had recently arrived from New York, Mad Archy broke in upon the party with a bound.

"Come, Paulina, Miss Phelps," he cried; "your arm—they are about to dance."

The lady drew up, offended with this freedom, and somewhat disdainfully answered—

"You mistake, Major Campbell; I am not engaged to dance with *you*."

"Eh!—no!—what!" he replied, astonished
"Not dance with me!"

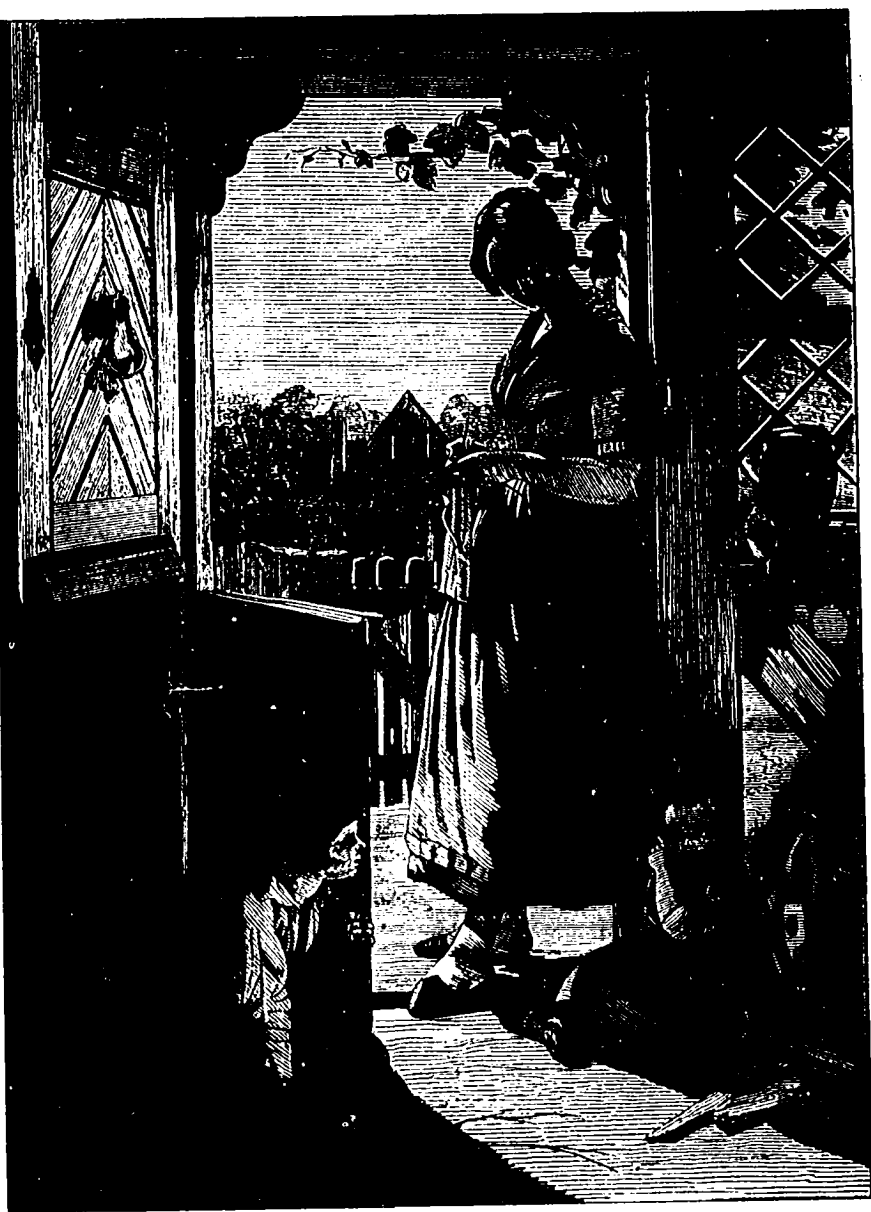
"No, sir."

"You refuse me, Paulina! You are capricious, Miss Phelps!"

"And you presumptuous, Major Campbell!"

"The devil you say!" cried Campbell, abruptly; and, turning with a rude stare to Harley, he cried aloud—

"Well! Let me see the man who will dance with you to-night."



HAPPINESS.

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At these words, with great ease, dignity, and self-possession, Captain Harley said—

"May I have the honor of being your partner in this dance, Miss Phelps?"

The lady, still smarting under Campbell's insolence, instinctively rose and took the arm of the other. The action confounded Mad Archy, who, for a moment, knew not what to say. It was in this mood that he was joined by the professed mischief-makers of the garrison, Major Stock, and others.

"Done for, Archy!" cried Stock, with a grin. "Clearly cut—made dog's meat of, and no burial service."

"I'll punish her!" exclaimed Archy, with an oath. "And as for Harley, I'll teach him such a lesson as will cure his love for dancing from now to doomsday. Look you, Stock; you will take my message to him in the morning."

"You will do no such thing, Major Stock," said the widow Brewton, who had overheard every syllable. "If Archy Campbell will be a fool, with malice prepense and aforethought, as the lawyers say, there's no reason that you should prove yourself an accessory, either after or before the fact."

"Pon my soul, madam, you are bold," cried Campbell.

"What! to brave such a fire-eater as yourself? Look you, Major Campbell, if you are so totally without friends as to be able to hear the truth from none but a woman's mouth, hear it from mine. Let me tell you that there is no extraordinary renown in being considered the madman, *par excellence*, of a very silly garrison of foot and horse. Remember, moreover, that no degree of folly and madness will excuse brutality."

"Brutality, madam," cried Campbell, fiercely.

"Even so, sir. There is no other word half so appropriate to our present uses. You have been guilty of a great offence against all the proprieties, and must not make your offence still more enormous. You have outraged the sensibilities of a lady whom you profess to admire, and have presumed upon those very weaknesses of her sex which should have been her securities against offence. You must not proceed farther—you *shall* not—in the same erring direction. You cannot quarrel with Captain Harley without adding still farther to this brutality. He could do no less than he has done under the circumstances; and, if you cannot emulate, at least learn to respect his deportment."

"Upon my soul, Mrs. Brewton, you queen it most royally! You say I *shall* not, and I *must* not; but, madam, suppose I say, in answer, that I *will*!"

"Why, then, sir, I shall only have mistaken the nature of the animal that I have sought to tame."

"Well, madam, and pray what animal was that?"

"A lion, sir; at worst, a royal tiger—"

"Well, madam?—"

"And not a bear—not an—"

She paused. He spoke—

"Not an ass, you would say!"

"Really, sir, your instincts are sufficiently good, whatever may be the condition of your wits."

"By Jove, Mrs. Brewton, you are too hard upon me! But you have courage, madam, and courage is a virtue—and I like you nevertheless. But I can't submit to this; and I beg that you will interfere no further. I will shoot this fellow, Harley, or pink him!"

"No you won't, unless you really have resolved to give up the lady."

"How?"

"Take another step in this business, and you lose her forever. Behave like a man of sense and proper feeling, and if you ever had a chance of success you will certainly increase it. Go to her—seek your opportunity—become the penitent—show that you regard her feelings as well as your own—that you are prepared to sacrifice your feelings for hers—and you will make a more favorable impression on her than you ever made before."

He hesitated, and shook his head.

"Do you really love the lady?"

"Yes, Mrs. Brewton, as the apple of my eye!"

"Then, do as I tell you, even though you should lose the apple of your eye. Proceed to bully her, or her present attendant, and, if she have any spark of feeling or of spirit, she will spurn you with loathing from her sight. Go, now, seek your opportunity—do not despair if you make no progress to-night—better, indeed, not try to-night, but be sure you seek her and make amends to-morrow; and, by the way, it would be well to make gentlemanly terms with this Captain Harley—"

"Oh! by Jove, I can't do that! but I thank you, Mrs. Brewton, for your counsel. I do! By the eternal! madam, you have the soul of a war-horse; and I honor you, madam, though I'm afraid of you!"

"And *because* of it," she answered quietly.

Major Stock had heard the better part of this conversation, though pulled this way and that by some old ladies who wished for refreshments.

"Well," said he, when Mad Archy had joined him, "so the widow takes your case in hand. It will be well peppered. But she counsels rightly. You can't call out this fellow Harley, who has only played handsome at your expense. You *will* run your head against it, Archy! It's unfortunate. I think there's no chance with the Phelps, after this! You've lost her, my boy, forever."

"What'll you bet I don't dance with her to-night?"

"Five guineas on it!"

"Done! Now for another; what'll you bet I don't marry her?"

"Fifty guineas against your trotter."

"It's an even go. Now, look to it; for, as sure as thunder, I shall have both the girl and the guineas."

"Get the one and you get the other," cried Stock, and the parties separated, each seeking different avenues among the crowds.

Jus. You took too sure possession of an engaged heart—

FRANK. Which now I challenge. FORD.

THE equally restless and benevolent spirit of Mrs. Brewton was not satisfied to administer to Mad Archy Campbell alone the counsels necessary to propriety. At an early hour, after the interview with him, she sought out the fair object of his temporary resentment.

"Paulina, my dear," she began, "you have greatly irritated Archy Campbell."

"Well, he deserves it," was the reply

"I think it very likely; but are you prepared for all the consequences of his anger?"

"I don't see how it is to affect me."

"Well, in regard to yourself I can say nothing. I know not in what degree you are interested in him. It is very certain that he is greatly interested in *you*, and I much fear that any unusual harshness on your part will only drive him into mischief. I am afraid that he will force a duel upon this newly-come gentleman, Captain Harley."

"God forbid!" exclaimed the other.

"Let me beg that you will forbid also. I am sure, unless you are at some pains to be civil to your suitor, that such will be the event. You may be quite civil, and disarm his anger, without committing yourself in any way."

The result of the conversation, thus begun, was satisfactory; and, whether Paulina really felt an interest or not in Campbell, she determined to adopt a course less calculated to provoke his irritable nature into excess and violence. The consequence of this interposition was made apparent to Mrs. Brewton within the next half hour, when Major Stock approached her, with no little ill humor, and pointing to Campbell and Paulina, engaged in the mazes of the dance, said—

"I owe it to you, Mrs. Brewton, that I am five guineas *minus* to-night."

Both Stock and Mrs. Brewton remained long enough to discover that Campbell was restored to his usual good humor; the behavior of Paulina being such as to encourage him in the highest hopes for the future. He had won his first bet; that was grumbly acknowledged by Stock.

"But don't deceive yourself," said the latter. "You owe this only to the good nature of the girl. She saw that you were in a devil of a sulk, and knowing what a mad beast you are when in an ill humor, she was afraid that you'd be venting your fury upon her new favorite. Mrs. Brewton did this for you. I overheard her. But I shall have your trotter for all that. If ever woman was taken with a fellow, she is with Harley."

"Do you think I fear him?" cried Campbell, exultingly. "I'll have her in spite of all the Harleys in creation. Will you go another hundred guineas on it?"

"No," was the reply. "I don't know where you'd find the money. The horse will be loss enough for you at present—and the disappointment."

With a great oath, Campbell broke away to escort Paulina to her carriage. He returned, after a few moments, in increased spirits, and in good humor with all the world—being particularly civil to Harley himself, whom he found conversing with Stock and others over the decanters. Harley was quiet, dignified, and reserved in his deportment. It was observed that he evaded a good-humored remark made him by Campbell, contriving to answer somebody else at the moment.

"You design no quarrel with this man, Harley?" said Stock to Campbell, as they left the house together.

"No. Why should I?" was the response. "The fellow was right enough; and if anybody had cause of offence, he was the person. I threatened all the world, and looked into his face while I did so."

It was while Stock was busy over a late breakfast, the next morning, that Mad Archy bounced in upon him.

"Look at that!" said he, throwing down a billet.

"Eh! by the powers!" exclaimed Stock, reading the billet. "This is bringing the mill to the grist!"

It was a *cartel* from Harley. The tables were turned.

"Prompt and cool, eh?" said Campbell. "Who'd have thought it? The fellow has blood, that's certain."

"By Jove, yes! A positive demand; no sneaking invitation to the pacific. Well, what have you done?"

"Referred his friend to you. Major Ponsonby acts for him."

"Then it is business. Well, what will you have?"

"The small-sword, and as soon as you please; but not within the next three days."

"How! It will get abroad. Why not this afternoon or to-morrow? The sooner the better!"

"All true; but I require two days, at least, for my marriage."

"Pshaw! Are you so absurd as to dream of that?"

"Absurd! Do you suppose I mean to lose my trotter, or to forego your guineas? No! no! Stock, I shall have my girl and your gold, or hold me a spooney. After that shall Mr. Harley have his desires, not before."

"He will find his patience fail in waiting, if you hope for Paulina Phelps before you fight."

"Never you fear! Make your arrangements; but not to take effect before Saturday. I insist only on the small-sword. Make the arrangements accordingly—place and time, at his pleasure, or yours."

"Very good! You are only a shade madder than I thought you. Do you go to Mrs. Ingliess's to-night?"

"Where else? I dance with Paulina in the first quadrille."

"And her consent to this has led you to assume all the rest! What a vain dizzard you are!"

"Look you, Stock, get your guineas out of the pay-chest. I shall need them all in two days more. The money is mine, I tell you."

"Speak out honestly; has she consented to the marriage?"

"No; but I have!"

"Pshaw! Get you gone, and see Francisco at the guard-room. You may need a little exercise with the weapon."

"Not a bit of it. I shall touch no sword, and think of no fight, until I am a married man."

"Hark! there's a rap. No doubt our customer. Begone!"

A servant entered at this moment, and announced "Major Ponsonby."

"He's prompt. That's handsome!" said Campbell. "Good bye, Stock, and see that you get the guineas."

Campbell and Ponsonby passed each other at the entrance with a bow and a smile; and the former had scarcely rounded the next square, before the two seconds had arranged the meeting for the ensuing Saturday, at five in the afternoon, swords the weapons, the place a well-known grove, just without the lines, on the banks of Cooper River.

CHAPTER XXXI.

"I am a fellow of the strangest mind in the world: I delight in masques and revels sometimes altogether."
—*Twelfth Night*.

THAT night, both the principals were to be seen at the party of Mrs. Ingliss, as cool and happy as if their immunities of life were insured in the book of Fate for the next hundred years. It was observed that they treated each other with especial good humor and courtesy. But Harley bit his lip when he beheld his rival leading out the fair Paulina the first into the ring; and his vexation was not a whit lessened to perceive the smiling grace with which the damsel welcomed the attentions of her gallant. Mad Archy could not forbear, in the exultation of his spirit, casting a mischievous glance of triumph at his disappointed enemy. Harley saw and understood the meaning of the glance, and he resolved to be as merciless in the duel as his rival was in the dance. He soon sought his present consolations in another quarter of the apartment, and being as cool and courteous as brave—affecting, indeed, something of the *preux chevalier*—he very quickly joined in the measured mazes of the whirling parties, coupled with a partner whose bright eyes kept his own too busy to suffer him to see the happiness which he envied in his neighbors.

The scene of festivity on this occasion, the dwelling of Mrs. Ingliss, is yet conspicuous, a fine, airy mansion, scarcely looking so antique as lofty, in

Queen Street, directly opposite Friend, in the venerable city of Charleston.* It was illuminated for the occasion from top to bottom. The region west and north of it held but few houses, and an ample garden, in both these quarters, was richly lighted up also, cressets and lamps being sprinkled quite freely among the shrubs and orange trees. Beyond this garden, on the south, the view was almost unbroken to the river; a smooth esplanade spreading down to the green skirts of salt marsh which bordered the Ashley on the east. The whole scene was one of great beauty, and the soft airs from the southwest played deliciously among the chambers, in grateful unison with the moonlight and fragrance which surrounded them. The company was not in the mood to suffer these luxuries to escape them. They gave themselves up to unreserved enjoyment, or at least seemed to do so; the secret care at the hearts of many being hushed into repose, or disguised beneath that social mask which so frequently shelters the wounds of sensibility and the volcanos of passion. The lower apartments and the piazza were yielded up to the dancers. The graver persons of the party were grouped here and there among them, as spectators, or congregated in the upper rooms. Some dispersed themselves about the garden, and love and sentiment, and mere humor and politics, found each some fitting place or subject for exercise. Leaving the gay groups below, let us ascend to the front or southern apartment in the second story. Here we find Mrs. Ingliss with her more ancient guests. With these are Mrs. Singleton and Katharine Walton, both quietly seated, the latter with an admiring circle, small, but dutiful, in close attendance. Here was to be seen Colonel Cruden, as her guardian, dignified and complacent. Balfour, to the surprise of all, failed to make his appearance. Here, too, at intervals in the dancing, Major Barry was most obsequious in his service; and passing from chamber to chamber, the gay groups loitered with that restless feeling, a pleasant sort of discontent, which, perhaps, at places of this sort, furnishes the best stimulus to pleasure and excitement. We shall certainly not seek to detain the reader with such general descriptions as he may readily imagine for himself, but shall detach, for his benefit, from the events of the evening, such as bear more or less directly upon the progress of our history.

We have glanced at Major Barry among the guests. It must not be forgotten that the house of Mrs. Ingliss was his place of lodging. In the distribution of abodes for the British officers, after the conquest of the city, he had been billeted upon her. This lady, as we have seen, was a good patriot; but she was treated civilly by Barry, and his harmless vanity, and almost unvarying good humor, inclined her in his favor. She rather liked him than otherwise, though she never spared her censure of his conduct whenever it deserved rebuke. It happened, at one of the pauses of the dance this even-

* Now in the possession of Mr. William Euston.

ing, that Barry drew nigh to the group about Mrs. Ingliss, with whom we found Mrs. Singleton and Katharine Walton. He was then officiating as one of the numerous *cortège* of the fashionable widow Rivington. Hither, also, drew nigh our other famous widow, Mrs. Miles Brewton. Close behind her followed Captain McMahon, Barry's shadow, who was, or affected to be, very earnest in supplicating Mrs. Brewton for some favor or some act of forbearance. But she was obdurate, and broke into the circle of which Barry, though quite *petit*, was the somewhat conspicuous object.

"Major Barry," observed Mrs. Brewton, "you must positively cut Captain McMahon."

"Fie! Mrs. Brewton!" implored McMahon

"Why?" was Barry's inquiry.

"He is no friend of yours."

"I no friend of Major Barry! I am the only friend he has in the world."

"Heaven help him, then! The sooner he hangs himself the better. But I speak the truth. He has proved it to me most conclusively."

"And how, Mrs. Brewton?" was the inquiry of Barry, beginning to be quite curious.

"In striving to hide your light under his bushel."

"In plain terms," said Major Stock, "standing with his big head between you and the candle."

"Something worse than that," responded the widow. "We all know that Major Barry is both wit and poet. He is continually doing something very brilliant and grateful to Apollo. A true friend would be anxious that the world should be put in possession of these good things; yet here is Captain McMahon studiously suppressing them—"

"Which means," said Stock, "showing them to everybody under an injunction of secrecy."

"Precisely. Now this is treachery to one's friend and treachery to the public."

"To be sure," said Stock; "particularly as the friend knows all about it, and the world don't care a button to know."

"Oh, what a malignant!" cried Mrs. Rivington.

Mrs. Brewton continued—

"You are mistaken quite, Major Stock. The world does care to know. At all events, it should be protected from painful surprises. Now, if Major Barry's friend would honestly publish his good things in the 'Royal Gazette,' I could read them or not, at my pleasure; but when his friend makes me a sort of confidant, and forces upon me a secret, there is a double injury done to me and to the public. The possession of a secret, to a woman, is a sort of temptation to sin; and I will not be forced to keep that of Captain McMahon or his friend, Major Barry. Here, now, is a new epigram of the Major's," holding up a paper.

"Read it!—read it!" was the cry from a dozen voices.

"Oh, don't!" appealed the author, in feeble tones.

"Oh, don't!" echoed McMahon, in tones quite as feeble.

"It appears," continued the widow, "that Major

Barry has been honored with the gift of a pair of slippers, wrought by the fair hands of—but that is a lady's secret, and must not be revealed by one of her sex. His acknowledgment for this gift is contained in the following very felicitous verses."

"Buzz! buzz! buzz!" went round the circle, Barry and McMahon both striving, but very inadequately, to increase the confusion.

"Oh, I won't read till we have perfect silence," said Mrs. Brewton.

And, with the words, our two Arcadians were the first to stop. With clear tones, and a mock heroic manner, she then read the following—epigram, we suppose, it must be called:—

"To Miss Phœbe ———, in compliment for a pair of slippers, wrought by her own hands.

"Woman, of old, with wondrous art,
Was still content to snare the heart:
But now her more ambitious goal
Is conquest o'er the very soul—(soul ?);
No more, with understanding sure,
Man walks the earth he ruled of yore;
On humbler footing now he stands—
His footsteps taken through her hands.
His sole (soul ?) enmeshed, her happy snares
At least protect from toils and tears (tears ?);
Nor all forgot her ancient art,
Still through the soul o'ercomes the heart."

"Is that all?" demanded Stock, as the lady paused.

"All!"

"Certainly that mountain suffered grievously from that mouse!" cried Stock. "Positively, there should be some enactment, some heavy penalty against this cruel repetition of ancient puns. I am against you, Mrs. Brewton. If you can really satisfy me that McMahon honestly desired to keep secret these verses when he communicated them, then shall I aver that he was a better friend to Major Barry than Barry himself."

"Oh hush!" cried Mrs. Rivington. "You are too barbarous for a critic, Major Stock."

"Grant you, ma'am; but not too much so for a friend."

"Cynic!—But here come the waiters. We have need of cordials and alulees to take the bitter from our mouths."

And, with these words from Mrs. Rivington, the assault temporarily ceased upon Barry. The circle opened to receive the servants, bearing splendid and massive silver trays and salvers containing refreshments. These consisted of jams and jellies, pines, bananas, and other West India fruits, cordials and lemonade; and sundry more potent beverages for the stronger heads of the military. It would surprise a modern assembly, in the same region, to behold, in the centre of such a service, an immense bowl of punch, the chief ingredients of which were old Jamaica rum and cognine, of nearly equal virtue. While the gentlemen served the ladies, without finally forgetting themselves, the eyes of the com-

pany were directed, by some remark of Mrs. Rivington, to a good-looking young negro boy of sixteen, in the livery of Barry—a blue ground, with scarlet facings.

"By the way," said the fashionable widow, quite abruptly, "where did you pick up that clever boy, Major Barry?"

The question was so sudden, and Barry's consciousness, at the moment, so quick, that he answered confusedly—

"Me, Mrs. Rivington?—that boy—where did I get that boy? Why, I made him."*

A solemn hush succeeded this strangely equivocal answer. The elderly ladies looked grave, and the younger vacant. A boisterous laugh from Stock added to the confusion.

"A better piece of work, by all odds, than the epigram. I should greatly thank you to make me a hundred or two of the same animal, out of the same sort of ebony."

Barry had, by this time, recovered himself. The little wit found it necessary to put a bold face on the matter, and to exercise his ingenuity for his escape from his blunder.

"And there would be no great difficulty in the matter if you have the necessary amount of faith. Faith is the great essential. The fact is that, some time ago, happening to be in the neighborhood of Monk's Corner, I thirsted for a draught of cool water from a neighboring brooklet. But I did not wish to wet my feet in getting at it, so I looked about me; and just before me noted a tract of the bog of the most ivory smoothness, and as black as jet. 'Now,' said I, 'will I see what faith will perform.' I scooped up some of the earth, which was soft and pliant. I moulded it into the form and features of a handsome boy. I then devoutly concentrated my will upon it, and I said—repeating the abracadabra, and other potent formula of ancient magic—"Rise up, Cæsario!" and thereupon he rose, a good-looking lad enough, as you see him now, and quite creditable to me as a sculptor."

"A roundabout way," said Mrs. Ingliss to Mrs. Singleton, in tones almost audible to the circle, "of telling us he stole him somewhere near Monk's Corner."

"There's no end to Barry's sorceries. Captain McMahon, your friend needs a new title."

"Ah! What, major?"

"Henceforth let him be known as the Ethiopian Prometheus."

The name stuck to the major for a long time afterwards—certainly as long as the negro did.

A crash of plates and glasses interrupted the scene, and furnished an excuse to Barry for leaving the circle. His newly-created servant, Cæsario, not being bred to his vocation, had allowed the heavy silver tray to slip from his grasp, emptying the entire contents into the lap of the excellent Mrs.

* This answer was really given by Barry. The scenes are mostly true, in fact.

Smith, who, it was thought, had caused the accident by bearing with too much stress—under a mistake as to the character of its contents, of course—upon the punch bowl. There was great clamor, in the confusion of which, Katharine Walton, taking Ella Monckton by the arm, escaped into the garden. Let us leave them for a season, while looking after certain other interesting parties to our story.

CHAPTER XXXII.

"Escaped! so let him: he is hedged too fast
Within the circuit of our English pale
To steal out of our ports, or leap the walls
Which guard the land."

FORD, *Perkin Warbeck*.

We left mad Archy Campbell in the full whirl of a most delirious and grateful excitement. Whether it was that Paulina Phelps really gave him a preference in her affections, or was afraid of giving provocation to his anger, it would not be easy to determine. Certain it is that she treated him with all the considerate solicitude of one who claimed a large portion of her favor. And, to do him justice, he seemed properly careful to deserve it. His behavior was unwontedly gentle, modest, and devoted. He studiously avoided the language and manner of passion and excess. The coarse phraseology in which he was too much disposed, ordinarily, to indulge, was carefully made to give way to a dialect better fashioned to persuade the sentimental nature; and it really seemed as if the effort to appear more amiable had taught the lips of mad Archy an unusual eloquence. He was evidently laboring at an object—evidently to us.

It was doubtful if the fair Paulina beheld any other art in her gallant than that which should properly distinguish every lover. From the dance, he beguiled her to the garden, and she was pleased to be so beguiled. She forgot the more sedate attractions of the new-comer, Captain Harley, and, sitting with Archy Campbell in the subdued moonlight, which fell in softest droplets through the leaves and branches of the sheltering orange, the natural language of the occasion was of flowers, and hearts, and sentiments, all of the brightest and sweetest character. After much harmonious conversation, which seemed like musing and reverie rather than discourse, Archy led his companion down the slope of the garden to a spot where the umbrage was less close and massive. The green plain stretched away to the river, the lines which bordered the marsh not concealing the bright and glittering mirror of the wave from the spot on which they stood. Beyond were the dense groves of St. Andrews, the great pines mingling with brooding oaks, and looming out, grandly solitary, in the embracing moonlight.

"Oh, how delicious is the picture!" exclaimed Paulina. "One feels anxious to escape to it, and be at peace for ever. I detest the crowd, this perpetual hum of tedious voices, that speak nothing to

the heart, and leave us perpetually wearied even of our pleasures. Give me loneliness rather—give me the sad, sweet woods of autumn—the ground strewn with brown leaves, and the winds sighing sadly over their perishing beauties.”

“And now is the time to see the woods in the very perfection of their beauty. I drove out the other day to Goose Creek Church, and I was charmed into forgetfulness at every step. Suppose you let me drive you out to-morrow. I have the most famous trotter in the world, and my gig is as easy as a cradle. But you know them both. Take a seat with me to-morrow, and you shall enjoy the luxury of the woods in their fullest sweetness.”

“I will!” was the prompt affirmative. “Do you know I’ve never seen the church at Goose Creek?”

“Is it possible? Oh, you will be delighted! The region is a perfect fairy land. But who comes here?”

“Miss Walton, the new beauty, I think, with Ella Monekton. Do you think her so very, *very* beautiful?”

“I might think her so if I did not find a much superior beauty elsewhere,” was the reply, the gallant Archy looking tenderly, as he spoke, into the bright eyes of his companion. He offered her his arm at this moment, and they turned upward once more to the shelter of the garden and its protecting bowers; neither being in the mood, apparently, to receive any addition to their company. The spirits of Mad Archy were greatly increased; but he kept a strong rein upon his impulses. We may add that he never once, by any indiscretion of look or word, forfeited the favor which he seemed to have gained that evening, and the last words which Paulina spoke on his leaving her, as he escorted her home that night, reminded him of the engagement for the morrow.

The eyes of Katharine Walton and her companion, like those of Paulina and her lover, were turned longingly to the fair stream before them, and the silent forests that spread away beyond it. They, too, had yearnings which carried them away into the solitude and from the crowd.

“Oh, how those woods recall to me my home! the sweet, safe thickets, the venerable shade trees under which I played when a child, and where I first learned to weep and sorrow as a woman. Would I were among them still! I feel as if all my days of pleasure—nay, of peace and hope—are gone from me, now that I have left them. I feel, Ella, as if I were destined to some great and crushing calamity. My thoughts by day are full of presentiments, and by night my dreams are of evil always. Would I were away, afar, safe from all these bewildering lights and sounds, which speak to me of danger and deceit rather than of merriment or love!”

“And why is this? Why is it that you, young and so beautiful, wealthy and beloved”—

“Hush! hush!”

“Yes; why should you be unhappy?”

“Ah, you see not! You know not what I dread and what I deplore.”

“Indeed, I know not. Before me the prospect appears very bright. Yet a few days ago it was not so.”

“It is because you hope. I fear! You look forward. It is upon the past only that I cast my eyes with any satisfaction. The future wears nothing but doubts and clouds upon its face. God forbid, Ella, that it should ever seem to you what it now seems to me!”

“Ah, Katharine, but for you mine would have been such a prospect.”

“But for me?”

“Yes! But I dare not tell you now. I must reserve the confession for another time, when I have more courage. You little know how much I owe you.”

Katharine expressed her surprise and curiosity; but, though trembling to unfold her heart to her companion, Ella found herself unable to approach more nearly the subject which made her tremble. Thus musing together, and contrasting the bright and cloudy in their several horizons, the two maidens continued their walk until they were again shrouded among the groves of the garden. Here they paused, and seated themselves in an arbor sheltered by thick vines and the dense foliage of the lemon, the orange, and the gardenia. While they sat, speaking occasionally only, and then in such subdued accents as could reach no other ears, voices were suddenly heard approaching them, and entering an adjoining copse.

“It is Balfour,” said Katharine, in sterner tones than was her wont. “Let us go to the house.”

“Stay!” replied Ella, in a whisper. “We cannot now move without being detected.”

Meanwhile, Balfour and Cruden entered the grove, only separated from the two maidens by a clump of bushes of the gardenia and the rose. They seated themselves directly opposite, and proceeded to converse as if upon a subject already fully broached. Balfour, it may be said, had only just reached Mrs. Ingliss’s. He had been delayed by business. His manner was still hurried, and his tones indicated some excitement.

“Well,” said he, “of *her* we can speak hereafter. She shall not always avoid me! But what of your loving nephew? Have you heard nothing recently of Major Proctor?”

“Nothing. What of him?”

“Do you not know that he has disappeared?”

“Disappeared! I have not seen him for a week. He would take none of my counsel, so I let him take care of himself.”

“That is right. You can neither serve nor save him.”

“But what do you mean by disappeared?”

“He has left the city suddenly. Gone to Dorchester, it appears, where we have the last traces of him.”

"How do you know that he went to Dorchester?"

"I sent his man, John, after him."

"What! As a spy upon his master?"

"How can you suppose it? But, hearing that he went off suddenly and strangely, I thought it best that the servant should attend the master, and gave him permission to do so."

"Balfour, this was not right. You should give my nephew fair play."

"Pooh! pooh! It was only a measure of proper precaution. If I had been disposed to deny him fair play, he should have been closely in ward, well secured in irons, until his trial."

"And why has not his trial taken place?"

"For the very reason that I wished to give him fair play, and waited for the arrival of new officers from New York—persons who know nothing of the affair, and have no interest in the case one way or the other."

"Well, and what do you hear of my nephew since he left the city?"

"That he went to Dorchester, and made inquiries of old Humphries and Pryor in regard to the escape of Colonel Walton. It appears that he could get nothing satisfactory out of either of them, and the moment he turned his back they denounced him to Vaughan."

"You hear all this from Vaughan, and Vaughan is his enemy."

"Pshaw, Cruden, men are their own enemies. They will do well enough if they never have any worse than themselves. Dismiss this notion from your mind. The result of all is this, that Proctor left Dorchester the next day, and has not since been heard of."

"Indeed!"

"Even so! And this makes the case look worse than ever. My purpose was to put him on trial as soon as he returned to the city. The charges were all prepared. He has probably taken the only mode of escaping conviction."

"How! What do you suspect?"

"That he has fled to the enemy!"

Katharine Walton felt her hand convulsively grasped in that of Ella.

"Impossible! I will never believe it!" exclaimed Cruden.

"I am afraid you will find it true. The strangest part of the affair is that his servant John is also missing."

"Well, should that surprise you?" retorted Cruden, with a sneer. "Is it anything strange that so

faithful a servant should cling to the fortunes of his master?"

"Come, come, Cruden, that won't do. We know each other too well for sneers of this sort. There is no denying that John was in my pay, and I feel sure that we should have had his report before this but for the fact that he has been made way with. He has, perhaps, attempted to arrest his master in his flight, and has been shot down for his pains."

"Monstrous! What do you take John Proctor to be?"

"A traitor to his king and country, and a fugitive in the camp of Marion or Sumter! Such is the appearance of the case. Despairing of defence, he has fled, and has probably put to death my emissary."

"And rightly enough. The dog deserved a dog's death."

"Very like; yet we must not say this."

"What is to be done?"

"Nothing! Let him go. You will believe me, Cruden, when I say that I do not desire to bring *your* nephew to disgrace; still less to see him shot as a traitor. I prefer that he should fly. He saves both of us some shame and trouble. There is only one thing to be said. We must see that Katharine Walton does not escape also. She may or may not like him. I cannot yet fathom *that*. But *he* likes *her*; and both together in the rebel camp, a mutual liking might not be so difficult, the fellow being good-looking enough, and—not unlike his uncle."

The smile which accompanied this sentence might have been a sneer. Balfour continued—

"To render this impossible, I must thrive in my own wooing, and you must give me more help than you have done. I have some plans by which to secure opportunities, of which you shall know hereafter. Enough for the present. Let us now go to the house. I must play the gallant, and do the amiable to her, with all the grace and spirit I can muster."

In silence sat the maidens till the two had walked away. Both of them had heard much to deepen and to occasion anxiety.

"Do you wonder now," said Katharine, "that my future should seem so gloomy to my eyes?"

"No! no!" replied the other; "and my star has also grown dim all of a sudden."

They returned to the dwelling, but only to endure two hours of mortal weariness, surrounded by music and revelry which inspired loathing only, and pressed with the attentions of those whom they equally dreaded and despised.

(To be continued.)

KATHARINE WALTON: OR, THE REBEL'S DAUGHTER.

A TALE OF THE REVOLUTION.

BY W. GILMORE SIMMS, ESQ., AUTHOR OF "THE PARTISAN," "MELLICHAMPE," "THE KINSMEN,"
"THE YEMASSEE," ETC.

[Entered, according to the act of Congress, in the year 1850, by W. Gilmore Simms, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

(Continued from page 210.)

CHAPTER XXXIII.

"I do arrest thee, here, myself, false knight,
Of treason capital, against the State."

As Mad Archy Campbell dashed out of Charleston on the ensuing morning in his showy establishment, accompanied by Miss Paulina Phelps, he passed General Wilkinson, accompanied by two dragoons, assigned him by Balfour, as much perhaps by way of guaranty of his return to the city as a guard of honor. This precaution, however, proved insufficient, for the General having arrived at the Quarter House, and thrown himself on a bed for the purpose of taking his siesta, the house was surrounded by a party of rangers, under the command of Colonel Walton, who, notwithstanding the General's endeavors to make him comprehend his real position, and the relations established between himself and Colonel Singleton, made him a prisoner, and hurried him off with his previous prisoners, Major Proctor and his servant, across the Ashley. One of the General's dragoons was permitted to escape, and the other was captured.

Meanwhile, Mad Archy Campbell was rapidly pursuing his way towards Goose Creek with Paulina, determined, at all hazards, to win his wager. Mad Archy's strategy on this occasion was worthy of his character. By a series of perilous manoeuvres, such as crossing a ditch, running down a large hog, and passing between two trees within an inch of his axle, he succeeded in convincing the lady that she was indeed in the hands of a madman, with whom her life was hardly safe; and, on their arrival at the parsonage at Goose Creek, the lady being half dead with terror, he fairly frightened the Reverend Edward Ellington into accepting Paulina's silence as her assent, and they were incontinently united in the holy bands of matrimony.

On his return to the city, Mad Archy encountered the dragoon whom Colonel Walton's rangers had permitted to escape, and thus became apprized of the General's capture.

We pass over unnecessary details. The reader will suppose the newly-married wife, "so wildly wooed, so strangely won," to have been safely and quietly disposed of at her own habitation, Mad

Archy then hurried away to Balfour's quarters, where he found the usual guard at the entrance. But Balfour himself was absent, and our Benedict proceeded to seek him at his usual haunts. But he failed in the search at Barry's domicile in Queen Street; failed equally at the house of the beautiful Harvey in Beaufair; and, after vain inquiries, here and there, he at length obtained a clue which conducted him to the dwelling of Mrs. Singleton, in Church Street. But, before reaching this point, he contrived, in passing, to stop at Stock's Quarters, and report events, which he could scarcely hope to make so gratifying to the old major as they were to himself. He found the major engaged at his toilet for the evening. A few words sufficed to empty his budget of the matter most interesting to himself.

"Those guineas, Stock; they are now absolutely necessary to my establishment."

"What do you mean, fool?"

"Mean! That I am married, and to Paulina Phelps. The Sultana is mine, and that saves me the Sultan."

"Don't believe a word of it," said Stock.

"Very likely; but you will have to believe, in fear and trembling, and pay for your slow faith in the bargain. We were hitched for life, man and wife, this very day, at the Goose Creek Parsonage, Ellington, the rector, presiding, and your humble servant submitting. You will hear all, soon enough. I don't want your guineas until you are satisfied; but that will be to-morrow. Please prepare accordingly."

"Begone with you, for a madman as you are. The thing 's impossible!"

"I grant you. But, nevertheless, quite true."

"If it be so, by all the powers, I shall pray that Harley may make you quite indifferent to your wife and my money. I'll help him to cut your throat."

"I think your malice may lead you to it, very nearly. But talking of throat-cutting reminds me that General Williamson is in danger of a short cord, and five minutes only, to say grace in it. He was captured to-day, by Colonel Walton, with a party, at the Quarter House. I am now looking for Balfour, to give him the tidings."

"Well, he will be grateful for them, no doubt. Seek him at the Widow Singleton's. He is there, now, pretty constantly. The star in the ascendant is Walton's daughter. He will be delighted to show her how many are the obligations he owes to the family."

Leaving the old major in no good humor, Campbell immediately proceeded to the designated dwelling, where he found Balfour, in no pleasant humor at the interruption. But, when he heard the intelligence brought by Mad Archy, he was aghast. It took him no long time to learn all the particulars, and to anticipate all the consequences.

"Great Heavens!" said he; "Walton will hang him!"

"Very likely," was the cool reply. "When a man turns traitor to his colors, hanging proves a part of the understanding. It is the peril always incurred in such cases."

"But we must save him if we can."

"If they mean to hang him at all, it is probably too late. Rope and tree are too convenient in our forests to render much delay necessary."

"They may delay, with the view to a formal trial. A provincial colonel will seldom venture on any such decided measure as execution without trial."

"According to all accounts, Walton is an exception to this rule. The surprise and capture show boldness enough here, within five miles of the city; and why this audacity, unless they designed to make an example of the captive?"

"Granted. But a hurried execution will afford no such example as they require. They will aim at an ostentatious exhibition of their justice. In that is our hope. We must move promptly, Campbell. Do you get your command in readiness. Go to Major Fraser, instantly, and let him call out all the cavalry of the garrison. To-horse, *all of you*, and scatter in pursuit. There is no time to be lost!"

His commands were instantly obeyed; and, stripping the city of all its horse, Major Fraser led his forces that very night in pursuit of our partisans. Mad Archy was hurried away with his squadron, with a moment only allowed for leave-taking with his wife. He bore the necessity like a philosopher of the Stoic order. Holding the lady in an embrace rather more fervent than scrupulous, he bade her be of good cheer, and show the courage proper to a soldier's wife.

"These rebels shall pay for our privations, Paulina! I almost wish that I were a Cherokee, that I might be justified in bringing you a score of scalps for your bridal trophies! But, if there be any sooty captives to be taken, you shall have spoil enough. There, my beauty! One more smack! Remember, if I perish, Stock has no claim upon my Arabian, and you *have* a claim for fifty guineas upon him. I may die in *your* debt, Paula-Paulina, but not in his. There's another! Smack!"

And with this characteristic speech and parting,

Mad Archy hurried from the dwelling, leaving his wife quite unprepared to determine whether his death in battle would be really an evil or a blessing. We must in charity conclude that her reflections were finally put at rest by conclusions favorable to their mutual future.

We must not forget what took place between Balfour and Katharine Walton, when, after the departure of Archy Campbell, he returned to the apartment where he had left her. He had been, as we may conjecture, urging indirectly a suit which her reserve had too much discouraged to suffer him to pursue a policy more frank. He had been doing the amiable, after his fashion, for a good hour before Campbell had appeared. In this aspect, his deportment had been forbearing and unobtrusive; his solicitude had been as gentle and delicate as was possible to his nature; marked, indeed, by a degree of timidity which had been steadily on the increase from the moment when his interest first began in the lady and her fortunes. The controlling dignity of her character had sensibly coerced and checked the presumption natural to his, and he was thus, perforce, compelled to submit to an influence which he felt as a curb, from which he would have found it a real pleasure to break away, if, in doing this, he should not thereby perfect other objects even more grateful to him than the license which he loved. On the present occasion, the tidings brought him of Williamson's capture and of Walton's agency in that event, were suggestive to his mind of a mode of accounting with the daughter of the rebel in such a way as not to compromise his own suit, yet to enable him in some degree to exercise his freedom.

"Miss Walton," he said, with serious countenance, "my esteem for you comes greatly in conflict with my duty."

"How so, sir?"

"You cannot know how indulgently I have forborne in your case already, to the great annoyance of all the loyalists in the garrison. But I have just received intelligence which makes it almost criminal for me to regard any of your name with favor."

"Indeed, sir," curiously, but with a smile.

"Yes, indeed, Miss Walton. Your father—"

"Ah, sir! What of my father?" more anxiously.

"He seems resolute to deprive his friends of all power of saving him or serving his daughter."

A pause. He was answered only with a smile.

"You do not seem curious, Miss Walton?"

"Well, sir, since you desire it—*what* of my father?"

"He has done that, Miss Walton, which, in the case of any other rebel, would conduct all his connections to the Provost, and work a complete forfeiture of all their possessions, and of all hope of the future favor of our sovereign. He has audaciously surprised and captured General Williamson, almost within sight of the garrison."

"General Williamson was a traitor to his country! I see nothing in this but the act of an open

enemy; and such my father has frankly avowed himself to your sovereign and his armies."

"Very true. But General Williamson, if a traitor to the rebel cause, is true to that of his sovereign. If a hair of his head suffers at the hands of your father, I fear, Miss Walton, that his pardon will be impossible."

"It will be time enough, Colonel Balfour, to think of his pardon when the attitude of my father shall be that of supplication."

The maiden answered proudly. Balfour's reply was made with a deliberate gravity, which had its effect on his hearer in her own despite.

"And you may very soon behold him in that attitude, Miss Walton; needing and entreating mercy without finding it. I have been compelled to order out my entire cavalry in pursuit. They will spare no speed—they will forego no efforts for the recapture of General Williamson and the destruction of the rebel squadron. Should they succeed, which is highly probable—should your father fall into their hands, I shall not be able to answer for his life. It will need all my efforts—and I shall labor in the very teeth of duty, if I strive to save him from his fate. What shall move me to these exertions?—why should I so labor in his behalf? There is but one consideration, Miss Walton—but one! Your hand—your heart—your affections, in return for those which I now proffer you."

He took her hand as he spoke these words; but she instantly withdrew it from his grasp.

"Colonel Balfour, let me entreat you to be silent on this subject, and at such a moment as the present. You describe my father to be in a situation of great danger. I am not prepared to believe in this danger. But, if your report be true, it is neither a proof of your affection nor your magnanimity that I should be addressed to this effect, and at this juncture. Let me beg your forbearance. You have given me sufficient cause for sad thought—for apprehensions which forbid all considerations of the subject of which you speak."

"But you do not forbid the subject?" he asked, eagerly.

"And of what avail that I should? I have already more than once entreated your forbearance. If I could hope that my command would be regarded when my entreaty is not, the words should be spoken. Is it not enough that I tell you that the subject is ungracious to me—that you only give me pain—that I cannot see you in the character which you assume?"

"It is no assumption. It is felt—it is real! Miss Walton, I love you as fervently as man ever yet loved woman."

He threw himself at her feet, and again endeavored to possess himself of her hand. She rose calmly, and with dignity.

"Colonel Balfour, this must not be! I must leave you. I cannot entertain your suit. That you may be sure that I am sincere, know that my affections are wholly given to another."

"What!" he cried, with an impatience almost amounting to anger, which he did not endeavor to conceal—"what! is it then true? You are engaged to that rascally Singleton?"

"Enough, Colonel Balfour! This was not necessary to satisfy me of your character, and teach me what is due to mine. I leave you, sir. In future, I shall much prefer that we should not meet."

"You will repent this haste, Miss Walton!"

"I may suffer for it, sir."

"By the Eternal, but you *shall* suffer for it!"

She waved her hand with dignity, bowed her head slightly, and passed into an inner apartment. The lips of Balfour were firmly set together. He watched, with eyes of fiery hostility, the door through which the maiden had departed; then, after the pause of a few seconds, striking his fist fiercely upon the table, he exclaimed—

"She *shall* pay for this!"

In the next moment, he darted out of the dwelling, and made his way, with mixed feelings, which left him doubtful where to turn, towards the residence of *la belle Harvey*.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

MAJOR FRAZER, with an ample force, as we have already seen, left Charleston on the evening of the day whose events we have just narrated, in pursuit of Colonel Walton and his party. His force consisted of various detachments, who pursued different routes, and Mad Archy Campbell was in command of the strongest.

Meantime, Colonel Walton had selected for his temporary camp a very pretty spot on the east bank of the Combahee. His own quarters were taken up in the dwelling-house of a plantation which his troops occupied, an airy, comfortable habitation, the proprietors of which were in exile. His sentinels and videttes were so placed as to secure all the avenues to the place, and his scouts ranged freely for a considerable distance around it. With ordinary vigilance on the part of the subordinates, to whom these duties were assigned, there could be no possible danger of surprise; and the commander of the party, feeling himself secure, was enabled to bestow his attention upon his several prisoners.

After conversing with Major Proctor, and deciding to dismiss him on the following morning, he learnt from McKelvy, one of his officers, that Proctor's faithless servant John had made his escape. It was at this moment that Proctor first learnt that John had been captured, and his vexation at this discovery was scarcely less than Colonel Walton's at the man's escape.

After ordering a pursuit of the fugitive, Colonel Walton sat down with Proctor to take a glass of old Madeira, not at all apprehensive that John would be able to bring his enemies upon him, as he had decided to decamp before sunset. In the con-

versation which ensued with Colonel Walton, Proctor succeeded in prevailing upon the colonel to use his best efforts for saving General Williamson from the summary punishment which the rangers were anxious to inflict upon him.

Proctor then informed Walton of the unpleasant situation in which he himself was placed, by his supposed connivance in the colonel's escape from the hands of the executioner at Dorchester.

Meanwhile, the servant John was encountered by the British detachment under the command of Mad Archy Campbell, whom he informed that Colonel Walton, with but fifty men, was within seven miles of the spot where Campbell, with sixty dragoons, was at that moment. The treacherous rascal added that his master was with Colonel Walton, but apparently not so much a prisoner as a friend and ally. Mad Archy, of course, dashed forward, at speed, in the direction indicated by John.

While this was passing, Colonel Walton and his officers were engaged in a formal trial of General Williamson. This unfortunate officer could make no defence in the least degree satisfactory to the court composed of Colonel Walton's officers; but finally appealed to the superior tribunal of General Marion or General Greene, in order to gain time for his exculpation by the intervention of Colonel Singleton. He was then allowed a private interview with Colonel Walton; but, while he was explaining his real position to the colonel, Mad Archy, with his dragoons, came upon them, after cutting up the negligent sentinels, and made prisoners of the whole party.

On the same day which was distinguished by the rescue of Williamson and the capture of Colonel Walton, Lieutenant Porgy, of Singleton's command, and the young ensign, Lance Frampton, arrived at the cottage of Mrs. Griffith, with the sad intelligence of her husband's death. They also bore the letter of Colonel Singleton, and the gold which had been sent to the widow. The poor woman and her pretty daughter Ellen were overwhelmed with grief at this sad intelligence; and while the lieutenant was attempting to reconcile the widow to her loss, by suggesting the most obvious topics of consolation, Ellen, accompanied by Lance, who had been similarly engaged on the outside of the cottage, suddenly entered with the intelligence that a party of British dragoons were approaching the cottage.

There was no time to be lost. The officers retreated to the neighboring woods for concealment. Reconnoitering the party of the enemy from this point, Lance discovered that they held Colonel Walton as a captive; being, in fact, the fortunate troop of Mad Archy Campbell. Lance was for instantly mounting and conveying intelligence of the colonel's capture to Colonel Singleton; but the epicurean lieutenant decided to remain in his covert till the dragoons had departed; and, meantime, busied himself in cooking a dinner, the materials and utensils for which he had brought into the thicket on his hasty flight from the cottage. In

this design, however, he was disappointed. Two dragoons came upon him, a skirmish ensued, in which the British troopers were defeated, at the expense of some hard knocks and a shot; and the two American officers, without completing their mission at the cottage, were obliged to mount their horses in haste and make their escape.

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE night appointed for the great ball of Colonel Cruden at length came round, and at a tolerably early hour in the evening—for great parties in that day commenced some hours sooner than at present—the guests began to crowd the spacious and well-known mansion of General Pinckney, on East Bay. This venerable and stately dwelling still stands, one of the many memorials which the city of Charleston has to show, in proof of the troubles and changing scenes of that period of revolution. As we have already mentioned, it had fallen to the lot of Colonel Cruden, who fondly anticipated such a permanence of title as no caprices of revolution could disturb. The dwelling, on the occasion referred to, was splendidly illuminated "from minaret to porch." The spacious gardens were draped with lights, which were multiplied and reflected a thousand times at the extremity of each avenue, from pyramidal lustres of shining steel bayonets, burnished muskets, and sabres grouped in stars and crescents.

This *fête* was the great display of the season. It was attended, accordingly, by all who felt a becoming loyalty, and by many who only sought to display it. There were others, besides, whom policy or the love of pleasure drew to the assemblage, but who did not sympathize with the common sentiment of the company. In the former category, hither also came Mrs. Singleton and Katharine Walton, governed, in doing so, by considerations of prudence, which were greatly in conflict with every political and social sentiment which dwelt within their bosoms. They were not without countenance from others, their friends and relations. Witty and mischievous as ever, Mrs. Brewton was the life of the circle whither she went, and made merry with the spectacle which she had not the stoicism to avoid.

Balfour quickly attached himself to Katharine Walton, in spite of the angry glances cast upon them both by *la belle Harvey*, who looked her loveliest that night, and, seemingly, looked in vain. Balfour was in the best spirits, though it was remarked that the subdued and grave features of Katharine promised him no encouragement. She had evidently come with the determination to endure, passively, a certain degree of annoyance in regard to certain leading necessities, and her air was that of a resignation, where will, though sufficiently determined, was yet held in abeyance. Her passiveness of temper deceived Balfour. He regarded her seeming submission as an indication in his favor when

greater privileges were to be implored; and his satisfaction in this conviction almost rendered him gallant. It was in the midst of his attentions, promanading one of the several thronged apartments, that he was passed by *the* Harvey. She was walking with Major Stock. She caught the eye of Balfour, and her eye flashed with increasing fires. As they passed slowly, restrained by the crowd, she whispered him—

"It is war, then, between us?"

"Why should it be?"

"Who is not *for* me is *against* me!" she answered, through her closed teeth. "Beware, Colonel Balfour! I always told you that your danger was from a woman. You shall pay for all this!"

He laughed—full in her face—he laughed; and the next moment the crowd separated them. She regarded his retreating form but a moment, and with a glance full of malignant passion, that might have taught even a bolder nature than Balfour that her throat was something to be feared. But he was one of those men whom good success and prosperity make forgetful of all prudence. He was quite too much enamored of Katharine to care a straw what were the feelings of vexation, disappointment, baffled love or hate in the bosom of his former mistress.

"What had you to whisper so lovingly to Balfour?" demanded Stock of his companion. "It seemed to amuse him wondrously."

"I *did* whisper him lovingly, and that is reason good why I should not tell you what was spoken. He is a person to be loved, is he not?" She did not wait for the answer, but continued thus: "But might he not have shown a much better taste in the selection of his new flame? She positively is not even good-looking."

"Is it possible you think so?" asked Stock, curiously. "You once thought otherwise."

"Yes, in truth. But such a stiff, starched, cold, no-meaning sort of person as it is now, as if there were no more blood in her veins than in those of an icicle, is enough to change any opinion. And they speak of her as a very paragon of virtue, a sort of *Una*, as if it were any merit in ice not to burn."

"My dear Harvey, let me differ with you. You are a beauty, in *your* way—a way, indeed, very brilliant and very beautiful; but, by Jove, don't deny that the Walton is a beauty also. You, at least, are bound not to deny it."

"Why, indeed?"

"From policy. Utter such an opinion to other ears than mine, and you will be set down as envious of a rival, and trembling for the loss of empire. Now, Harvey, believe me, you can well afford to give the Walton as much credit as anybody else."

"Look you, Stock, I don't care *that*"—snapping her fingers—"for anybody's opinion. I repeat that she is positively homely."

"Now, my dear child, don't be wilful. You must not say so for another and a better reason. People,

then, will be just as apt to decry your lack of taste as of generosity. But let us on. I have a sneaking notion that a tumbler of punch will be particularly grateful at this moment."

They passed into the adjoining apartment; while, pursuing another route, Katharine Walton, never dreaming that she formed the subject of Miss Harvey's discussion, passed into an opposite room, still attended by Balfour. Let us follow Stock and his companion.

That rousing bowls of punch should be conspicuous objects at a mixed party of males and females in that day, will something shock the sensibilities of ours. Yet the fact is not to be denied. Stock made his way with the fair Harvey into the midst of a circle surrounding a table, upon which stood a richly enameled vase holding several gallons of this potent beverage. In goodly-sized cups, of flagee'd china, the liquor was served out. Filling one of the smallest of these for his companion, Stock provided himself with another of more ample dimensions; the provider of the host always remembering that the capacity of endurance was much greater in some persons than others. Thus armed, the two made their way to one of the ample windows, at which stood, the centre of a devoted group, the lovely Mary Roupell, another of the loyalist belles of Charleston, of whom we have already spoken. She half sat upon and half reclined against the open window, the sash of which, it so happened, was sustained by a dragoon's sword; the button which usually supported it having been broken off during the evening. Stock was a rough and somewhat awkward gallant. He contrived in some way to jostle the sabre, and elbowed it out of the place. The heavy sash fell upon the wrist of Miss Roupell, who screamed violently, and, under the extreme anguish of the hurt, fainted. Great was the confusion. The crowd was such as to render the place excessively warm; and the extrication of the lady was, for the time, impossible. In the emergency, greatly excited, and before any one could interfere, our excellent major, seizing upon the mammoth bowl of punch, incontinently discharged its voluminous contents, with admirable dexterity, over her face and bosom. With another scream, she came to herself only to swoon again at the condition in which she found her person, saturated with Jamaica, and redolent of sweets that very soon substituted a swarm of flies for a swarm of courtiers. A more considerate friend bore her out of the circle, and, as she recovered, into her carriage. As we may suppose, she never forgave the major. Nor did he escape that evening. Barry's muse was instantly put in requisition for an epigram.

"Ha! ha! ha! Decidedly—the—best—thing—that—I ever heard—in all my life," said McMahon, breaking into the circle of which Mrs. Rivington was the centre. "My friend, Major Barry, is a most wonderful genius. Hero it is!"

And he repeated—

'When fair Roupell lay fainting in her pain,
'Oh, what,' cries all, 'will bring her to again?'
'What! what!' says Stock, 'but punch, a draught
divine;

'Twill ease her pain—it always conquered mine!'"

The company cheered and applauded.

"But that 's not all," continued McMahon. "My friend, Major Barry, had another arrow in his quiver. Listen to this."

"Stock, to the lady dearest to his breast,
Gave the sweet beverage that he loved the best;
Yet mourned the fault committed in his haste,
Such goodly physic doomed to such a waste;
And prays his friends, should fainting be his case,
They'll fill his throat and leave uncoursed his face.
A natural error 'twas, that what is good,
Taken internally for flesh and blood,
More grateful, too, than any dose beside,
Should still be good externally applied!'"*

The laugh was too great for Stock to withstand. He disappeared by the back stairs, and found his way alone into the garden, which, like the dwelling, was brilliantly illuminated. But he was followed by the merry crew whom he thought to baffle, and, unequal to the encounter with them, he darted once more into the dwelling, and hurriedly made his way through the lobby and into the front portico, resolved on flight to his own lodgings. But he was prevented. At that moment rode up a couple of officers, who proved to be Mad Archy Campbell and one of his lieutenants.

"You, Stock?" asked Campbell.

"Yes, what they 've left of me. I 've been doing a confounded stupid thing, and shall never hear the end of it."

"Well," said Campbell, "it will keep, then; and I 'll permit myself to hear it another time. I need you now. Go and bring Balfour out into the garden. I 've news for him—matters which must be seen to at once."

"Get in yourself, then, and see him."

"Nay, that 's impossible. I 'm covered with mud and dust, and something of darker stain than either. I 've had a sharp brush, and have brought in certain prisoners."

"Have you saved Williamson?"

"Yes. But take my message, and laugh at the laughter. I suppose it 's no one worse than Barry."

"Confound him for the meanest of all doggrel-ists!" was the surly answer, while the major was disappearing. A groom, meanwhile, took Campbell's horse, and he glided through the wicket gate into the garden.

Balfour very unwillingly left the side of Katharine Walton, at the instance of Major Stock; but the revelations of Campbell in the garden reconciled him to the interruption of a *tête-à-tête* which seemed to promise him every encouragement.

* This incident really occurred to Miss Roupell at the ball in question.

"Walton here, and my prisoner! Then *she* is in my power! But what did you say of Proctor?"

Campbell, with a gentlemanly reluctance, related this part of his history; that portion of it, in particular, which he had derived from the revelations of the trencherous serving-man.

"Enough! enough!" exclaimed Balfour—"and *he* too! Ha! ha! Campbell, you are a bird of bright omen. What a lucky cast of your net this has been!"

Cruden was now summoned to secret conference by Balfour.

"It is all as I told you, Cruden. The very worst is true of Proctor. He has gone over to the rebels, was privy to the capture of Williamson, privately whispered his counsels into the ear of Walton when they were actually trying the general for his life, and has now been captured with Walton. Taken in the very act. Nothing now can save him. He must be tried for his life."

"I know not, Balfour," said Cruden, somewhat sullenly. "I know you hate him, but he must have fair play. The trial must be had, of course. He himself will desire it; but I trust, for my sake, you will subject him to no indignity."

"He is under guard—he ought to be in custody."

"No! no! I will be his surety that he will not seek to escape."

"Beware! You undertake too much."

"I would undertake nothing if I could avoid it. But he is my sister's child, Balfour, and I must not abandon him without an effort."

"Make your effort; but see that it does not involve you in any embarrassments with our superiors; particularly as you will scarcely serve him, however much you may sacrifice yourself. But to another matter. You perceive that this capture of Walton places Katharine completely in my power. You will not forego any opportunity of impressing this upon her?"

"Truly not. But what is the process?"

"We shall try him for his life, if need be, as a traitor to his majesty's cause, and a spy of the enemy. For that matter, according to Rawdon's maxims, we need not try him at all. We have only to identify his person, and hang him to the nearest tree."

"It is certainly a most fortunate event."

"Yes, indeed! It makes her mine, if there had been any doubt about it before. I am now the master of her fate!"

They left the garden together, having discussed sundry other matters in detail, which need not concern us! Scarcely had they gone, when Moll Harvey rose from the deep thicket of a bower where she had been crouching, and where she had heard every syllable. Her features were greatly inflamed, and she spoke in brief soliloquy, but with accents of concentrated bitterness.

"So, thus the land lies, Signior Nesbitt Balfour! And thus I am to be sacrificed! But we shall see! There shall be another party to this game; or the

soul of woman never knew the passion of revenge, and never had the courage to enjoy it. We shall see! You may shuffle the cards after your fashion; but I will cut them after mine."

CHAPTER XXXVI.

IN less than twenty minutes after this conversation, Mrs. Singleton hurried Katharine Walton away from the assembly, though without giving her the reason which prompted her somewhat precipitate withdrawal. She reserved the painful communication for a situation of greater privacy. She was in possession of the evil tidings which had been brought by Mad Archy Campbell; the patriots in Charleston being almost as well served with information as their temporary masters. Balfour, it may be mentioned, had left Cruden's house immediately after the conference just reported. He withdrew with Campbell, the circumstances of the case calling for his immediate absence. Cruden returned to his guests with a brow somewhat graver than before, but without betraying any knowledge which might cause a sensation among the company. He did not oppose the departure of Katharine Walton, and immediately perceived, from the countenance of Mrs. Singleton, that she was in possession of the secret. When the two reached home, Katharine for the first time remarked, in the face of the latter, a stern and melancholy gravity, which struck her as significant of something evil.

"You have heard something—something that concerns me—what is it?"

"I have heard something, my child, and something that seriously concerns your peace of mind. Katharine, my child, you have need of all your courage. Read that; your father is in the hands of the enemy!"

Katharine clasped her hands together, and gazed with a wild vacancy of look in the face of the venerable woman.

"God be merciful!" was her only exclamation, as she took the little billet, which had been brought by the boy, George Spidell, written by old Tom Singleton, and which, in a single sentence, contained the whole painful information.

"He is in the Provost;" such was the fact contained in the note. "Oh! madam, you will go with me at once!"

"It is midnight, Katharine."

"Day and night are the same," answered the other, vehemently. "He is in bonds, and shall I sleep? In sorrow and humiliation, perhaps covered with wounds, and shall I not console and minister to him?"

"I doubt if they will give us admission at this hour."

"Oh! madam, no doubts, unless you would drive me mad! How can they deny the father to the child?"

"We shall need to see Balfour first, to obtain permission."

"Is this necessary?"

"I take that for granted. They would scarcely admit us at any hour without this permission."

"Then let us go to him at once."

"It might be more prudent to wait till morning, but be it as you say. The carriage is not yet put up. We can have it ready in a moment."

A few moments sufficed for this, and the two ladies were driven at once to Balfour's quarters. Two sentries guarded the entrance, who gave surly answers to their application to see the commandant. They were denied, and told that he was absent. He had not returned from Cruden's party. Back to Cruden's the carriage was driven. There the merriment still continued, gay crowds passing and repassing, in quick succession, beneath the shining chandeliers and cressets. The garden was now also full of crowds. The sight of all this gayety seemed to sicken Katharine.

"Ask quickly; quickly, if you please!"

Cruden was sent for, and came out to the carriage.

"The commandant? Is he here still, Colonel Cruden?"

"He is not, madam; he left us nearly an hour ago, on receiving some important intelligence."

"You know it then, sir," exclaimed Katharine.

"My father!"

"I have been informed, Miss Walton."

"And where shall we find Colonel Balfour?" asked the damsel, impatiently.

"Most probably at his own house."

"We have been there. He is not there!"

"Then I know not, unless at the Provost. But, would it not be well to wait till morning, ladies?"

"Wait! wait! How can I wait, and he a prisoner? My father in bonds, perhaps wounded, ill and suffering!"

"Nay, I can relieve you on that score. Your father is unhurt. He is not sick; he has received no wounds; and, excepting a few bruises, he has no cause of suffering."

"I must see him, nevertheless, as soon as possible. Oh! madam, will you let them drive to the Provost?"

"Surely, my child, we will go thither;" and the carriage was driven off, accordingly. They reached the guarded entrance of the gloomy edifice at the eastern extremity of Broad Street—"where now the merchants most do congregate,"—and were doomed to another disappointment. Balfour was not here, nor could they obtain directions where to find him.

"But you will suffice. To see my father, sir?" said Katharine to the officer on duty, and who treated the ladies very respectfully.

"I am sorry, Miss Walton, that I am not permitted to do so."

"What! not permit the child to see the father?"

"It would give me pleasure to comply, Miss

Walton, if this were possible; but the commandant has strictly enjoined that the prisoner is to be seen by nobody."

"Ah, he has been here, then!" she exclaimed, with bitterness. "He is merciful! It is his humanity that would not have the eyes of the daughter to behold the chains about the neck of the father!"

"Your father is not in chains, Miss Walton. He is strictly guarded, but subjected to no indignities. Colonel Balfour has said nothing about excluding you in particular. He has only commanded that nobody shall be suffered to visit the prisoner, unless with his permit. I presume that you will find no difficulty in obtaining this permit during proper hours—in daytime."

"Then we must wait, I suppose; and yet, my dear madam, if you would consent once more to ride to the commandant's quarters."

"Cheerfully, my dear child, cheerfully."

"Thank you! thank you!" cried the maiden, eagerly, the big tears rolling from her eyes and falling rapidly upon her hands, which were now clasped upon her knees. A few minutes sufficed to bring them once more to Balfour's dwelling, which, as before described, was that fine old mansion at the foot of King Street, now in the possession of the Pringle family. The visit was again fruitless. The commandant had not yet returned. They received the same answer as before. In silent despair, Katharino gave up the effort for the night.

"We must wait till morning, my child," said Mrs. Singleton.

She was answered by an hysterical sobbing, which lasted painfully for several minutes, to the great anxiety of the venerable widow. A free flood of tears at length came to the relief of the sufferer, and she appeared patiently to resign herself to a disappointment for which there was no apparent remedy. The parties reached their abode, and Katharino retired to her chamber, but not to sleep. The rest of the night, short, indeed, was a long vigil. Slumber never for a moment visited the sad eyes of that suffering daughter; and as soon as she could reasonably insist upon another visit to the commandant she did so. But it was no part of Balfour's policy that she should see him yet. He well knew that her excitement would be intense, and that she would be an early petitioner for his indulgence. He determined to avoid her.

"She shall feel that I am the master of her fate. She shall sue for the smallest privileges, and be made to understand that every concession must have its price. I shall concede nothing too quickly. She shall pay well for every favor."

With this policy, he kept out of her way. It was easy to do so; and, hour after hour, during that long first day of her father's captivity, did she haunt every abode in the city where it was possible to find the person who kept the keys of his dungeon. It was only at the close of the day, when Balfour well knew that she was half distraught, that he suffered himself to see her. When he did so, at his quarters,

in the afternoon, his countenance boded no favorable auspice. His words were equally discouraging.

"Miss Walton," said he, "for the first time since I have known you do I regret to see your face."

"Do not say—do not look thus, Colonel Balfour. You will not deny that I should see my father?"

"I know not how I should consent, Miss Walton."

"Not consent—not suffer the daughter to console the father in his bonds!"

"Were these simple bonds, Miss Walton—were his an ordinary case?"—he paused, with well-studied gravity of visage.

"What mean you, Colonel Balfour?"

"Is it possible you do not remember—that you do not comprehend?"

"What should I remember? What should I comprehend? My father is a prisoner, taken in battle, the victim of the chances of war, and must remain in captivity until exchanged. As soon as General Greene or General Marion can effect his exchange, I have no doubt!"

He shook his head with great solemnity. She paused.

"Miss Walton, your father is not simply a prisoner of war. He is regarded as a fugitive from justice—as one under condemnation of a competent tribunal, against whom judgment of death stands on record."

"Death! death! Judgment of death!" she cried, wildly, almost fiercely. "Colonel Balfour, you cannot mean this! You do wrong—you are cruel, sir, thus to trifle with the feelings of a daughter!"

"I have found no pleasure in speaking that, Miss Walton, which you will be compelled to hear from others. But I cannot shrink from a duty, however painful."

"But you will suffer me to see him?"

"Even this would be an indulgence, which, under present circumstances, I should very reluctantly accord, and, perhaps, make myself liable to much reproach in doing so. His majesty's government is in possession of facts which go to show that an insurrectionary spirit is at work within this city—that a conspiracy has been for some time on foot, and that Colonel Walton has been privy to the secret workings of this nest of traitors. My duty forbids that I should suffer them in any way to commune with one whose boldness and daring may give them any counsel or encouragement."

"Oh, Colonel Balfour, I am no conspirator! I will promise you to take no part with any traitors, or share in any treason. It is the child that seeks her father, to condole with him, attend upon him, weep over his captivity, and succor him with love and duty only. I give you the word of one who has never wilfully spoken falsely, that I will convey no messages of treason—that I shall in no way partake in any plots of any conspirators."

"Your assurances, Miss Walton, might well satisfy me as a mere individual. As Nesbitt Balfour, my dear Miss Walton, it would not need that

you should give them. Nay, it would not need that you should ask for the sympathy and favor which my heart would rejoice to offer you unasked. But I am not permitted to forget that I am here in charge of my sovereign's interest. I know not the extent of our danger, nor the degree to which these conspirators have carried their designs. Caution becomes necessary to our safety. Distrust of all is now a duty, and you and yours, it is well known, are the undeviating enemies of my sovereign."

Mrs. Singleton, who had said little before, now interposed—

"Colonel Balfour, the hostility of Katharine Walton and of her father, to say nothing of myself and all my kindred, has been an openly avowed one to your king and his authority. That it has always been thus openly avowed should be a sufficient guarantee for the assurance that we make you now, that Katharine Walton will not abuse the privilege she solicits of seeing and being with her father. Her claim, indeed, is the less questionable, since you proclaim the painful and perilous situation in which he stands. The policy, real or pretended, which should deny her the privilege of consoling him in his danger would be an outrage to humanity."

"So would his death, madam, under a lawful judgment. But humanity is thus outraged daily for the maintenance of right and justice. But I am not disposed, Miss Walton, to incur your reproaches, however little I may shrink at those of other persons. I will grant *your* petition, preferring to incur any risk rather than see you suffer, when I have the power to prevent it. The order shall be made out that you shall see your father."

"Oh, thank you! thank you! And shall I have it now?" Katharine asked, eagerly.

"On the instant," and, with the words, he hastened to the table and wrote. "This order," he said, "will secure you admission at any hour of the day, between nine in the morning and six in the afternoon. You will have something over an hour in which to spend with him to-day."

"Oh, thanks, Colonel Balfour! Believe me, I am very grateful."

He smiled with a peculiar self-complacency, which did not escape the eyes of Mrs. Singleton, and, taking the extended hand of Katharine, carried it to his lips before she was aware of his purpose. She hastily withdrew it, while her cheeks reddened with shame and annoyance. He laughed quietly as he perceived her disquiet—a low, sinister chuckle, which might have been construed to say, "You are coy enough now, my beauty; but there shall be a season which shall find you more submissive." But his lips said nothing beyond some idle words of courtesy and compliment, and, as the ladies prepared to depart, he gave an arm to each and assisted them to the carriage. When they had whirled away, he rubbed his hands together exultingly.

"Now let no lurking devil at my elbow dash the cup from my lips, and mine shall be a draught worthy of all the gods of Olympus! Let her refuse

me, and the father dies—dies by the rope! Will she suffer this? Never! She will yield on these conditions. She dare not incur the reproach, even if she had not the strong attachment for her father, of suffering him to perish by a shameful death when a single word from her would save his life. And what is the sacrifice? Sacrifice, indeed!" He passed the mirror with great complacency while he said this. "Sacrifice, indeed! She will perhaps be not unwilling to find an excuse for a necessity which gives her such a good-looking fellow for her lord! How now?" aloud, to young Monckton, who suddenly entered the apartment. "What do you wish, Monckton?"

"Major Proctor, sir, was here repeatedly to-day, and seemed very urgent to see you. He came, at last, and brought this letter, requesting that it should be placed in your hands the moment you came in."

"Ha! Well, lay it down. I'll see to it."

The secretary disappeared.

"Proctor, eh! Well, we have him, too, in meshes too fast to be broken through."

He read the epistle, which, as we may suppose, gave a detailed account of Proctor's captivity, and of what he saw while in the camp of the partisans.

"Pshaw!" said he; "that bird can never fly—that fish can never swim. That story can't be swallowed."

He was interrupted by the entrance of Cruden.

"Balfour," said the latter, "I have seen Proctor. He has been to me—he has been to see you also, a dozen times, he says, but without finding you. He explains all this matter, and very satisfactorily."

"I have his explanation here," was the answer; "and I'm sorry, for your sake, to say that there's nothing satisfactory about it. His revelations are all stale. He makes them only when he can't help himself; when he knows that Williamson has told the story, and Campbell has told the story, and his own fellow, John, has told the story. They all agree in most particulars, and Proctor supplies nothing which we have not from another quarter in anticipation of his account. They are all before him."

"But, Balfour, that is not his fault. He sought for you last night, and repeatedly to-day."

"How idle, Cruden! Campbell sought for me last night, and so did Williamson; *they* could find me. Why didn't Proctor come to your house in search of me last night?"

"He did so, and you were gone."

"He was unfortunate. But, in truth, Cruden, his narrative is without weight unless supported by other testimony than his own. Look at the facts. He leaves the city without beat of drum. His objects were then suspected, and I sent his man John after him. He leads John into an ambush, where the fellow is laid up neck and heels, hurried across the Ashley and the Edisto with his legs fastened under the belly of a horse; the master, meanwhile, with sword at his side and pistols in holster, rides in company with the rebel leaders, Walton and

others, and actually takes part in the deliberations which they held upon the fate of Williamson."

"Does Williamson say this?"

"Swears to it. John, the servant, contrives to escape from his bonds; but Proctor, the master, when found, is in the rebel camp and under no restraint."

"But Proctor explains all this."

"Pshaw, Cruden! Leave it to the criminal to say, and he will always explain away the gallows. Come in with me, and you shall see all the affidavits."

CHAPTER XXXVII.

PERMISSION had no sooner been granted to Katharine Walton than she flew to visit her father. In an agony of tears, she threw herself into his arms, and, for a time, no words were spoken between them. Colonel Walton was the first to break the silence.

"Nay, my child—Kate, my dear, exercise your firmness. There is really no necessity for tears. I am a prisoner, it is true. I am in the hands of the enemy, useless to my country when every soldier is needful to her cause. This is a great grievance, I confess; but I shall be exchanged as soon as our people shall find a British captive of rank equal to my own."

"But is this true, my father? Is it certain that you will be exchanged? Is it sure that you will be regarded only as a prisoner of war?"

"And why not? Where is the reason to think otherwise, my child?"

"Oh, if you were sure! But"—

"But what? Wherefore do you hesitate? Who has led you to suppose that such will not be the case?"

"The commandant—Balfour! He tells me that you are to be tried as a fugitive from justice—as a"—

"As a what, my child? Speak fearlessly."

With choking accents, she answered, "As a traitor and a spy!"

"Ha!" Walton's brows were clouded for a moment; but he shook off the sudden feeling which had oppressed him, and answered: "It was base and unmanly that he should seek to alarm you thus. He has some vicious purpose in it. Even were it true, my child, which it cannot be, he should have said nothing of the sort to you. He should have felt how cruel was such a statement to a woman and a child."

"No! no! If it be true, my father, I thank him that he has told me all. Better that I should hear the whole danger at the outset. But you tell me that it is not true. You are sure? You know? Do not you deceive me, my father. Let me know all the danger, that we may labor in season to save you from these people."

"And what can you do, my daughter?"

"Oh, much can be done in all dangers by love and courage. Devotion, armed with a resolute will, can move the mountain. We are feeble, I know. I know that I am good for little; but you have friends here. There are wise and virtuous citizens here, busy always, day and night, in planning measures for the rescue of the country. What they can do for you I cannot say; but they will strive to serve you, I am certain. Do not deceive me, therefore; do not suffer me to remain in blind ignorance of the truth until the bolt falls and it is too late to save you."

"Be of good cheer, Kate. Dismiss those apprehensions. I have heard nothing yet which should lead me to apprehend that Balfour really designs what you mention. I suspect that he only aimed to impress upon you the great value of his favor in permitting you to visit me. There is no denying that the British authorities have a sufficient pretext for bringing me to trial; but there would be no policy in doing so. They would gain nothing by it but discredit to their cause. I see no room for fears at present. Of one thing, Kate, be sure, that, should I ever feel that I stand in danger, you shall be the first to know it."

"Oh, thanks for that, my father! Do not underrate my strength for endurance. Believe me, I can die with you if I cannot save you."

The father pressed her to his bosom.

"You are the same noble, fearless, loving child, my Kate, that I have ever known you. Believe me, I do not feel or fear the danger that you speak of; yet I do not doubt or deny that, if the policy of the British authorities lay in putting me on trial for my life—nay, putting me summarily to death at this moment—there would be sufficient pretext, and no law of right or reason would be respected by them. But their policy at present is forbearance, toleration, and a mild government. Revenge or cruelty would only embitter the public feeling, and arouse a spirit in the country such as they could never hope to allay. Enough now, my child, on this subject. Have you heard anything lately from Robert?"

She told him the history of the *ruse de guerre* by which Lieutenant Meadows had been defeated, by the *soi-disant* loyalist, Furness, at which he laughed heartily.

"But, of course, you keep this to yourself, my child. I presume it is known to you only. Furness did not appear in the business, except as a loyalist, and, if I know Robert Singleton truly, he will not abandon a character so long as it will serve a good purpose. We shall hear more of this Furness, be certain. You have not heard directly from Robert since you parted with him at 'The Oaks'?"

"Of him, but not from him. We were told!"

"Hush! Some one approaches."

It was the officer on duty. The evening had closed in, and the time had come for Katharine's departure. She would have lingered. She clung to her father's neck with a renewal of her tears, and

it was with some effort that he put her away. When the officer reappeared at the entrance, she met him with dried eyes and a calm exterior, which greatly astonished him. An hour after her departure, Colonel Walton was honored with another, but less welcome visitor. This was Balfour.

"Colonel Walton," said the intruder, in mild and gravely sympathizing accents, "I am truly sorry to find you in this situation."

"As the sentiment honors your magnanimity, Colonel Balfour, at the cost of your policy, I am bound to give you credit for sincerity. I certainly find it irksome enough just now to be a captive; but it is the fortune of war—it is one of the incidents of our profession, and not the worst."

"But my regret, Colonel Walton, has its source in the peculiar condition which you occupy as a prisoner. You cannot be insensible to the fact that his majesty's government regards you in quite another character than that of mere prisoner of war."

"Indeed, sir! Well."

"When rescued at Dorchester, you were under sentence of death. That sentence has never been revoked."

"But was that the sentence of a proper tribunal, Colonel Balfour? Was it not a denial of the right which I had to a proper trial by my peers? Was it not the exercise, by Lord Cornwallis, of a despotic will, in which he sacrificed law and justice to arbitrary authority?"

"I have no right to discuss this question with you. His majesty's officers here are not prepared to oppose their superiors in matters in which the responsibility is theirs alone. It is the expressed opinion of Lord Rawdon, for example, that all that is necessary is to identify your person, and immediately carry out the sentence of Lord Cornwallis."

"I am truly obliged to his lordship, Colonel Balfour. He does not mince matters with us poor provincials. Well, sir, am I to understand that you concur with him?—that you are prepared to carry out his opinion into performance? If so, sir, I have but to spare you the trouble of all investigation, by assuring you that I am the real Richard Walton, Colonel in the State Line of South Carolina Militia."

"It is my wish, Colonel Walton, to save you. It is therefore that I am reluctant to recognize the opinion of Lord Rawdon. I should much prefer an investigation—that you should have a regular trial, as if no decree from Earl Cornwallis had gone forth. In fact, sir, I am anxious to give you time, that you may reconcile yourself to his majesty's government and make your peace with the powers you have so grievously offended. They are not vindictive, and, in the case of one whose private character they have so much reason to respect, they would prefer to be indulgent."

"No doubt of it, sir—no doubt. Hitherto, they have proved their indulgence in a thousand cases as well known to you, sir, as to me. Was it an instance of this regard to our sensibilities, Colonel

Balfour, that you should deliberately communicate to my daughter the peril in which her father stood—that you should speak of me as a fugitive and spy, and point, as it were, to the ignominious gallows in which I was to be justified as such?"

The face of Balfour paled at this address. His heart and eyes sank together under the stern questioning of Walton's. He spoke stammeringly.

"I had to excuse my reluctance, sir, at suffering her to visit you in prison."

"And whence this reluctance? Suppose me the condemned criminal, convict, and doomed to the fatal tree—even in such case, what ground would there be for refusing the visits of a child to a parent? At such a time, and under such circumstances, she had an especial claim to make them, if, indeed, you recognize humanity as having a claim at all."

"But, Colonel Walton, you do not know the circumstances—you do not know that there are traitors in this city, an organized conspiracy, including wealth and numbers, who are for ever plotting against the peace of his majesty's government."

"In spite of all its indulgencies and humanities!"

"Yes, sir, in spite of all! These conspirators would like nothing so well as your extrication from bonds."

"I should be grateful to them for it."

"No doubt, sir. And what would be my answer to his majesty's government, if, knowing these things, and knowing how many women are concerned among these conspirators, I afforded them such facilities of communicating with you, through your daughter, as to enable you to make your escape?"

"A subtle difficulty, Colonel Balfour; but the plea is without substance. All captives will desire to escape from captivity, and all true friends will help them to do so. It is for the jailer to see that they do not succeed; not, sir, by a denial to humanity of what it may justly claim, but by vigilance that never sleeps or tires. Sir—Colonel Balfour—you have done a very cruel thing by speaking to my daughter as you have done."

Balfour, by this time, had recovered his native effrontery. He felt his power, and was disposed to assert it. The tone of superiority which Walton employed annoyed his *amour propre*, and he answered somewhat pettishly—

"I am willing to think, Colonel Walton, that I may have erred. I certainly have no desire to object that you should think so. The error, however, must be imputed to the head only. I had no desire to make Miss Walton unhappy."

"Let us say no more of it, Colonel Balfour."

The lofty manner in which this was spoken had in it an appearance of disgust, which increased Balfour's irritation. He was doubly vexed that, resist it as he would, he felt his resolution quite unseated in the conference with his prisoner. It was with something of desperation, therefore, that he proceeded to resume the conversation, taking a higher attitude than before—in fact, determined on making

Colonel Walton fully feel, and, as he hoped, fear his situation.

"Colonel Walton," he said, "I must tell you that you do not pursue the right course to make friends. This tone of yours will never answer. Here you are in our hands a prisoner. By the decree of our highest local authority, your life is forfeited. You are a recovered fugitive from our justice. You are told what is said of our power, having identified you, to subject you *instantly* to the doom of death from which you were once so fortunate as to escape. Yet you take a tone of defiance which rejects the help of those who would befriend you, alleviate your situation, and, perhaps, help you to elude its dangers. Is it wise, sir, or prudent, that you should act thus?"

"Colonel Balfour, I take for granted that you have some meaning when you speak thus. You mean to convey to my mind, in the first place, that you yourself are friendly disposed to me."

"Undoubtedly, sir. You are right."

"Well, sir, a profession of this kind from you, in your position, to a person in my circumstances, would seem to say that something may be done—that, in fact, my case is not entirely desperate."

"I certainly mean to convey that idea."

"Well, sir, now that we understand each other on this point, may I ask in what manner you propose to exercise this friendly feeling towards me? Clearly, Colonel Balfour, my object is to escape from captivity and death, if I may do so. That I am legitimately a prisoner, I admit; but only a prisoner of war. That I am lawfully doomed to die, I deny; yet I do not profess to think myself safe because I am innocent. I frankly tell you, sir, that I do not doubt the perfect coolness and indifference with which the present authorities of the country will commit a great crime, if it shall seem proper to their policy to do so. I am perfectly willing to deprive them of any excuse for the commission of this crime, in my case, if you will show me how it is to be done; and if, in its performance, I am required to yield nothing of self-respect and honor."

"Oh, surely, Colonel Walton, I am bound to do so. I would not, for the world, counsel you to anything at all inconsistent with either. I have too high a respect for your name and character—too warm an admiration for your daughter!"

"Ah!"

"Yes, sir, for your daughter, whom I esteem as one of the most amiable and accomplished, as she is one of the most beautiful, women I have ever seen."

"I thank you, Colonel Balfour; but I, who know my daughter well, can readily dispense with this eulogium upon her."

Balfour bit his lips, replying peevishly—

"Colonel Walton, you carry it quite too proudly. I would be your friend, sir—would really like to serve you."

"Well, sir, proceed--proceed."

"Thus, then, Colonel Walton, having endeavored to show you perfectly your situation, and the danger in which you stand, I declare myself friendly disposed and willing to assist you. Your case is a bad, but not exactly a desperate one; that is to say, it may be in the power of some persons so to interpose between the justly aroused anger of our sovereign and the victim as to save him from his punishment."

"In other words, sir, you, Colonel Balfour, can exercise a sufficient influence with Lord Cornwallis to relieve me from his sentence."

"Precisely, my dear colonel; that is exactly the point. I may venture to affirm that, besides myself, and, possibly, Lord Rawdon, there is no other man, or set of men, in South Carolina, to whom this thing is possible."

"I think it very likely."

"And I am disposed, Colonel Walton, to use this influence in your behalf."

"I am very much obliged to you, Colonel Balfour. As I have said, I think it very probable that you may interpose, as you have said, successfully for my safety, and that no other person that I know is likely to do so. But, sir, you will suffer me to say that I am too well aware that I have no personal claim upon you for the exercise of this act of friendship. I certainly cannot claim it on the score of former sympathies, or even by a reference to your recognition of my individual claims as a man of worth and character."

Balfour winced at this. He felt the latent sarcasm. Walton proceeded—

"It is clear, therefore, that I cannot expect you thus to serve me without some special acknowledgments. There must be a consideration for this. The *quid pro quo*, I understand, is not to be overlooked in anything that may be determined upon."

"Really, Colonel Walton, you relieve me very much," answered Balfour. "As you say, you have no personal or particular claims upon me, except, generally, as a man of worth. There have been no previous relations of friendship existing between us. If, therefore, I am moved to serve you, it must evidently be in consequence of certain considerations personal to myself, which—ah!"

Here he faltered for a moment. The stern, but calm eye of Walton was upon him. His own wavered beneath the glance. But the recollection of the vantage-ground which he held restored his confidence, and he assumed a tone somewhat foreign to his spirit when he resumed what he was saying.

"In short," said he, "Colonel Walton, I can save you from this danger, and I alone; and I will save you, sir, upon one condition, and one only."

"Name it, Colonel Balfour," answered Walton, calmly.

"Your daughter, sir, Miss Walton!"

"Ah!" The brow of Walton grew clouded. The air of Balfour became more desperate as he added—

"Yes, colonel, your daughter! I acknowledge

her virtues and her beauties. They have subdued a heart which has never yet trembled at the smile or frown of woman. Sir—Colonel Walton—give me the hand of your daughter in honorable marriage, and you are saved. I pledge my life upon it.”

Walton started to his feet with a burst of indignation which he could not repress. He confronted the commandant with a stern visage, and a voice that trembled with passionate emotion.

“What, sir, do you see in me to suppose that I would sell my blood to save my life? That I would put the child of my affections into bonds, that I might break my own? Colonel Balfour, your offer is an insult! You owe your safety to the fact that I am your prisoner.”

“You will repent this violence, Colonel Walton,” said Balfour, rising, and almost white with rage. “You are trifling with your fate, sir. Be warned! Once more I repeat the offer I have made you. Will you give me your daughter’s hand in marriage and escape your dangers?”

“Never! Let me rather die a thousand deaths. Sell my child—yield her to such!”

“Beware, Colonel Walton! You are on the precipice. A single word—a single breath, and you go over it!”

“Away, sir! Away, and leave me!”

“Very well, sir! If the daughter be no wiser than the father, look to it! Your doom must be spoken by her lips, if not by your own. That is your only chance.”

Balfour gave the signal, at the close of this speech, to the keeper of the door without, and, as soon as it was opened to him, he rushed out with feelings of fury and mortified vanity such as he had not often endured.

“He means to offer this alternative to my child—this dreadful alternative! But no! She shall never be made the sacrifice for me! Richard Walton cannot accept the boon of life, however precious, at the peril of his child’s peace, and to the ruin of her best affections!”

Such was the stern resolution of Walton, spoken aloud after Balfour had retired. He felt that his peril had greatly increased in consequence of the passion which the latter declared for his daughter. He now well understood his game. The danger lay in the bad character of the commandant and the general irresponsibility of the British power at present in the State, the recklessness of its insolence, and the conviction which its representatives generally felt, however blindly, that there was no fear to be entertained that they were destined to any reverses. Walton’s mind promptly grasped all the circumstances in his case, and he deceived himself in no respect with regard to the extremity of his danger. But the result only found him more resolute in the determination he had formed so promptly, to perish a thousand times rather than suffer his daughter to make such a cruel sacrifice as that which was required as the price of his deliverance.

(To be concluded.)

MRS. CASANA POWELL.

A HEROINE OF THE REVOLUTION.

BY J. FRED. SIMMONS.

WHILST the names of many of those patriotic women who figured conspicuously during our Revolutionary struggle have been blazoned forth to the world, or assigned enviable places in the history of the "times that tried men's souls," the one whose name appears at the head of this simple narrative has been overlooked and apparently forgotten. This may, perhaps, be attributed to the fact that the deeds which she performed are unknown save to a limited number residing in the immediate vicinity of her birthplace.

Mrs. Powell was born in Halifax county, North Carolina, in the year 1764, and was the daughter of Richard Bishop. She cherished in her bosom a devotion to the cause of freedom as pure, ardent, and constant as that which illumined the heart of Washington himself, and her name deserves a place by the side of those of Mrs. Willie Jones, Mrs. Martha Bratton, and the host of heroines of those dark and gloomy times. Much of her history is yet unknown to the writer, but she was ever eager to aid the Whigs in whatever way she could, and regretted her being so far from the scene of active operations as to be unable to render her countrymen constant service. But I propose to narrate a single instance that has come to my knowledge of her daring and patriotism, which will at once serve to establish her reputation.

It will be remembered that, towards the close of the war, Colonel Tarleton passed through North Carolina. Owing to some cause not known, he spent two nights in Halifax county, one within the hospitable grove of Willie Jones, near the town of Halifax, and the other higher up the county, near "Quankey Chapel." Either because he was scarce of provisions and horses, or from a malicious desire to destroy the property of the American citizens who were opposed to British tyranny, he caught all the horses, cattle, hogs, and even fowls, that he could lay hands on, and destroyed or appropriated them to his own use. The male, and most of the female inhabitants of the county, fled from the approach of the British troops, and hid themselves in the swamps and forests adjacent; and when they passed through the upper part of the county, while every one else left the premises on which she lived, Mrs. Powell (then Miss Bishop) "stood her ground," and faced the foe fearlessly. But it would not do; they took the horses and cattle, and, among the former, a favorite pony of her own, and drove them off to the camp, which was about a mile distant. Young as she was, she determined to have her

pony again, and, as she must necessarily go to the British camp, to go alone, if no one would accompany her. And alone she went on foot, at night, and without any weapon of defence, and in due time arrived at the camp.

By what means she managed to gain an audience with Tarleton is not known; but she appeared before him unannounced, and, raising herself erect, said—

"I have come to you, sir, to demand restoration of my property, which your knavish followers stole from my father's yard."

"Let me understand you, miss," replied Tarleton, taken completely by surprise.

"Well, sir," said she, "your roguish men in red-coats came to my father's yard about sundown and stole my pony, and I have walked here alone and unprotected to claim and demand him; and, sir, I must and will have him. I fear not your men; they are base and unprincipled enough to dare offer insult to an unprotected female; but their cowardly hearts will prevent their doing her bodily injury." And, just then, by the light of a camp fire, espying her own dear little pet pony at a little distance, she continued, "There, sir, is my horse. I shall mount him and ride peaceably home; and if you have any of the gentlemanly feeling within you, of which your men are totally destitute, or if you have any regard for their safety, you will see, sir, that I am not interrupted. But, before I go, I wish to say to you that he who *can*, and will not prevent this base and cowardly stealing from henroosts, stables, and barn-yards, is no better in my estimation than the mean, good-for-nothing, guilty wretches who do the dirty work with their own hands! Good night, sir." And, without waiting further, she took her pony uninterrupted, and galloped safely home; for Tarleton was so much astounded that he ordered that she should be permitted to do as she did.

Mrs. Powell died in her native county, in 1840, after she had attained a green old age. One of her grandsons, William S. Parker, volunteered in the Mexican war, and died at Cerralvo, in Mexico. Another, Richard B. Parker, is residing in Halifax county, N. C., a most estimable and worthy citizen. And a granddaughter, Mrs. Mary E. Sledge (wife of W. T. Sledge, and sister of the two first-named gentlemen), also lives in Halifax county, besides other relatives, who all, no doubt, do justice to her memory; but others should do likewise, for she was one of the noble spirits of "the times that tried men's souls."

MYSTERY NOCKINGS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MISS BREMER'S VISIT TO COOPER'S LANDING," "SIGNS OF GENTILITY," ETC ETC.

PORTER. Here 's a knocking indeed!

Knock! knock! knock! Who 's there, i' the name of Beelzebub?

MACBETH, *Act II., Scene 3.*

"You don't say!"

"As true as I 'm standing here! Miss Jones told my old woman, and she told me the hull story. I believe it 's got something to do with Kidd's vessel. I hain't felt easy sence them divin'-bells was brought up from New York. 'Mother,' says I, last night when she was tollin' on me of it—'mother,' says I, 'you may depend upon it, there 's trouble brewing for the hull neighborhood.' I allus wondered Capen Shaw bought that house."

The speaker paused to make that mystic inquiry, "With or without sugar?" of the astonished personage before him, who stared at the landlord with the utmost intensity of expression that his blue spectacles could assume.

"It ought to be officially investigated," he said, solemnly, when he found from the pause that he was expected to speak. "As a justice of the peace, I feel it my duty to attend *immediately* to what is likely to prove a serious business. The Rochester knockings are but the forerunners of the worst days of Salem witchcraft. Sugar, if you please."

"What about the Rochester knockings?" said a new-comer, who entered the bar-room in the most unceremonious manner, as Judge Bench—for the excited speaker was no other than our old acquaintance—nodded to the landlord of the Cooper House in conclusion. The new arrival we have also met with, and Byron Olmstead, Esq., seemed to have returned but recently from his travels, for he wore a jaunty, close-fitting cap, and the pockets of his linen overcoat were distended with cigars and French novels.

"How d' ye do? Why when did the boat come in? We hain't heard no bell nor nothing."

"I didn't come in the boat. Couldn't wait to ride, as the man said to the slow coach. It 's all the fashion now, I find, to *pedestrianize*. Byard Taylor set it by walking all over Europe, which he viewed through a knapsack and staff. Delightful book! As Mrs. Bench says: 'Sent my baggage up by Captain Shaw's vessel; took the steamboat when I was tired, and walked the rest of the way. Great country this!'"

"Capen Shaw! oh!" and mine host groaned as he looked meaningly towards the judge, who was now sipping from a well-filled tumbler, having assumed his favorite position, tilted back on two legs of the chair, his feet braced against the window-sill.

"What about Captain Shaw?" rattled on the unconscious youth. "Ho 's all right, so the mate told

me on board the Mary Ann, when I went to ship my trunk. Speaking of that, I 've heard the Rochester knockings—I have."

The particular connection between the knockings and sloop Mary Ann does not seem very apparent; but it had the effect of bringing his audience, now increased by the regular eleven o'clock loungers, to their seat.

"Heard the Rochester knockings?"

"Of course I have; paid a dollar, too. Must say the spirits charge rather high; but they 're boarding at a crack hotel, and have to pay their way, I suppose. Now the youngest 's not bad. I think she took quite a fancy to me; I caught her eye ever so many times."

"Heard and *seen* them!" ejaculated the bystanders.

"Why *heard* the spirits and *saw* the girls, you know. The girls that travel with them and take care of them. Kind of Barnum's to exhibit them, you see."

And then, in answer to the numerous queries that poured in upon him, the hero of the hour entered into a lengthened description of his visit to the spirits. How the pretty young girls sat on a sofa, and giggled and stuffed their handkerchiefs into their mouths before the spirits were ready to see company, while Mrs. Fish shook her head in vain. And how solemn and awful it was when the first rap was actually heard, everybody starting from their chairs and looking under the table in a spasm of disbelief. Then the questions that were answered. One widow lady found herself so much relieved at being told her husband actually was lost off Cape Horn on his way to California; the report having been contradicted by some of the papers, and the lady being on the point of contracting a new matrimonial engagement, had taken this method of satisfying all doubts and easing her troubled conscience.

One very young gentleman went away in a perfect ecstacy of delight, at having been told he was engaged to a lady with very light hair, whose name was Matilda, and who loved him to distraction. A merchant inquired for the fate of a missing vessel, and a southerner whether any of his family had died of the cholera during his absence; the spirits, be it remembered, always refusing to answer any questions relating to the future.

"I suppose their eyes is sot in the back of the head, and they can't look forrard," suggested a boy, who was making himself very sick with his first cigar.

"I'd have tipped over the table," valorously responded one of his companions; "or pinched one of the girls and made her tell me all about it. That 's the way I found out who our Sarah Jane's beau was."

Deacon Williams expressed his belief in the possession of evil spirits, and thought it was a direct warning to the country.

Judge Bench shook his head in the most mysterious manner, and called the deacon aside. The landlord took Byron Olmstead into his especial confidence, holding on by the buttonhole of the aforementioned linen coat, as the little crowd were dispersed by the ringing of the twelve o'clock bell, which announced to most of them that dinner was waiting; nor did they leave the bar-room until some midnight expedition was planned, of which "most onarthly," "Miss Jones's," and "Capen Shaw's house," were the only clues that escaped them.

Captain Shaw had but recently become an inhabitant of Cooper's Landing. He was the owner of a fine sloop that had been employed in conveying the Girard marble to New York, but now, as that "faultless monster," the collogo, was completed, the Mary Ann and her commander had gone into the coal trade, and were noted for performing the quickest trips of any of the small craft upon the river. About a year before, the captain had raised a great deal of gossip and much latent curiosity in Cooper's Landing, by the purchase of a house on the outskirts of the town that had long maintained the reputation of being haunted. There is the complement of one haunted house to almost every village in the Union, as we all know. Some unfortunate domicil contracts this mad-dog kind of reputation, and thenceforth is shunned and banned, until rats and bats are the only tenants who can be found to take possession. And there it stands the personification of a bad name; the representative of a damaged reputation; the horror of all the juveniles, who dare not look that way after twilight; the subject of dark innuendoes from their elders and betters; until the very rafters shrink, the bleaching walls are moss-grown, and the clattering, paneless windows clank and shiver in the night wind with a weird, unearthly sound.

But Captain Shaw's purchase arrested the destruction of the really very pretty cottage on the river's bank, which was painted and repaired, and newly furnished for the reception of as pretty a little bride as ever turned the heads of a whole congregation to peep under the white bonnet on her first appearance at church. The athletic figure of her husband assumed an unconceivable grace as he proudly supported her upon his arm; and it was remarked that his coal black, bushy whiskers had been shorn of half their length and fierceness. So the captain had a home to receive him when he came from his little journeys, and a light to watch for as he rounded "the point" below the last wharf. It may have been this lover-like fancy, though you never would have suspected Robert Shaw of being sentimental,

which led him to choose a situation so remote and exposed to the breeze that swept up from the channel of the river. He had been duly informed by rumor, in the shape of several kind advisers against the purchase, that the house was suspected of entertaining unearthly visitants; but he laughed at the tales, although he did not think fit to tell "Mary" of it, "women being apt to get nervous after dark," he said to himself. And so the unsuspecting little wife was as happy as possible, busy with her house-keeping or her sewing in her husband's absence, and watching, with all the impatience of Hero for Leander, the first flutter of the white sails which betokened his return.

And now, since the domicil in question is the destination of the midnight visit of Judge Bench and his friends, suppose we precede the party by an hour or so, and detect, if possible, the motives for this unusual movement.

The afternoon had been one of those sultry pauses of nature which betoken gathering wrath. The parched and shrinking foliage in the little garden had no shade to bestow upon the dying flowers, the birds were mute, and insect life seemed destroyed by the fierce blaze of the setting sun. But even while the west glowed with a sea of gold and purple glory, a dark cloud came rising like a vapor, at first, from behind a distant mountain range, and rapidly overspread the horizon. It was watched in its steady course by the inmates of the little cottage, one of whom cowered with fear, and hid her face in her hands, as the old nurse at her side came to the conclusion that they were "sittingly to have another storm like the one last night, and dear knows what would become of everybody and everything!"

Mrs. Shaw was not naturally timid, but an invalid, and alone, except for her old attendant; she had time for nursing gloomy forebodings, and wondering what could have detained her husband two long weeks away from her. The captain of the Mary Ann was not much of a letter-writer, it is true, but this was the first long absence since their marriage in which she had not received at least one message, expressing, in his plain but honest way, the anxiety he felt for her happiness, and how much he longed to be home again.

"Do you think, Mrs. Jones," she said, turning wearily from the window, "that you were not mistaken about those noises last night? I have been thinking it all over, and cannot believe it was more than our imagination."

"Law bless your little heart," responded Mrs. Jones, tasting, as she spoke, the cup of very nice gruel she was cooling for her patient, "jest as if I did not know what I heard with my own ears. It 's a haunted house as sure as you 're alive. I know'd it from the first, but never said a word, because I 'm a woman of uncommon nerve, and I didn't want to scare you. 'Twasn't long ago it all happened. I remember, as plain as day, Mr. Grant being found dead in the bed one morning, and what a fuss there was about it. He was a bachelor, you see, and

help getting frightened, of course. But I was going to tell you about a death-knock. It was a long time ago, when I was not mor'n seventeen. We lived in the house with Elder Jones then, though 'twas long before I had any notion of marrying his John. John always kind of pestered me so, we didn't take at first, somehow, like Joshua and I. Joshua was one of the steddies fellows I ever *did* see. But about the knock. Father was very sick with a bilious fever; I was the oldest girl, and, of course, had everything to see to. It was a curious thing. He took that fever from eating three green apples. If he had only et four now, it wouldn't have hurt him a mite. I've noticed that uneven numbers always make people sick. I eat seven choke pears, even when I was a little girl, and like to a died. As I was sayin', I had everything to look after, and one night I'd been up very late gettin' supper for the watchers. I had sot it all out in the best room—cold corn beef, a custard pie, and green apple pie, and cup-cake. Oh, and cheese and crackers. We always *did* givo watchers good suppers. It was expected in those days. Watchin' now ain't half the fun it used to be. Why, I remember when we young girls used to like, of all things, to watch, and the person wasn't very sick and there wasn't much to do. *Such* talks as Solly Ann Vanderbrugh and I used to have! and then the beaus always took us there, and sot awhile in the kepin' room. Elder Jones and Deacon Wells sot up with father that night, and we all thought he was gettin' over it. I'd gone down into the kitchen again, though it was most twelve o'clock. I felt pretty down-hearted, for it was just a year that night since mother died. All at once, I heard a knock, just as plain as that, on the kitchen door close by me. I didn't move, for I thought it was Joshua come to ask how father was. So says I, 'Come in!' But there wasn't any answer. So I listened, and that time there was two knocks—so. 'That's you, Joshua?' says I. 'Come in.' But nobody answered. With that I got up and went towards the door. Just as I laid my hand on the latch, there came three knocks that made me jump, they were so slow and loud. But I opened the door, and nobody was there. I took up the candle and looked out into the entry. There wasn't a soul. All at once it flashed across me, 'Death knocked and I let him in.' I knew from that minute father wouldn't get well."

"But, nurse, there are no people so foolish as to believe in ghosts nowadays, surely. It must have been some tree striking against the house that we heard."

"There ain't no tree on that side the house but the plum tree, and that don't come within a yard of the window. No, 'twas a death-knock, I knew the minute I heard it. I didn't tell you about that last night."

"What was it, nurse?" said Mrs. Shaw, in a feeble tone, impelled by some strange fascination to linger on a subject that had evidently harassed her through a long twilight reverie.

"Well, if I thought it wouldn't scare you. Let me beat up this pillow and fix you up a little. Then perhaps you'll go off to sleep."

So the old lady accomplished these little sick-room offices with a dexterity that betokened the professional attendant, and then putting a lamp into the fireplace, where its faint beams served to make the darkness frightfully visible, she betook herself to the rocking-chair and her knitting-work.

It was like a picture from some old legend. The heavy shadows cast by the faint light upon the frail young creature, propped up by a pile of snow-white pillows, her dark hair drawn back from the blue-veined forehead, and her eyes fixed, with a half-frightened, half-feverish earnestness, on her companion; sometimes turning with a look of ineffable love and tenderness towards the sleeping infant at her side, and then, with ill-repressed anxiety, to the open window, where a sharp and glittering flash of summer lightning revealed fitfully the outlines of the trees and cliffs, that were the most prominent objects in the landscape. Then the picturesque figure of the old nurse, in her antique cap with its voluminous borders, the well-balanced spectacles, and the tidy check apron, which guarded her dress from rude contact.

"I've just got out of the narrowings," she observed, as she pinned the heart-shape knitting sheath to her side and took a deliberate survey of the progress of her stocking, holding it up between herself and the light to count the rounds. "I must say, I hain't been very industrious to-day, what between you and the baby. But, however."

"I know I've given you a good deal of trouble, Mrs. Jones. I've not felt like myself since last night," murmured the poor lady, apologetically "and patiently."

"Oh, don't worry yourself about it; you couldn't

"Did he die, nurse?"

"A week from that very night. I was sittin' just there—I had kind of forgot about it—when John came to the door, and says he, 'There's a change.' Sure enough, father was gone before I got into the room."

Mrs. Shaw turned her face to the wall and was silent for a moment. She tried in vain to combat the undefined superstitious fear that was creeping over her. Meanwhile the low reverberations of distant thunder were heard, and a fresh breeze came in through the window and extinguished the light.

It seemed hours before Mrs. Jones could discover the matches. Mrs. Shaw instinctively clasped her child closer to her, until the feeble light again flickered through the room.

"I stopped to the Cooper House as I went to the store this morning, and I happened to speak of our hearing them knocks last night. Miss Lane—she was Sully Ann Vanderbrugh, you know—asked me if I didn't remember about when father died, how it was foretold. And says she, 'I shouldn't wonder, Miss Jones,' says she, 'if something was going to happen at Capen Shaw's.' However, she and Mister Lane is coming over here to-night to see what they think of it. I declare, if they ain't here now," she added, starting up as a vivid flash revealed some figures at the garden gate.

But Mrs. Jones was for once disappointed of a gossip with her crony; for Mr. Lane—the host of the Cooper House was no other—accompanied by Deacon Williams, the judge, and their traveled young townsman, were ushered into the parlor with a great many apologies for intruding themselves so late in the evening.

Mrs. Jones was in a flutter of delighted excitement when she returned to the bedside of her patient.

"Judge Bench himself has come as a justice of the peace to bind over the ghost, if there is any. And a clever young lawyer that knows everything, and has been to New York and learned how to talk with them. And Deacon Williams, *he* thinks it's a delusion of the Wicked One himself; and Mister Lane, and I told them to excuse you, of course. They ain't going to light the big lamp, though I told them I know *you* wouldn't have any objections, only a candle for the lawyer, who's going to 'report' all about it for the Herald of Freedom, and I'm taken down for one of the witnesses. Dear me, who 'd a thought it?"

"Oh, nurse," said the young mother, trembling with nervous excitement, "please don't leave baby and I alone! I'm sure something has happened to Robert; that awful storm last night, and so many vessels out! Oh, if he should be drowned!"

"Poor soul! There, don't work yourself up. Why I've known three just such storms night after night. There was one summer when they came up just as regular as the moon—the year my John was lost. There, don't take on so," and she patted her charge upon the shoulder as she would have soothed a wailing infant.

Meantime, the storm was advancing with fearful rapidity. Already the sky was covered with a pall of dense, thunderous clouds, rifted here and there by a gleam of struggling moonlight, and the rain came down in torrents to the parched and waiting earth. Hitherto there had been no wind, but now a strong gust came curling up the quiet tide of the river below, until it lashed against the cliffs with a dull, mournful sound, and then it caught the branches of the willows that grew near the sloping beach, and tossed and whirled their long, floating tresses

that had hung motionless an hour before, as the creaking branches shrieked in impotent wrath.

"It's an awful night!" said Byron Olmstead, turning from the window to Deacon Williams, who was pacing the floor, ejaculating from time to time some sentence of wonder and alarm to his companions.

"The Evil One is abroad," he said, solemnly. "Power is given to him for a time, and times, and half a time."

"Yes, I hain't heard what you've said half the time," responded the landlord, anxiously. "I never heard sich heavy thunder. I wish we was well out of it."

"And Mrs. Jones heard it, you say?" responded the judge. "What time did the knockings begin?"

"Between eleven and twelve; though in old times spirits used to appear between twelve and one. She and Miss Shaw both heard 'em; they was here alone last night; and Miss Shaw hain't heard from the capen these two weeks."

"What 's that?" ejaculated the deacon, stopping in his measured walk, with both hands upraised.

They all listened; but the sound, whatever it was, was not repeated.

"'Twould be an awful thing if the Mary Ann was lost. I remember just such a storm as this, when the Albany went ashore off the point. Every soul was drowned."

The speaker did not notice that the room door had been left ajar as Mrs. Jones returned to them. A faint moan came from the lonely watcher there.

"It's kindly permitted sometimes in this vale of tears, that coming events cast their shades," responded Deacon Williams. "How grateful we oughter be if it proves so in this case. If Capen Shaw is never to return to the bosom of his family, and these signs and tokens is given to comfort the survivors!"

And the good man drew a long and solemn sigh, that re-echoed through the room, quite unaware that he had pronounced his neighbor's death to be a cause of thankfulness.

"It was just about this time last night," broke in Mrs. Jones. "Good gracious, there it is!"

And their hearts almost stopped beating, as a rap, rap came against the wall, not far from where the deacon was leaning. It was no deception of the senses; the sound was as clear and distinct above the noise of the storm as if one of them had occasioned it.

"Oh! oh!" said Mrs. Jones, "three times. To think I should a lived to hear that dreadful warning again!"

The judge stood transfixed with horror and amazement. Even Byron Olmstead grew pale. Hearing the spirits in a lonely house, in the midst of such a storm, was another thing from conversing with them in a crowded and brilliantly lighted drawing-room.

"Get thee behind me!" gasped the deacon, looking with a gaze of intense terror directly into the landlord's face.

"Knock! knock! knock!"

It was so distinct, you could have thought some person standing concealed there had struck the blows, and then came a duller repetition of the stroke.

"Knock! knock! knock!"

Mrs. Jones threw her apron over her head, as if to shut out some frightful vision, and rocked backward and forward as only old nurses can rock upon stationary chairs.

"Knock! knock!"

"Will somebody look out of the window?" whispered the judge, faintly, as if alarmed at the sound of his own voice.

The mysterious tapping was his only reply.

There was a silence of some minutes, and the party grew more bold. The wind sullenly moaned down in the valley, as if gathering fresh strength; the moon, for an instant, rolled majestically into sight as the clouds were driven past.

Byron Olmstead moved cautiously to the window, but not a living thing was abroad that dreary night. Nothing to be seen but the foaming waters below, the bending, groaning trees, the yellow pools that had gathered by the wayside. Somehow, the momentary pause had revived his courage. He felt as valorous as men generally feel when some danger is just passed, and he resolved, with all the determination Hamlet could have shown, to "speak to it," whatever might be referred to by the very indefinite pronoun.

"Strange are the mysterious ways of Providence," groaned the deacon.

"I wouldn't have believed it if I hadn't heard it with my own ears," said the landlord, forgetting that he had expressed the most decided faith when relating the tale to the judge that morning.

On rushed the wind to fiercer conflict. It was frightful in itself to feel the violence of that viewless "prince of the air," as it dashed down the clinging vines, and even prostrated the sentinel-like poplar that kept solemn guard before the door.

"Knock! knock! knock!"

But now they were more prepared for it, and Mrs. Jones forbore to blind herself again, and sat upright as Byron Olmstead rose to question their mysterious visitant.

"You must always ask questions that can be answered 'yes' or 'no' to," he said, whispering unconsciously. "Two knocks means yes, three knocks means no. If there's five or six without stopping, the spirit doesn't mean to answer."

A succession of double knocks seemed to intimate the displeasure of the spirit at the intention of the young gentleman to place himself *en rapport*, as if it was by no means a gossiping spirit, and had private objections to being catechised.

"I shall now ask a leading question, and then we will pass on to particulars. 'Are you disposed to converse with us on important topics?'"

The young lawyer spoke very loud, as if it was a somewhat aged and deaf spirit, who had come

out unprovided with an ear-trumpet. A sullen affirmative responded, as if it still harbored objections and couldn't surmount them. The audience were all standing, and their faces would have been a study for Hogarth.

"Ask it if it knows us," said the landlord.

"And who will be the next president," suggested the judge.

"Or whether it has anything to do with the cholera, and what 's the best thing to take."

This was suggested by the ruling passion of the nurse. But to none of these queries would the obstinate spirit respond, except by a succession of rappings, that seemed to indicate it might say a great deal if it only chose.

"Are you sent as a warning?" inquired the speaker at last, on his own account.

A distinct "yes" was the first direct response that they had heard. They looked at each other, and the deacon's face grew visibly longer, while Mrs. Jones ejaculated "poor thing!" but whether the spirit or Mrs. Shaw was the object of her commiseration, did not appear.

"To one of us?" continued the questioner.

A long silence, and a feeble "no" could be interpreted.

"A-men!" said the deacon, evidently forgetting he was not at prayer-meeting in the excitement of the moment.

"To anybody in this house?" was the next question which the spirit seemed to think worthy of a reply, and it came with a violence that seemed to threaten a direct entrance into the apartment, and then another succession of double rappings, the pitiful spirit, that did not like telling bad news!

"One thing more; is the owner of this house alive?"

How breathlessly they awaited the reply; and a figure shrouded in white, that had stolen unobserved to the door of the adjoining apartment, crouched more closely to the floor, as if from deadly fear or feebleness.

"Knock! knock! knock!"

Slowly, lingeringly, but with awful distinctness, came the dreaded negative, and then an unbroken silence, save for the rushing rain and the low quick breathings of every one in the room.

The poor young wife, for it was she who had stolen from her bed, unable to resist the mingled fear and morbid anxiety that filled her heart, could not remember how she regained it and laid down exhausted by the side of her child. She did not faint, for there was a fearful, pressing consciousness of what she had heard, an aching sense, as if the bereavement thus prophesied was more than certain. She lay in a kind of waking dream, so horrible, and yet she could not close her eyes. She heard steps on the gravel walk, as if the visitors were departing in the pause of the storm. There was a voice which said—

"Tell the widow that she has our prayers, and I shall feel it my duty in the morning to call and offer

spiritual consolation. "This is past finding out; but all things shall work for good, Mrs. Jones; a mysterious dispensation of Providence; but man goeth forth like a flower and is cut down."

"Oh, nurse, tell me it is all a horrid dream!" she said, as Mrs. Jones stooped over her to see if she was asleep. "My head is bursting, and I have such a strange faintness," she clasped her hand upon her heart and moaned as if it were breaking.

"Oh dear! oh dear!" and Mrs. Jones wrung her hands, gazing helplessly on the weary, haggard face that was raised to hers. "I know'd last night something was going to happen; but I thought it was meant for you or the baby. I never dreamed of Capen Shaw. Poor little thing, without any father! Who'd a thought it?"

"Dead! dead! Robert dead!" she murmured, tossing restlessly from side to side. Then she covered her face and tried to shut out the frightful fancies that came crowding around her. She saw the storm and the scowling sky, brave men battling with the waves, and a shrieking, bubbling death-cry rose on the night. Then she unclosed them again, but the shriek burst from her own lips; for there was the pale, dead face she had seen in her vision pressed close against the window at her bedside, almost within reach, the hair streaming with moisture, the eyes fixed upon hers with a strange and rigid stare.

"There! there!—help me!—save me!" and, with a long shuddering thrill, a deathlike insensibility came to her relief.

Many days passed before she was again conscious of anything that was passing around her, and then she woke to find her husband kneeling by her bedside, and clasping her hand with a warm, loving pressure that made her heart bound once more with a pulse of hope and happiness. And when her feeble arms could enfold her child once more, as she sat supported by the strong arms of one she loved best on earth, she heard the explanation of all her torturing fears. Robert Shaw was almost too indignant to speak as calmly as he should have done in a sick-room of "those miserable fools," who had "just sense enough to be humbugged," according to his declaration. His vessel had reached the wharf in the midst of the storm, and anxious for some tidings of his little wife, he had braved the drenching shower to reach his home. He saw a light in their room, and had stopped for an instant to assure himself that all was well, forgetting that she might

be started at so strange an apparition as he presented in his dripping clothing. Her shriek startled him, and he rushed into the house to find her raving in wild delirium, by which, with the confession of the conscience-stricken nurse, all the mental agony she had suffered was revealed.

"But those dreadful knocks, Robert; I heard them myself."

"Silly child! and you would have found out their cause if you had only been well. I knew the moment I listened."

"But what was it? Tell me."

"Nothing more nor less than a clapboard started by the hot weather, and every time the wind took it it came clatter, clatter against the house. We have had no more mysterious knockings since I nailed it down last week."

"How silly!"

"Not more silly than a thousand other humbugs people have been frightened out of their wits with. You should have seen those men. I found them in the bar-room of the Cooper House, telling half the town about it next morning. Deacon Williams was on his way to comfort you, I believe, and that little jacksnipe of a lawyer had a full account written out. I saved so much printer's ink for them. I should have thought Judge Bench at least would have had more sense. You were so sick and worried, I don't wonder; and that foolish old woman was enough to frighten you to death."

"But she took such good care of baby," and the young mother bent down, as young mothers will, to kiss the unconscious little doll nestling close to her heart.

"Don't he look like you? See the little fellow laugh in his sleep."

It must be confessed, Captain Shaw could not see any strong resemblance in the inexpressive and round little face to his own strongly-marked features; but he thought it was a remarkable child, there is no doubt of that, and he said so, too, quite warmly enough to delight "Mary." He stood a long time looking at the pretty picture which they made, after his wife had fallen asleep as quietly as the child in her arms, and then he went out to finish repairing the damage done by the storm to his garden. He worked away most industriously, but now and then smiled quietly, as he caught sight of the offending "clapboard," and thought how effectually he had put a stop to any more *mysterious knockings*.

NERO'S FRIEND.

BY C. N. BROOME.

It is a circumstance connected with the history of Nero that, every spring and summer for many years after his death, fresh and beautiful flowers were strewn upon his grave by some unknown hand. Tradition relates that it was done by a young maiden of Corinth, named Acté, who had been brought to Rome by Nero from her native city, whither he had gone, in the disguise of an artist, to contend in the Nemean, Isthmian, and floral games which were celebrated there; and whence he returned conqueror in the Palæstra, the chariot race, and the song—bearing with him, like Jason of old, a second Medea, divine in form and feature as the first, and who, like her, had left father, friends, and country to follow a stranger.

Even the worse than savage barbarity of this sanguinary tyrant had not cut him off from all human affection, and those flowers were doubtless the tribute of that young girl's holy and enduring love.

"Whose name is on yon lettered stone, whose ashes rest beneath,
That thus you come to deck with flowers the mournful home of death?
And thou—why darkens so thy brow with grief's untimely gloom?
Thou art fitter for a bride than for a watcher by the tomb."

"It is the name of one whose deeds made men grow pale with fear,
And Nero's, stranger, is the dust that lies sepulchred here:
That name may be a word of harsh and boding sound to thee—
But oh, it has a *more* than mortal melody for me!

"And I—my heart has grown to age in girlhood's fleeting years,
And has one only task—to bathe its buried love in tears;
The *all* of life that yet remains to me is but its breath;
Then, tell me, is it meet that I should seek the bridal wreath?"

"But, maiden, he of whom you speak was of a savage mood,
That took its joy alone in scenes of carnage, tears, and blood;
His heart and mind were steeped in crimes of sin's most loathsome hue,
And love is for the high of soul—the gentle and the true."

"I knew not till my heart was his the darkness of his own,
Nor dreamed that he who knelt to me was master of a throne;
And when the fearful knowledge came, its coming was *in vain*,
I had forsaken *all* for him, and would do so again.

"I saw him first beside the sea, near to my father's home,
When, like some ocean Deity, he bounded from the foam;
Even then a glory seemed to breathe around him as he trod,
And my haughty soul was bowed as in the presence of a god.

"The voice that taught an abject world to tremble at its words
To me was mild and musical, and mellow as a bird's—
A bird's that, couched among the green, broad branches of the date,
Tells, in its silvery songs, its gushing gladness to its mate.

"Go, stranger, ask the waves to tell thee of the depths they shroud;
Go, from the sunbeam steal its warmth, its lightning from the cloud;
Strive, till the warring elements have yielded to thine art;
But think not thou canst wring its secret treasures from the heart.

"Is love the offspring of the will? or is it like a flower,
So frail that it may fade and be forgotten in an hour?
No! no! it springs unbidden, where the heart's deep fountains play,
And, cherished by their hallowed dew, it cannot pass away!"

REMARKS ON FOUR OF THE LANGUAGES OF EUROPE.

BY R. J. DE CORDOVA.

THE study of languages is one of the most interesting subjects which can occupy the attention of an American reader. The peculiar freedom of our institutions, the unalloyed liberty which is the moving principle of our country, cause the United States to be regarded as the common home of persons from all other parts of the civilized globe, who have been made the objects of native oppression, or who have suffered the tyranny of arbitrary masters. There is scarcely a kingdom in Europe which has not sent forth a sorrowing son to find happiness and contentment in this land, where "all men are born free and equal." The poor Irishman, denied by his proud and imperious neighbor the right to live on his native soil; the noble Spaniard, exiled because of his patriotism; the high-minded Portuguese, flying from the superstitious rage of a pampered church; the chivalric Frenchman, tired of ambitious anarchy; the learned and philosophical German, weary of royal imbecility; and lastly, the patriotic and enthusiastic Hungarian, driven from his fatherland by the dishonest and grasping might of regal theft—all seek the great Republic of the West as a haven and a resting-place, where speech is as free as thought, and where the Protestant and the Pantheist, the Catholic and the Calvinist, the Jew and the Gentile, the Mussulman and the Methodist, the Hindoo and the Huguenot, the Unitarian and the Quaker, are truly brethren.

There are therefore many languages spoken in our large cities. The musical Italian, the soft French, the sonorous Spanish, and the guttural German, mingle with our own mixed English on all our public thoroughfares, and salute the ear of the passer-by, suggesting a thousand reflections, among which are those which I present to the reader in the present paper.

The origin of primitive languages is a curious study, fraught with many hypotheses, grave and ridiculous, plausible and obscure. We can, however, easily imagine a savage nation, or, more properly so to speak, the germ of a savage nation in the earlier ages, beholding, for the first time, wonderful objects—as the sun, the moon, the stars, the ocean, trees, rain, and so forth. The view of these would, of course, suggest wonder, delight, admiration, joy, and other feelings of a similar nature, which again would find vent in ejaculations descriptive of the sentiments to which the contemplation of these objects gave birth. These exclamations would, doubtless, be repeated frequently, and would in time be identified with the objects which they were intended to indicate, becoming perpetuated by tradition through succeeding generations.

This is, of course, nothing more than imaginative hypothesis; but it is a singular fact that there are, at this day, in many languages, various words which, in their peculiar sound, interpret the meaning which they are intended to convey. Constant association may cause us to regard words in this light; but we incline to the belief that the reason of our so *feeling* them is rather to be met with in the characteristic construction of the syllables which give rise to the idea. Who, for example, would require an interpretation of the Italian word "*amore*," or of the French word "*petit*," or the English word "*tremendous*," or the Spanish word "*magnifico*?" In the primitive languages whence these are derived, they were probably originated by involuntary exclamations, caused by coincident circumstances, or elicited by existing objects.

There is, perhaps, no language so made up of modified foreign words, and idioms of foreign origin, as the English. A mixture of the native British with the Latin, Saxon, Danish, and Norman French, it does not partake exclusively of the character of any one of them, though it bears the impress of all in every sentence in which it is employed. It has therefore, notwithstanding its hybrid origin, a distinctive principle, which is at once bold, nervous, emphatic, and energetic, in its construction as a whole, but harsh and irreconcilable with euphony in its expression in particles. The causes of these objections are to be traced principally to the very little use which is made of vowels, and to the frequent doubling of consonants of inconsistent and almost irreconcilable sounds. While Italian and French words are almost wholly composed of vowels, which impart to them a soft, liquid expression, as will presently be more fully adverted to, English words are made up of labial and lingual combinations, which are harsh in the ear of the linguist. Let us, for example, take a few words in the English language and observe their construction—something, perhaps, after the manner of M. Jourdain and his *Maitre de Philosophie*.

In the simple word "*the*," there occurs a sound which is a terror to foreign learners, and which by no means adds to the beauty of our mother tongue. The *th*, as pronounced in this word, is not a hiss, though it is pronounced by setting the tongue beyond the teeth, which almost close upon and beneath it, and forcing the air out between the teeth and the tongue. It seems an inelegant sound, and it is one which is absent from the other languages under consideration.

Our pronunciation of the *u* is also harsh. In such words as "*music*," "*tune*," the *u* is more than a

vowel, because it cannot be sounded by a mere aspiration. We read these words as though they were written "*music*," "*tyune*," or "*meisie*," "*teune*," whereas, in other languages, the *u* is sounded like "*oo*," and is given by a slight aspiration of the voice through a kind of tube, which is formed by narrowing the compass of the mouth. The French manner of aspirating the *u* is very musical.

The sound also which we give to the *i*, in such words as *vine* and *mine*, is not found in either the Spanish, Italian, or French, and it certainly does not contribute to melody.

Ch is a combination common to the English and Spanish, and the Italian also owns the sound of these letters (though, in this latter language, it is not written in the same manner). It would not be so harsh in the English, were it not for the frequent occurrence of other consonants—an objection to which the Spanish and Italian are not liable. The observation of the English sexton, who expected another appointment, will be remembered for a long time in connection with this subject: "I have a chance, Charles Childe, of changing to Chichester Church and Chichester churchyard."

Not to dwell longer on this branch of the subject, nor to spend time in adducing the many examples which suggest themselves, we will turn to another feature of our language—the different sounds conferred on letters or combinations by custom, and in a great many instances without any rule whatever. For example, "*th*" has a different sound in "*the*," and in "*thought*," and in "*Thomas*." The vowel *i* is differently pronounced in "*mine*" and in "*bring*." "*Gh*" is variously sounded in "*ought*," "*cough*," and "*hough*," while *ch* is different in "*archdeacon*" and "*archangel*." *Gi* is hard in "*give*" and soft in "*gin*." *Ge* is soft in "*gem*" and hard in "*get*," while *y* has no more sound in that most extraordinary word "*eye*" than *w* has in "*ewe*."

The analysis of idioms in all languages is an interesting study. They are, generally speaking, only expressions formerly created out of marked incidents, and applied, through ages, to coincident circumstances which they have, by the aid of association, a peculiar facility of describing. Some of our English idioms are very curious. We say "let me alone," when we mean "do not annoy or tease me," and without any reference whatever to a desire to be left in solitude: there is, literally, no mourning in this expression, which requires the filling up of an ellipsis before it can be understood. "Good bye" (said to be an abbreviation of "*God be wi' ye*," or "*with you*"), and "by and by," are remarkable expressions. There are also many others which, on analysis, strike us as being very singular: "I don't care if I do," "There are four short in this lot," "How do you do?" "I will see to it," "Remember me to your friends," "It strikes me very forcibly" (meaning "the thought occurs to me").

On the other hand, other languages possess no

word for "*home*," for "*comfortable*," nor for others of a similar nature which are peculiarly English. An earlier writer, alluding to the difference between the English and French languages, and boasting the superiority and greater conciseness of the former, says, "If the French want to translate the single word '*Yorkshireman*,' they are obliged to write '*homme du comté de York*.'" But, on the other side, it may be argued that the English cannot translate the words *ennui*, *gamin*, and a great many others which might be added.

Different meanings for the same word, and for different words pronounced alike, are also characteristics of the English language, and they particularly strike the German student as manifesting great poverty in the language: "Do you *hear*?" "I can see the sea from *here*," "I saw the *saw* yesterday," "Have you seen the *scene*?" "That is the book that I had," "I put it to my *eye*," "Where did you wear it?" "Let the waiter bring a glass on a *waiter*," "The man who made this *bread* is well-bred," "I will give a pair of boots to *boot*," "Do you know whether he sold his *wethers* before the cold weather came?" "The *cord* (of wood) was secured by *cord*," "The lamp is *light*, and gives much *light*," "I left my *bed* and went into the garden to work at that *bed*," "There is no *room* for it in my *room*," "While you were at the *play* I heard her *play*," "She is *fair*—I met her at the *fair*—it was *fair* weather," "Your *present* is acceptable at *present*," "My *sight* is a *sight* too bad, I cannot see that *site*." The French has also some instances of this kind, but not by any means so many as the English.

There is, however, quite as much to be said in favor of our language as can be adduced against it. For declamation or oratory, and the sublime flights of poetry, it does not own a superior. Shakspeare and Milton have given sufficient proofs of the power of the English tongue, even did not Byron, Moore, Shelley, and our modern Longfellow furnish other examples.

The powerful imagery of many of our greatest authors could not be better expressed in the German, Spanish, or Italian, and the French is quite incapable of investing them with as much force; while the lighter but very beautiful similes, and the lyric eloquence of Moore, force, if we may so speak, an air of soft beauty on our language which cannot be surpassed in any other tongue. In blank verse and oratorical prose, the English may be said to be pre-eminent, as also in the comic and ironical style of jest and pun, which many—perhaps too many—of our modern writers affect.

There never, perhaps, have been any writers in any language whose works have been submitted to more criticism than has fallen on the devoted heads of English authors. I have, in the course of my experience, been told that Shakspeare's merit was very much exaggerated; that Byron and poor Shelley were atheists; that Sterne was disgusting; and Tom Hood nothing better than a buffoon. We have

an instance nearer home of this kind of pert and vain censure. A late writer in this country prefers Carlyle's style of writing to what the wise critic calls the commonplace inanities of Addison, and declares that Pope was deficient of genius!

To musical purposes our language is not adapted. The frequent occurrence of consonants and the proportionate absence of vowels interfere greatly with the correct expression of musical sounds, and mar, in most instances, the harmony of slow and soft airs. This is easily accounted for. If the reader will take any word of common occurrence ending with a consonant, or with the sound of a consonant, and endeavor to sing it in a lengthened musical note, he will find that, immediately the tone proper to the final letter has been enunciated, there remains nothing but a buzzing or confined sound, which is tiresome to the ear. For example, try the words "love," "heart," "vain," "more," "dream," "youth," "hill," &c. In the Italian, the case is very different. There are scarcely half a dozen words in that language which end with a consonant. Nearly all its terminations are vowels, which may be prolonged, like two parallel lines, almost to infinity. Take, for example, "amore," "bene," "cuore," "dolore," "caro," "lei," "lamento," "gemiti," "cielo."

The Italian language may most correctly be considered as the Latin language modified or modernized. It is regarded as the softest and sweetest language in Europe; but it yields to the Spanish in melodious grandeur, if I may so express it, and to the German and English in oratorical and sonorous magnificence. It is truly the language of women. Delicate to a fault, there is scarcely a harsh sound in its vocabulary, and its poetry glides smoothly on the ear in liquid eloquence. Italian words, unlike those of the English language, are composed chiefly of vowels, and, with very few exceptions, no word terminates with a consonant. Take, for example, the words "*gioja*" (the *j* being pronounced like *i*), "*mai*," "*quello*," "*agli*" (pronounced *alye*), "*figliuolo*," "*giungere*," "*razzare*," "*vieni*," &c. &c.

The construction of Italian poetry does not materially differ from that of Latin poetry, except that more attention is paid to rhyme, for which the language affords great facilities. Every poet, however, has his own manner of writing, his own peculiar abbreviations, and methods of expression. The greatest of Italian poets stands Dante, the monarch, the demigod, the immortal monument of southern poesy. I feel all the desire to say as much as possible of what I feel on this subject; but the *Divina Commedia* has been so beautifully criticised in Longfellow's translation of Schlessing, which appeared in the June number of Graham's Magazine, that my remarks would be useless supererogation. Beside—

"—Shakespeare says 'tis silly
To gild refined gold, or paint the lily."

After Dante comes Torquato Tasso in the estimation of the Italian reader. His style differs from that of Dante, in that it is more measured and less metaphysical, equally charming, but less grand. His similes are generally very beautiful, but they are as inferior to those of Dante as Byron's are to the immortal Shakespeare's.

Travelers have often described the veneration in which Tasso's name is held among all classes in Italy, and I have frequently admired the pride with which the gondoliers and lazzaroni of Venice cherish the verses of their departed countryman. His "*Gerusalemme Liberata*," written in the prison of Ferrara, is deservedly his most popular effort; while "*Aminta*," as a dramatic essay, does not greatly contribute to the fame of its great author. The domestic history of Tasso, one of the noblest sufferers of unprovoked tyranny, is extremely interesting.

Petrarca is another of the illustrious writers of Italy. The works of the "leaf-crowned poet of Arqua" owe their celebrity, however, only to the excessive beauty of their style. There is no design, no plot, no aim—the majority of his compositions being only addresses to "Laura," for whom the poet appears to have entertained a sort of enthusiastic, but Platonic affection, which, but for the powerful genius with which it is heralded forth, would render him very ridiculous. As specimens of lyric composition—the original style from which the epic and dramatic sprung—they are beautiful; but their want of any good moral object prevents the author from assuming so high a position in the estimation of the world as that to which his unquestionable talent and ability entitle him.

The name of Ariosto will live as long as the "*Orlando Furioso*," that strange yet beautiful conception, is remembered. In our day, it seems to be as popular as ever, and, although it perhaps owes its fame more to boldness of conception than delicacy of execution, it is enthusiastically admired.

Affieri's tragedies are admirable specimens of the capabilities of the beautiful Italian language. His effects appear to be studied, but not strained; and, although his style is difficult to the foreigner, it possesses too many charms to allow of his resigning the study of these great conceptions before he has mastered them.

Goldoni's comedies are still admired by Italians, while to the foreigner they do not appear entitled to so much honor as is paid to them. A great deal of their attraction is owing to the humorous introduction of the Venetian *patois*, which is a harsh, and, to my ear, a disgusting libel on the Tuscan. With the same questionable taste, the old English dramatists filled their comedies with the Yorkshire, Cornwall, and other provincial dialects of England, which might have been very amusing formerly, but which do not please in our day.

Metastasio's works have also gained great celebrity. His style is smooth and flowing, and therefore very pleasing to the ear. His operatic dramas are, perhaps, the best of their kind.

There are very many Italian writers of great celebrity, whom it would be tedious to mention in detail. Italy is well stored with both ancient and modern literature, but it must be owned, to her discredit, that the former far outweighs the latter in worth, if not in volume. As an example of the adaptation of this musical and harmonious tongue to the poetic art, I will conclude my remarks on the Italian language by appending two verses of a little allegorical poem by an unknown author:—

"O! pratti ament,
Tutti ripieni
Di vngli fior!
Ditemi voi,
Se sia pasato
L' innamorato
Di questo cor.
* * * * *
"Se pur ritrovo
Il mio diletto,
Caro nel petto
Lo stringerò!
E così stretto,
Pien di contento,
Per un momento
Nol lascerò.

The melody of the language, in these few lines, is too obvious to need comment.

The French language differs in pronunciation from the others under present consideration; but there is a remarkable affinity between it and the Italian in the radices of its words, and especially of its verbs. For example, the French say "*chanter*," to sing, the Italians "*cantare*;" "*danser*," to dance, "*danzare*;" "*mettre*," to put, "*mettere*;" "*vouloir*," to be willing, "*volere*;" "*manger*," to eat, "*mangiare*." The Spanish use for the above words, "*cantar*," to sing; "*bailar*," to dance; "*poner*," to put; "*querer*," to be willing; and "*comer*," to eat; which, it will be observed, differ materially, except in the instance first above quoted, from the French and Italian. As a general rule, admitting few exceptions, it may be noticed that every regular verb in Italian assimilates very closely in sound with a corresponding French verb, which is one reason of the extreme facility with which persons who know anything of French may acquire the other language.

The French is a very musical and soft language, composed of a great proportion of vowels, diphthongs, and triphthongs; but its pronunciation is rendered extremely difficult by characteristic peculiarities, which an Englishman rarely masters. The *eui*, for example, in "*feuilleton*" and "*portefeuille*," and the *u* in such words as "*lune*," "*résumé*," "*étude*," "*vû*," "*tendu*," &c., is a sound which most strangers find it impossible to acquire. The frequent use of accents in this language also constitutes a difficulty, which makes the study of French somewhat tiresome.

The great obstacle in the way of learners, however, is the capricious use of the masculine and

feminine genders. In Italian and Spanish, with very few exceptions, the terminations of words decide the gender; but in French no other aid than practice can determine the question. For example, "*bonheur*," masculine; "*chaleur*," "*froidueur*," feminine; "*l'eau*," feminine; "*le bureau*," masculine; "*terre*," feminine; "*parterre*," masculine; "*un exemple*," feminine; "*un temple*," masculine, &c.

If the French language be not so well adapted to music as the Italian, it is certainly more so than the harsh English; but it is by no means as well suited to serious poetry. Blank verse is almost unknown in the language, and the consequence is that French tragedy never pleases a foreigner half so well as English tragedy. Take, for example, the works of the great Corneille, and of his rival, Racine. The really beautiful ideas of these highly gifted men suffer materially in English ears from the jingling monotony of the rhymes in which they are expressed. Any one who hears Rachel (unquestionably the best actress of the day, except Miss Cushman, to whom, however, she is quite equal) enunciate

"Bajazet! écoutez! Je sens que je vous aime!"

in Racine's beautiful tragedy of "*Bajazet*," or

"Mon unique espérance est dans mon desespoir!"

in his equally fine effort of "*Phèdre*," is charmed by the beauty of the language; but when he reads those works in his closet, and finds the final word of one line rhyming with the other, as in a drinking song or May-day ode, he feels, so to speak, annoyed with the author and vexed at the language. French prose is regarded as too weak for serious dramatic productions; but the rhyming style can scarcely be looked on as an improvement. I speak, of course, the sentiments of foreigners, and as a foreigner. The French are, generally speaking, delighted with it.

On the other hand, comedy is nowhere so good, so brilliant, so keen, so witty, so *piquante* as in the French language. It is the idiom of *Calembourgs*, of *quolibets*, of "*bons mots*," of *jeux d'esprit*, and *doubles entendres*; and, as French comedy liberally employs these appliances, its effect is irresistible. The plots, or *intrigues*, as they style them, of the old French dramatists are quite as faulty as those of the old English authors, inasmuch as the valet is always on the most friendly footing with his young master, counseling and advising him on delicate points with inconvenient freedom, and showing ill temper and petulance to an extent which would, in our day, and in sober life, be immediately followed by a notice to quit. Dramatists, however, have always been allowed great license, and it must be owned that the old French writers were somewhat profuse in the use of this facility.

Of all French writers of comedy, Molière is deservedly the most popular. His manner is at once inimitably witty and irresistibly droll. His finest effort, in one style of comedy, is considered to be

"*Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme*," a play which I believe to be without an equal in any language, while in the more serious walks of comedy his "*Tartuffe*" and "*Avare*" are rich gems. His "*École des Femmes*," a very satirical work, met great opposition in Paris when it was first brought out, simply because it was unpalatable to the "*haut ton*;" and the "*crime à la tarte*" dispute which sprang out of this farce is almost a matter of literary history. Among his other successful works, are "*Le Médecin Malgré Lui*," "*Monsieur de Pourceaugnac*," &c.

Destouches follows Molière at a humble distance, and is much admired. His "*Fausse Agnès*," his "*Tresor Caché*," and "*Le Glorieux*," are clever compositions.

French fondness for spectacle affords great room for dramatists, and results in the constant production of new works by innumerable writers—of greater or less merit. Monsieur Gaillardet, who for many years conducted the "*Courrier des États Unis*," in the city of New York, has contributed a fine work to the French drama in the "*Tour de Nesle*," one of the most terrible, but at the same time most talented, productions of the day.

The French have assisted as much as any other people in the instruction of the world by the production of histories, travels, and scientific works. The noble-hearted and philanthropic Lamartine—that wise and good, but unappreciated patriot—has contributed largely to this branch of French literature.

It would of course be impossible to name all the novel-writers of the day whose works are prized and admired; but it will not perhaps be considered out of place to allude particularly to some of them.

Eugene Sue, one of the most popular novelists of France, is one of those writers who love to grasp at mysteries, and who delight in horrors. He is often philosophical in his reflections, and pleasing in his style, when one is acquainted with it; but as the moral effect of his works is rather questionable, and the taste for them is to a certain degree an acquired one, it is doubtful whether it is improving in any way to learn to like the productions of this embodiment of French socialism.

Victor Hugo, the President of the Paris Peace Congress, is a literary ornament to his country and one of whom she may well be proud. His "*Notre Dame de Paris*" is an extant monument of his wonderful genius, and "*Quasimodo*" and "*La Esmeralda*" will build for him a monument in the hearts of his countrymen long after he shall have ceased to write.

Poor Frederick Soulié has been gathered to his fathers. Soulié, the Walter Scott of France—imaginative, and bold in imagination; but never once passing the bounds of probability in his pursuit of fiction. His "*Vicomte de Beziers*" is considered to be his best work.

Alexandre Dumas, the greatest coxcomb and the greatest (numerically only) writer of the age, also claims consideration. Volume after volume, novel

after novel, *feuilleton* after *feuilleton*, and frequently several at a time, has this wonderful man showered upon a greedy public. His "*Comte de Monte Cristo*" is certainly his best work, and is an excellent type of Dumas' genius. Made up throughout of the most improbable, nay impossible, incidents, the scheme of the author is carried out with a grandeur of design, a power of execution, a continuousness of action, and a consistency of plan, which first attract and afterwards astonish you. Not to be disgusted with it, it is necessary to read it as you would a fairy tale; and, if you once regard it in this light, you will be delighted with the genius of the author. Dumas has perhaps written as much as any author: I should not like to hazard the opinion that he has written as well.

George Sand is a lady of unquestionable talent, and is very enthusiastic in her style. She appears to aim at writing like the Germans, but she fails and falls into the opposite extreme, becoming too French. Her "*Consuelo*" is admired by many persons, among whom I stand not.

The Spanish language, the language of the gods, and the most beautiful idiom in Europe, next commands our attention, and we turn to the task with pleasure. The Spanish is sonorous and yet soft, grand and yet delicate, bold and yet gentle, nervous and yet sweetly measured, and, in its measures, musical.

The Spanish differs from the French and assimilates with the Italian in this respect—that every letter (except in some cases where *u* follows *g*, giving the latter the hard sound of *k*), must be sounded distinctly. It assimilates with the English and German, and differs from the French, in having final consonants which are distinctly pronounced, and it possesses the same or perhaps a greater facility than those have, of changing its genders. For example, *bueno, lindo, bonito, hermoso* are masculine singular. To make them masculine plural, an *s* is added, as *buenos, lindos, bonitos, hermosos*; to make them feminine, change *o* into *a*, either in the singular or plural—*buena, buenas; linda, lindas; bonita, bonitas; hermosa, hermosas*. This is an element of facility in acquiring a language which is not perhaps so fully characteristic of any other tongue as of the Spanish. The *ñ*, pronounced *n-y*, and the *ll*, pronounced *l-y*, constitute great beauties in the pronunciation; for example—"risueño," pronounced *re-su-auc-yo*, and "*amarillo*" *á-má-ril-yo*.

There is little doubt that the Spanish, as we have it, owes much of its vocabulary to other nations. The Romans, who overran Spain in the earlier periods of her history, have left in the Spanish language a distinct trace of the Latin. The Goths, who also spread over a great part of the country at the irruption of the Northern nations into the South, have tintured many of the Spanish words with the wild character of their language; and the Moors, who for so long a time exercised a powerful influence over the destinies of Iberia, the garden of Eu-

ropo, have bequeathed to those who could not conquer without exterminating them, a marked similarity of speech which is distinctly to be recognized. All these traits, however, have been softened, harmonized, and modified by the genius, the dominant principle of the Castilian, which is melodious grandeur.

The greatest writer that has ever appeared in Spain is Cervantes. His "*Don Quixote de la Mancha*" exhibits at once satire as pointed as that of Dickens or Thackeray, humor as sharp as that of poor Tom Hood, and observation as keen as that of Sterne. The whimsical history of the mad knight is read with delight even at this day, and although it suffers immeasurably in the translation, it is amusing even in English.

An anecdote is told of a hungry applicant, who was very assiduous for "something good" at the hands of one of those dispensers of unlimited patronage—an English minister. Weary of his applications, the great man said on one occasion, "You want 'something good;' can you read Spanish?" "No," said the hungry office-hunter, "but I will soon acquire it." The minister had been relieved from his attentions for some weeks, when he again presented himself with a reiteration of his old desire for "something good;" and, certain of being appointed vice-consul in some part of Spain, stated that he was master of the Spanish language. "Then," said the minister, "if you know the Spanish language thoroughly, and want something really good, read '*Don Quixote*'!"

The world-renowned Sancho Panza, one of the most perfect original conceptions that have ever been published, will never die. He and his ass are alike immortal. "No man," said Sam Weller "over see a dead donkey." Sancho's is one of this class, and will live forever with the doughty squire's *refranes*, or proverbs, which are among the wisest and most quaint axioms that can be imagined.

Lope de Vega has also gained considerable fame, and Moratin's comedies are among the finest in the world.

Commercial slang in all languages is very absurd, but perhaps there is nothing so truly ridiculous as English letter-writing, as applied to business purposes. "We confirm our respects of the 1st inst.;" "Due honor is prepared for the bill which you advise;" "Your favor of the seventh ulto. is duly at hand, enclosing *two firsts*, &c.;" "Coffee is languid and drooping;" "Sugar is extremely active;" "Molasses is looking up, but rosin has a downward tendency;" "Butter is extremely firm, while cheese fluctuates considerably, and pig iron is extremely buoyant;" "Pork is lower to-day, but it is the general opinion that the article has not yet touched bottom;" "Coal-tar has changed hands easily, but feathers are extremely heavy;" "There is considerable depression in spirits, and gunpowder will not go off;" "Opium is taken freely, but without noticeable improvement."

All this slang, for it appears to be no better, is

Greek to the uninitiated, who naturally wonder how coffee can feel languid, why sugar should be animated, what the object of molasses in looking up can possibly be, and by what earthly means pig iron can become buoyant. They regard the depression of spirits as very probable, but assume that the gunpowder which will not go off cannot be very good, and that feathers which are heavy must be mixed with hidden substances of greater gravity.

All descriptions of business have their technical peculiarities in every language, and among all people; but it is a question whether a great deal of vexatious obscurity is not caused by a too great indulgence in an unnecessarily mysterious vocabulary. Moratin shows up a pompous scholar who, on being asked for an opinion by ignorant persons, sententiously delivers an address in Latin; but, condescendingly, adds, "*Pero lo diré a vñs. en griego para mayor claridad.*"—"But, to make it clearer, I will explain it to you in Greek."

The manner of closing letters is different among different nations. Lord Chesterfield thought that the words at the beginning and end of a letter meant nothing; but he never attempted to prove that such ought to be the case. And yet a great deal is conveyed by the mode of address at the beginning and end of a letter. "*Sir*," is formal and distant. "*Dear Sir*," implies cordiality and good feeling. "*My dear sir*," manifests affectionate but respectful familiarity. "*My dear John*," or "*My dear Thomas*," is still more cordial; but "*My dear Jack*," or "*My dear Tom*," is the *ultimatum* of affectionate freedom. To go further—"My dearest Maria," "*My sweetest Louisa*," or "*My angelic darling*," would be to outstep the proper limits of my subject, and I therefore decline to enter on such delicate ground.

At the end of an epistle, there is also much difference between the several gradations of etiquette and friendship. "*Your most obedient servant*," "*Your faithful servant*," "*Yours truly*," "*Yours faithfully*," "*Yours respectfully*," &c. Then, again, there are, "*Thine till death*," "*Thine forever*," "*Thine eternally*," all of which latter mean, generally, "*Thine till after marriage*."

The Spaniards close their communications generally with letters standing for certain words, as for example, "*S. S. S., Q. B. S. M.*;" meaning, "*Su seguro servidor, que besa sus manos*," or "*Your faithful servant who kisses your hands*."

The French say "*Agreez, Monsieur; mes salutations respectueuses or amicales.*" "*Receive, sir, my respectful or friendly salutations.*"

There is an old and ill-natured saying in Spanish, to this effect, as alluding to pronunciation:—

El Español es el idioma de los Dioses;
El Francés, de las damas;
El Italiano, de los cantores;
El Inglés, de los comerciantes, y
El Alemán, de los caballos.

**The Spanish is the language of the Gods ;
The French, of ladies ;
The Italian, of singers ;
The English, of merchants ; and
The German, of horses.**

It is indeed a strange world. Every one has his

**own way, and all pull different ways. But the day
may come when steam will place nation so near to
nation, and will so link mankind in bonds of brother-
hood and love, that, as there will be but one feeling
or sentiment pervading all classes towards each
other, so also may there not in time be only one
universal language?**

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THE BROWN CANVASS BAG.

BY KATE SEYTON.

MANY years ago, when railroad cars were unknown, and even stagecoaches were confined to limits comparatively circumscribed, the little inn of Buttonwood village was thrown into no slight commotion by the arrival of a person who informed Mr. Jellison, the landlord of the inn, that his name was Stepney, and that he should like to be accommodated with board and lodging for several weeks. Mr. Jellison, while listening to this announcement, regarded the stranger with a keen eye, for there was, as he imagined, something singular, if not suspicious, in his appearance. His form, which was well knit and muscular, was far from being symmetrical or graceful, yet there was an ease in his movements which in a measure atoned for these deficiencies. His complexion was dark, and his features irregular, without any pretensions to beauty, with the exception of his eyes, which were dark and uncommonly brilliant. His mouth was too large to be handsome, but this defect was atoned for whenever he spoke or smiled by the display of teeth so beautiful that even our modern dentists could not surpass them. There was one thing which the female part of Mr. Jellison's family regretted the moment they had time to observe him, and this was the manner he wore his hair, which was coal-black in hue, soft and glossy in quality, and most abundant in quantity. It was the fashion in those days to brush the hair up from the forehead, so that, according to its flexibility, it either rose upright like the "quills of the fretful porcupine," or gracefully waved like a warrior's plumes. Mr. Stepney, in violation of the prescribed fashion of wearing the hair, suffered his to fall over his forehead so as generally to nearly or quite conceal it. This, which at first was regarded merely as a matter of regret, soon became one of suspicion. The inhabitants of Buttonwood village had heard that in other countries criminals were sometimes branded on the forehead, and the subject was discussed among the gossips, old and young, till they began to seriously believe that Mr. Stepney wore his hair in the manner mentioned to conceal some such mark of infamy. The bright eyes, as well as those in no way remarkable for their brightness, which were consequently busy every Sunday at church in trying to pry into any minute opening which at any time happened to be detected between the flaky locks covering the frontal region of his phrenological organization, might most unduly have inflated his vanity had he been a vain man, or aroused his apprehensions had he been a guilty one—that is, if he had observed them. The truth is, he did not observe them, his attention on those

occasions being either very much absorbed in listening to the sermon or in communing with his own thoughts. A certain spinster, who had more than her share of verjuice in her disposition, said she had "watched and watched him, and could tell by his looks that he was studying out mischief instead of listening to the preaching, as he ought to."

The only person who ventured to oppose the opinions formed to his disadvantage was Kate Renwick. Some persons said that they should not wonder if Kate should permit him to pay her particular attention; but, as he never by the most vigilant watchfulness could be caught paying her any particular attention, there seemed to be no means of settling the question. It did seem strange that Mr. Stepney could pass her by with the same slight regard that he did the most ordinary woman in the village.

"Surely, no other man of twenty-seven that ever existed could behold her beautiful face, the expression of which was sparkling, piquant, or tender, according to the varying moods of her mind, and appear as unmoved as when looking on the countenance of her grandmother, with whom she lived," was the opinion expressed by many of the young men, who felt themselves happy to receive from her a word or a smile.

As for Mr. Jellison, the landlord of the inn, when he found that he punctually paid his board every Saturday night, and that he was moreover very quiet, and never complained of his accommodations or his meals, while he said nothing in his praise neither said anything to his disadvantage. Suspicion concerning him, however, continued to grow deeper and darker. He was in the habit of taking solitary walks, when he always carried with him a brown canvass bag, which uniformly appeared light and lank when he set out on his perambulations, and distended with some heavy substance when he returned. One person, who had met him in one of his daily outings, was certain that the outlines of a small pickaxe could be distinctly traced in the depressions upon the surface of the bag. "Would not this," he asked himself, "furnish a clue to the mystery?" He lost no time in communicating his discovery, and it was unanimously agreed that, if the bag did indeed hold a veritable pickaxe, the mystery, far from being in a measure cleared up, was only made the more profound, unless it could be ascertained what use he made of such a utensil. If only one of their number could have had the hardihood to follow him to his secret haunts, the mystery might be solved, but it was suggested that what had been taken for a pickaxe might

he a necromancer's wand, and as no one present had ever had opportunity to see the magic powers of such a wand tested, it was voted to be a dangerous experiment to venture within the sphere of its influence.

"Dangerous or not dangerous," said Nahum Nubbs, "I've half a mind to follow him some time, and see what he is at."

"And if he takes the precaution to draw a magic circle, and you should get inside of it before you know it, there is no knowing but you would turn into an ape, or a donkey," said one.

"Or he might raise a tempest, and you might be spirited away, nobody knows where," said another.

But Nahum Nubbs had got it into his head that Mr. Stepney, by some means, had been so fortunate as to find some hidden deposit of gold; and as Nahum, ever since he could remember, according to his own confession, mortally hated "to shell corn, turn the grindstone, and work," he was determined to run the risk of being transformed into a monkey, or of even being spirited away to some place, nobody knew where, as it might be the identical place where, instead of being obliged to work from morning to night for the sake of three shillings and three indifferent meals, he might have ambrosia to eat and nectar to drink upon free cost. As to what these were, he never had exactly made up his mind; but he entertained no doubt that the one was equal to roast turkey and plum pudding, and the other to good warm slip.

Nahum was not so foolish as to whisper his suspicion of hidden treasure to his neighbors; the most that he ventured on was to inquire of Mr. Jellison if Mr. Stepney generally paid for his board in gold or bank bills.

"Gold, generally speaking," replied Mr. Jellison. "But why do you ask?"

"Only 'cause," said Nahum, stammering, "I thought as how he might, if he paid you in paper money, get off counterfeit bills on to you."

"I guess he couldn't get counterfeit bills off on to me—me who handle more money than all the rest of the village put together," said Mr. Jellison, in a tone which told that he was slightly offended at the implication as regarded the acuteness of his discernment.

"I meant no offence, squire," said Nahum. "If I hadn't been a real friend to you, I should held my tongue and not cautioned you."

Nahum Nubbs, now that he had learnt from the landlord that Mr. Stepney was in the habit of paying for his board in gold, felt more sanguine than ever respecting the hidden treasure. The contents of the brown canvass bag, when its owner returned from his daily excursions, were, no doubt, golden guineas, or perhaps—for he suddenly recollected the sharp, angular edges which sometimes seemed ready to poke through the sides of the bag—there might be a mixture of lumps of gold "as big as a piece of chalk." Nahum, as this brilliant idea flashed upon his mind, involuntarily cut a caper, which made the

landlord conclude that he had taken a glass too much, and prevented him from offering him a good job of chopping wood.

At this moment, Mr. Stepney descended the stairs, and went out at the front door with, as usual, the mysterious brown bag in one hand and a stout walking-stick in the other. Nahum slipped out at the end door, and, planting himself at the corner of the house, fastened his eyes on the bag in order that he might, in his own mind, settle the mooted point touching the identity of the pickaxe.

"Anybody with half an eye could see that it was a pickaxe, or a hammer, or some such thing," said he, mentally soliloquizing. "If he can turn me into a monkey, or a donkey either, by flourishing that round my ears, why let him do it, I say."

In order to keep Mr. Stepney within eye-shot, he was obliged to exercise his locomotive powers somewhat more briskly than comported with his usually sluggish habits.

"I should enough sight sooner think that he had on the seven league boots I've heard tell of than that he 'd got a magic wand in his bag," said he, wiping the "beaded drops" from his brow with a blue and white cotton handkerchief. "What any civilized person can want to walk at such a rate for, when there is time enough and to spare, goes past my ingenuity to contrive."

As Mr. Stepney was naturally of an obliging disposition, he would, undoubtedly, had he known how conducive it would have been to Nahum Nubbs' comfort, have diminished his speed. As he was in entire ignorance on this point, however, his claim to suavity remained unimpeachable, notwithstanding the angry innuendoes to the contrary which Nahum muttered to himself, as he one minute scampered "o'er brake and o'er brier," or leaped a ditch, and the next dodged behind some rock or tree to prevent being discovered. After Nahum had thus followed in the wake of Mr. Stepney a mile or more, the latter entered upon a wild, barren spot, over which were strewn large, irregular masses of rock. Here he commenced walking more leisurely, and soon came to a full stop. Nahum crept behind a huge pile of granite, on one side of which some pendent blackberry-vines afforded a convenient screen, through the openings of which, wondering at his own temerity, he cautiously peered. His whole soul was in his eyes, causing a most unnatural distension of those orbs of vision—at all times more remarkable for breadth than brilliancy—when he saw Mr. Stepney prepare to open the canvass bag.

"Now, if I had only thought to put a horse-shoe in my pocket," said he, mentally, as he watched the unloosing of the knotted strings, and recalled to mind the wonderful virtues, both repellent and nullificatory, prescribed to that oblong semicircle of steel, when brought to bear upon witch and wizard spells, instead of the sole of a horse's foot.

When the operation of untying the strings of the bag was completed, Nahum relieved himself by taking a long breath, and then said, half audibly,

"Who's afraid?" This was by way of fortifying himself to bear with calmness what, after all, might prove a startling discovery. It was with difficulty that he suppressed a shout of exultation when the bag was fairly opened and emptied. "Didn't I tell 'em so? A necromancer's wand, indeed! But what puzzles me is, if he 's goin' to dig for gold, what does he want of hammers, and pickaxes, and such kind of things. A spade would do twice the service. Good gracious! if he aint hammerin' away on them 'ere rocks as if he 'd beat 'em all to smash.' Yet, notwithstanding his manful efforts which Nahum made to "throw 'em to the winds" while he thus sat peering through the blackberry-vines—the blackberries were, as yet, quite as green as Nahum was—he was conscious of some misgivings as to what *might* possibly happen. He, therefore, occasionally glanced his eyes over his person to ascertain if he were still Nahum Nubbs—the voritable Nahum, who, for the seven and twenty years he had been an inhabitant of this mundane sphere, was the only living being he had ever cared a straw for, or if by some mysterious process he was not gradually being transformed into an ape or a donkey, the deplorable consequence of his temerity as hinted at by some of the acute denizens of the village. He could see very plainly that his hands and feet remained the same as ever, and by the help of the former, he could also assure himself that his organs of hearing retained their original form, nor seemed to threaten to change into a pair of those "sleek and amiable ears" which, attached to the head of Bully Bottom, had on a certain moonlight night so delighted Queen Titania. He also found that the mandible portion of his face retained its usual form, and his nasal organ its usual prominence; as yet showing no symptoms of melting harmoniously into the upper lip like that of the monkey.

When, after repeated trials, he found that his face had parted with no curve, wrinkle, indentation, or protuberance natural and proper to his physiognomy, and that those fibrous cartilages which had always graced each side of his head—every crook, turn, cranny, and corrugation of which were as familiar to him as the road to the tavern—showed no tendency to approximate to the peculiar shape, or to increase to the generous size, of those useful organs when attached to the head of the animal still more stupid and far more useful than himself, he began to feel as confident of his safety as he was vain of his superior sagacity.

Nahum now felt quite comfortable, and putting his hands in his pockets and leaning back against the rock, he watched the proceedings of Mr. Stepney at his leisure. As to that place, distinguished by the appellation "Nobody-knows-where," it having never been delineated on map or chart, he had a right to suppose that it was a very fine place, and he was not going to worry himself about it. If he was destined to be conveyed thither, as the price of his curiosity, he would, without doubt, be whisked

along in a price right through the air, and not have to go plodding on foot, as he was obliged to now, because everybody was so disobliging as not to be willing to lend him their horses when he wanted to have a little bit of a harmless "spree." When arrived there, he felt determined that he would be governor or nothing—"or perhaps," he added, reconsidering this hasty resolve, "I may be coaxed to be captiv'g of the light infantry—no, I mean the troop," recollecting the fatigues attendant on the exercise of his locomotive powers.

Mr. Stepney now commenced examining the fragments which he had separated from different masses of rock, a part of which he deposited in the canvass bag. Some of them, as they glanced in the sunbeams, sparkled in the eyes of Nahum, like so many diamonds, and these, he had heard it said, were more valuable than gold.

Nahum kept perfectly quiet till Mr. Stepney turned his face towards the village, and then stealthily stole to the spot which had been the scene of operations.

"What if he 's left some evil spirits to guard his treasure while he is gone," said Nahum. "I heard him mutter over something about Mikey and another name that had an outlandish sound that I don't remember, and maybe they are the names he calls 'em by."

While Nahum Nubbs was straining his optics in search of some stray diamond, which he hoped Mr. Stepney had overlooked, that gentleman was rapidly leaving the region of rocks and brier-bushes behind him. Taking a more circuitous course in returning than he had in going thither, after fifteen minutes' walk, he found himself in a green, winding lane, where Kate Renwick was gathering wild-flowers, a profusion of which gemmed the borders of the way. Although her face was familiar to him, it had never before struck him as being much handsomer than the faces belonging to the other girls of Buttonwood village. But now—perhaps it was owing to those beautifiers of the complexion, exercise and the fresh morning air—he thought he had never seen so charming a countenance.

Kate, on her part, could not help casting a few furtive glances at the canvass bag which was such a mystery to the whole village. Whether he observed it or not it is impossible to say. At any rate, he rested the bag upon the green turf and deliberately untied the strings.

"Have you ever turned your attention to mineralogy?" he inquired.

"I never have," she replied, considerably abashed at being obliged to answer in the negative.

"I have discovered a fine variety of mica about a mile from here," said he, and he showed her some distinct prismatic crystals implanted on feldspar and shooting into quartz. "I had been told," he added, "that a variety of this description might be found near this village, and as I was anxious to make my cabinet of minerals as complete as possible, I came here for the purpose of procuring some of it. I have been richly rewarded, as I have found speci-

mens, equally fine, of several other minerals which I wished to obtain."

The cottage inhabited by Kate and her grandmother was situated at the head of the lane. When arrived there, Kate thought she could do no less than to invite Mr. Stepney to go in and rest after his long walk. He readily accepted her invitation, and when he took off his hat, feeling, for the first time since he was a resident of the village, some anxiety as to the appearance of his physiognomy, he brushed the hair from his forehead. Kate, although she had always professed total indifference in regard to that part of his countenance, *did* feel rather pleased when she found that it not only exhibited the bumps to be expressive of a fine intellect, but (as well it might, after being so long shielded from the influences of sun and air) that it proved to be remarkably fair and white.

Mr. Stepney, although he had acquired the reputation of being very taciturn, liked to talk when he fell in company with persons that pleased him. No wonder, then, that he indulged a little on the present occasion, and that, consequently, time went by with winged rather than with leaden feet. Mrs. Renwick was an exceedingly good listener, and Kate, though

"Still the house affairs would draw her thence,"

was able not only to catch the greater part of what was said, but to throw in a word once in a while, which, somehow, was always much to the purpose. The noontide hour had arrived, and Mr. Stepney was not a little perplexed—imagining it to be still quite early in the morning—to perceive that a goodly savor of viands was mingled with the scent of roses and honeysuckles which came in at the open windows. He was easily persuaded by Mrs. Renwick to stay to dinner, and during the two additional weeks which he remained in the village, the green lane, by some means, was always in the range of his daily walks.

Nahum Nubbs, whom we left hunting for stray diamonds, felt in no very amiable mood at proving unsuccessful, and in his anger bestowed on Mr. Stepney the epithets of "mean-spirited, low-lived fellow," together with several others neither laudatory nor complimentary.

"I'll pounce right upon him, next time," said he, "and make him go halves with me."

But Mr. Stepney, having, as he believed, obtained specimens of all the minerals of any value which that region afforded, did not revisit the spot where Nahum, day after day, lay in wait for him behind the blackberry-vines. Exasperated by continual disappointment, he grew reckless.

"I didn't mean to expose him," said he, "but now I'll tell the sillick men of his carryin's on, I will. He's no right to rob the airth and rocks of treasure, when blow and smite is the order of the day from

week in week to week for poor folks like me, who have a nat'ral right to it 'cause we were born here, and who hate work worse than pison."

Nahum did not wait for his indignation to subside, but went, at once, to Mr. Overeye, the first selectman, and entered his complaint.

"It must be looked into," said Mr. Overeye, and he immediately sent to notify his two coadjutors to meet him in his own domicile at ten o'clock the ensuing morning, on business of great importance. They did not fail to obey the summons, and found Mr. Overeye ready to receive them in what he termed the settin'-room. Somewhat to their surprise they found that Nahum Nubbs was present, but they considered him a person of too little consequence to be entitled to any notice from them.

"I believe, gentlemen, you don't see Mr. Nubbs," said Mr. Overeye, who observed their neglect.

Thus admonished, Mr. Fliskett, who was next to Mr. Overeye in dignity of office, said, "Oh, I beg pardon; I hope to see you well, Mr. Nubbs;" while Mr. Dampier merely said, "How are you, Nahum?"

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Overeye, as soon as Mr. Fliskett and Mr. Dampier were comfortably seated, "you know the man that boards at the hotel—that is, you know him by sight."

"To be sure we do," said Mr. Fliskett.

"And you've seen him at certain times carrying a brown canvass bag in his hand."

"To be sure we have," again responded Mr. Fliskett. "My wife and I saw him come out of the lane where the widow Renwick lives, one day last week, with the canvass bag in his hand."

"And what do you suppose was in it?" said Mr. Overeye.

"That's the very thing that my wife and I couldn't make out. Indeed, as you know, what he carries in that bag has been a puzzle to the whole village."

"Well, the day you and your wife saw him come out of the lane, it was full of diamonds."

"Diamonds!" said Mr. Fliskett, opening his eyes wide with astonishment.

"Yes, Mr. Nubbs saw him when he picked 'em up, just as cool as you or I would pick up a hill of potatoes."

"If, on investigation, there should prove to be no mistake, Mr. Nubbs will prove to be a public benefactor then," said Mr. Fliskett.

"Just so," said Mr. Overeye.

Nahum's self-complacency, which had before risen to high-water-mark, would now have been in danger of overflowing, if Mr. Dampier had not remarked that "All is not gold that glistens."

This induced Mr. Fliskett to ask Nahum if he was sure that what he saw Mr. Stepney pick up were diamonds.

"Sure?" said Nahum, indignant that there should be any doubt expressed on the subject. "Didn't they flash and sparkle so that they near upon blinded me?"

"Oh! I didn't know that," said Mr. Fliskett.

"It is my mind," said Mr. Overeye, "that a committee be chosen to wait on Mr. Stepney, and see into the matter."

"Best call a meetin' of our fellow townsmen then," said Mr. Fliskett.

"Why not choose a committee among ourselves?" said Mr. Overeye. "We should not give too much publicity to an affair of this nature."

"Very true," said Mr. Fliskett, "and I nominate Mr. Overeye as the first committee-man to institute proper measures to secure certain treasure for the use and benefit of Buttonwood village—said treasure being, as is supposed, in the possession of a person, at this time a resident of said village, who is known by the name of Stepney. Will you not second the motion, Mr. Dampier?"

Mr. Dampier did not speak, but gave an assenting nod.

It was then put to vote; those in favor of choosing Mr. Overeye holding up the right hand. He was then declared by Mr. Fliskett to be unanimously elected. They then proceeded to choose Mr. Fliskett and Mr. Dampier, and three committee-men being declared, according to precedent, to be the legitimate number, Mr. Overeye proposed Mr. Nahum Nubbs as a supernumerary. Nahum, who did not understand the meaning of the word, but imagined that it meant something about supper, was ambitious of the comfort as well as the honor which he supposed it involved. He, therefore, that there might be no doubt as to his acquiescence, immediately rose.

"Gentlemen," said he, "I, for one, are unanimous to be chose." And when it was put to vote, that his sincerity might not be doubted, he held up both hands. They then agreed that, without loss of time, they would wait on Mr. Stepney.

When they arrived at the inn, he had, as Mr. Jellison informed them, just returned from his morning walk. Mr. Overeye very formally announced to Mr. Jellison that they were a committee chosen to wait on Mr. Stepney relative to a matter of great importance.

"I should think it must be important if Nubbs is one of the committee," said the landlord.

"Mr. Nubbs is not one of the committee," said Mr. Overeye; "but circumstances make it desirable that he should be present."

"Yes," said Nahum, "I'm to be to the supper," speaking confidentially to the hostler, who stood listening to what was said.

"Please let Mr. Stepney know that we intend doing ourselves the honor of visiting him in his room."

"I'm doubtful whether he'll consent to that," said Mr. Jellison, "for he don't like to have people go into his room, and always locks the door when he goes out for a walk."

Upon this, Nahum Nubbs winked at the three committee-men, while Mr. Fliskett acknowledged the wink by a desperate attempt to assume a look of profound wisdom, which eventuated in a most unnatural contortion of countenance.

"Our business is of such a nature," said Mr. Overeye, in answer to Mr. Jellison, "that it is necessary and proper that we should see him in his own room."

"Well, I'll speak to him about it," said Mr. Jellison, and he left the room for that purpose.

After an absence of a few minutes, he returned.

"Mr. Stepney," said he, "would prefer to receive your visit in the parlor, but says, if there's any special reason for your wishing to see him in his room, that he has no particular objection. Walk this way, gentlemen."

Just as Mr. Overeye, who was next to the landlord, reached the threshold, he saw Mr. Stepney take the mysterious canvass bag from the table and slip it into the closet.

Mr. Stepney received them with great politeness, and, after a few cursory remarks, waited for them to make known the object of their visit. A profound silence remained for several minutes, except that Mr. Overeye said "Ahem," which was responded to in like manner by Mr. Fliskett.

Mr. Overeye, after a second attempt to clear his throat, remarked that Buttonwood village was very poor. "The meetin'-house, town-house, and school-house," said he, "all want repairing to make 'em any way decent and comfortable, and we should have done it before now, only we lacked the means."

"I begin to understand the object of your calling on me now," said Mr. Stepney. "You wish to raise a subscription to defray the expenses of the repairs you mention. I seldom put my name upon a subscription paper; but if this will do you any good"—and as he spoke he placed a fifty dollar bill upon Mr. Overeye's knee—"it will give me much pleasure if you will accept it."

Mr. Overeye, not knowing exactly what to say, remained silent. Mr. Fliskett, who was of a temperament more pugnacious as well as vivacious than Mr. Overeye, said, "We ain't to be bought off so, Mr. Stepney."

"Indeed, gentlemen," said Mr. Stepney, "I should be glad to give twice that sum; but the truth is, having prolonged my sojourn in the village much beyond what I at first intended, I can't well spare any more just now."

"We ain't after your money," said Mr. Overeye, gathering courage from the somewhat defiant air assumed by Mr. Fliskett. "What we are after is that brown canvass bag you hid away so slyly into the closet as I was stepping into the room."

"You are very welcome to the bag," said Mr. Stepney, "if you will permit me to retain what is in it."

"Without doubt," said Mr. Fliskett, "but, unfortunately for you, the contents of the bag are exactly what we want, and, what is more, exactly what we intend to have before we leave this room."

"Not without my consent, I presume," said Mr. Stepney.

"Yes, sir, we do, if you show yourself disposed to withhold your consent," said Mr. Fliskett.

"That would be somewhat hard," said Mr. Stepney, "after all the fatigue and trouble I have endured in order to obtain them."

"I would have you know, sir," said Mr. Fliskett, "that the land which has been the scene of your depredations belongs to the village of Buttonwood, and that any treasure found thereon should by right be appropriated to the improvement and emolument of said village."

"Undoubtedly," said Mr. Stepney.

"Then, why do you persist in retaining the treasure you found there?" asked Mr. Fliskett.

"I have found no treasure, there or elsewhere," he replied.

"Fortunately," said Mr. Overeye, "there's a person present who was an eye-witness, on one occasion, to your proceedings. Mr. Nubbs, you saw Mr. Stepney gather up a quantity of diamonds which had originally been imbedded in certain rocks, and put them into a certain brown canvass bag?"

"Yes, sir, I sot peepin' through some blackberry-vines ever so long, and seed him go through a whole string of his manœuvres."

"Mr. Nubbs is not a mineralogist, I perceive," said Mr. Stepney, "or he would not have mistaken some specimens of mica, which I was so fortunate as to find, for diamonds," and, taking the canvass bag from the closet, he emptied its contents on the table.

"Are these what that numskull took for diamonds?" said Mr. Fliskett.

"I apprehend so," replied Mr. Stepney. "When you arrived, I had just finished selecting those which I thought worth preserving from a large quantity, which, if you will take the trouble to look, you will see lying upon the closet-floor."

"You won't make me believe," said Nahum, "that any man that has his reasons, and might be settin' cool and comfortable in the tavern, would walk the matter of a mile, and then pound and hammer away a whole hour at a time for the sake of such a mess of rubbish as that 'ere is. I wouldn't, I know."

This was said to Mr. Overeye, whom he had drawn aside, after which, lowering his voice still more, nothing could be heard but the words "wizard," "charm," "bewitch," and others of similar import.

"What if he's cast a mist before our eyes!" said Mr. Fliskett, who together with Mr. Dampier had now joined them.

"Cast a fiddlestick before 'em twice as soon," said Mr. Dampier.

But Mr. Fliskett, whose region of bumpology exhibited so remarkable a development of marvelousness, that, in comparison, the bumps of cautiousness almost hid their diminished heads, was too much absorbed in the subject under discussion to pay any attention to this disdainful remark. He even became so forgetful of Mr. Stepney's proximity as not to

take the precaution of speaking in the suppressed tone of voice which Mr. Overeye, and even Nahum Nubbs, thought it prudent and proper to speak, when discussing a question in that person's presence. The consequence was that Mr. Stepney discovered that he was supposed to be on better terms with a certain personage more renowned for craft than honesty, than was becoming in a person who pretended to have any claim to mingle with respectable society. As he had no taste for contests of any kind whether gymnastic or argumental, and found that the heat of their discourse, which was greatly intensified by the depreciatory exclamations of "fiddlestick!" "nonsense!" and others of similar import, adroitly thrown in by Mr. Dampier, was rapidly rising to a dangerous point, he discreetly forbore any attempt to clear himself of the startling, and what to him appeared the novel, imputation. He bethought himself of what he deemed a wiser and more pacificatory course.

Having, on more occasions than one, observed that the fumes of excitement and angry disputation frequently subside and vanish, as it were, amid the cloud of steam rising from a well-spread board, he slipped out of the room and requested Mr. Jellison to cause dinner to be prepared for his uninvited guests, of the best the larder afforded, and in the best possible style. When, some time afterward, Mr. Fliskett looked at his watch, and, to his astonishment, found that it was two o'clock instead of twelve, as he had apprehended, Mr. Stepney took the opportunity to invite them all to stay and partake of the dinner, then in course of preparation, which he had, as he informed them, ordered expressly for their entertainment. The eyes of Nahum Nubbs twinkled with delight at this announcement, but Mr. Overeye and Mr. Fliskett thought it incumbent on them to make sundry excuses. When, however, they descended to the dining-room, the sight of the good cheer proved a temptation not to be resisted.

The three committee-men—the supernumerary included—proved, before they rose from table, that their entertainer was right in supposing that a broil of tender steak may sometimes prove a good remedy for a tough embroilment, and that the emolition of any little asperities of temper may frequently be more successfully achieved by tickling the palate with well-seasoned viands than by tingling the ear with highly-peppered arguments.

Hence, should it be desirable to convert an opponent into an ally, if his gastronomical tastes be found to predominate over his intellectual, it would be better policy to levy upon the larder than the lungs, as the former might, at least, afford material for a good hash, while the latter might only give resonance to harsh words. This method might be recommended more particularly to those persons who are given to what is called "arguing the case," it being plain that, in most cases, it would afford a much better chance of gaining the case.

Not many days afterward, Mr. Stepney bade fare-

well to the village of Buttonwood. The inhabitants, with the exception of Kate Kenwick and her grandmother, supposed it to be a final farewell. They, however, found themselves mistaken, as at the close of six weeks he returned, when there was a wedding at the cottage which stood at the head of the green lane.

As for Nahum Nubbs, his hallucination respecting the diamonds unhappily did not prove a lesson from which he gathered wisdom. As he had always been in the habit of doing, he continued, not only to exercise his ingenuity, but frequently to labor very hard, in order to find some way by which he could live without labor.

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THE OLD BACHELOR.

BY PENNY PATCH.

CHAPTER I.

"Her eyebrows' shape was like the aerial bow.
Her cheek, all purple with the beam of youth,
Mounting, at times, to a transparent glow,
As if her veins ran lightning; she, in sooth,
Possessed an air, and grace, by no means common,
Her stature tall—I hate a dumpy woman."

BYRON.

'Tis night. Not the soft and moonlit hour in which poets delight to bask and dream. Not the summer night, with its jeweled canopy, and its wooing zephyrs, and nightingales, about which lovers so rant and rave. This is a fierce and frantic night. The pall-like clouds hang low, and no heaven beam, from the bright realms afar, pierces their dense and heavy drapery. Dismal, and cold, and boisterous is this night, upon which the moon refuses to shine, and the timid stars dare not look. The winds sweep through the grand primeval forest, and the tall trees bend their giant forms, and reel in the relentless blast. The sullen winds hull and whisper low and distantly—and then they gather strength and rush onward with redoubled fury. The dead leaves shiver in the forsaken pathway and run wildly on. A lonely wanderer draws her cloak more closely, and she, too, rushes reckless on her way. Oh! the fierce storm comes on, and in the darkness she is lost! Hush—some one comes—she shrinks into the corner of a dilapidated fence, and prays it may be help at last.

The horseman draws his rein.

"Who goes there?" he asks.

"A poor benighted woman," replies our wanderer.

"Have you lost your way?" kindly inquired the horseman, struck by the plaintive tone of the benighted one.

"I am a stranger, sir, and look for shelter from the storm."

"Then you had better come with me. Suppose you get up behind? My animal is gentle and trusty, though unused to the sex."

The wanderer trembled, and hesitated.

"Come!" said the man, impatiently, "I am in a hurry. If you remain here, you may die of cold before morning." He dismounted to assist her.

"Thank you, sir; thank you kindly, but—"

"Pshaw! Where is your hand? Just get on the fence, and jump this way."

The female, with difficulty, got on the fence, and extended her hand. The gentleman lifted her up.

He started, and muttered something—for the hand was a jeweled hand, and velvet wrappings enveloped the person who called herself "a poor benighted woman."

"Humph!" said the horseman, adjusting himself on his saddle. "Are you securely seated, madam? You will have to waive all ceremony, if you please, and just pass your arm around my waist."

This was very politely spoken. The coy lady clasped the burly form of that eminent practitioner, Dr. Jack Hinton, and away they went. Over hill and dale, through quagmires and swiftly running creeks, while the snow, blown in numberless eddies, covered the face of the earth. A faint light glimmered before them, and the good steed halted at his master's well-known gate. Dr. Hinton lifted the unknown lady down, and carried her into a warm and well-lighted room. Here the lights revealed to our astonished host a perfect treasure of a woman. The doctor stood transfixed before the radiant being whose cheeks were glowing, not from the rather severe jolting she had received from his very gentle animal. He became confused. He bustled about—drew some chairs—pulled the bell—poked the fire—coughed, and really seemed very much put to his trumps. To tell the truth, the doctor was no ladies' man—and he actually did not know what it best became him to do under existing circumstances. Perceiving his discomfiture, and most hopeless embarrassment, our heroine exerted herself to relieve him. She threw off her black velvet cloak and hat, and adjusted her ringlets, and, with inimitable grace, thanked him for his kindness. She sat down, drew off a dainty pair of India-rubbers—and was much more at home than her worthy host. Dr. Hinton stood bewildered. He twirled his watch-key convulsively, and finally bounded from the room.

"Heigh-ho!" cried the lady, "I surely have not driven the good man from his own house!"

At first the doctor was desperate, and recklessly resolved to abandon the premises altogether; but, having madly cleared the passage, better feelings came over him, and he relented. Instead of rashly going to Jericho, he went to the kitchen, aroused old Silvy, the cook, and ordered a supper which would tempt a princess. Having effected this, he began to return slowly to the room in which he left his guest. He could not summon the resolution to face her again, and yet the doctor was mortal, though a bachelor, and a fine face and flashing eyes had charms even for him.

"Pshaw," said he, as he loitered nervously on the way. "I am not afraid of her, not I. I have

black eyes before in my life, and ringlets, too—but—but—ahem!"

He was now fairly in the room, and there was no retreat. After five minutes of profound silence, he remarked—

"I—I—have ordered supper, madam, and will have it served up here, madam—if—if—it meet with your ap—up—probation."

After this stammering speech, he proceeded to examine his little finger nail closely, and to look like a thief.

"You are very kind, my dear sir. I have not dined, and assure you a little supper would be gladly welcomed."

Now this was so clearly and calmly said, and the lady seemed so anxious to be free and easy, that the doctor wished his *mauvaise honte* far away, and sat down before the fire. He magnanimously resolved to be quite as self-possessed as the lady herself, and he bravely commenced in this wise: He crossed his right leg over his left, and closely examined his boot. This failing to inspire due confidence, he uncrossed these miraculous extremities, and threw the left limb over the right. During these highly interesting preliminaries, the lady's eyes twinkled merrily, and, had the doctor only ventured to look, he might have seen one of the prettiest dimples diving about her mouth and cheek that ever bewildered a bachelor.

"Mrs. Hinton is not at home?" said the lady, with difficulty suppressing a smile.

"No; not exactly, madam. That is to say, I am a bachelor, madam, but sincerely hope, miss, you will not allow so unimportant a fact to—to—cause you—to—"

"Refuse your hospitality," said she, seeing her entertainer completely *hors du combat*. "I believe the houseless and homeless are not generally so fastidious, doctor."

"But you have friends, I am quite sure, madam. Very many friends, I am convinced; though there are not many who could feel more highly honored than myself in having the privilege of entertaining you."

Hurrah for Dr. Jack! By dint of sundry unexampled corporeal feats, he had delivered quite a snug little speech to the lady, and he felt better, considerably better, afterwards.

If my reader would like to know exactly the physical condition of that estimable man, Dr. Jack Hinton, she must first imagine a colossal iceberg, apparently cold, unscalable, and highly dangerous to navigation. She must then imagine this terrific iceberg, standing menacingly out upon the high seas, to be inwardly consumed by a fierce volcano, which boils, and spits, and rages, and tries frantically to let off steam, while it is held in durance vile by the strong, consolidated ice of ages.

Thus, that iceberg, Dr. Jack, sat before his fair and fascinating guest. He was dying to be agreeable to her; wishing and praying for something really nice to say to her, so anxious to thaw, and be

genial and hospitable, and yet looking more like a polar bear than a benevolent man, whose heart was teeming with every noble quality the world admires.

A servant brought in a tray laden with delicacies. The doctor and his guest sat *vis-à-vis*. Never chatted lady so delightfully over her tea, as did the fair creature opposite Dr. Hinton. She saw his diffidence was the only bar to their sociability; and so she was easy, and winning, and cosy, and comfortable, but, unlike the great Lamartine, not confidential.

The doctor finished his meal, and conversed two hours with the fairest and most bewitching of her sex, without ever learning who she was, or whence she came, and whither she intended to go.

This bachelor, upon whom our adventurous heroine had so fortunately stumbled, was a strange animal. He was what is called a woman-hater. Not one of the fair sex had he ever regarded with the least degree of toleration. They were, to him, a band of frisky, giggling, unstable, and silly creatures, unworthy the consideration of a man of sense. Like all old bachelors, who ensconce themselves in high dudgeon in old, dingy, uncomfortable, rat-infested dwellings, he knew nothing of the sex. He was astonished to find, upon close inspection, that the ladies, or that, at least, our heroine, was not the bugbear he had conjured up. He had heard them called vexatious, hard to please, overbearing, mulish, pettish, obstinate, given to the sulks, and liable, at times, to wheedle a well-disposed man out of his seven senses. In this belief he had led a wretched life, and was more afraid of the dear, harmless creatures than of an army with banners. Behold he was now thrust, by Providence, into the presence of one likely to overturn all his preconceived opinions of the better and fairer portion of creation. She was gentle, bland, easy, yielding, conversable, affable, in short, the very personification of an ideal which had once infected the doctor's heart, and which he had firmly believed was only an illusion peculiar to youth.

"But who is she? who is she?" asked the doctor of himself a hundred times that night, as he pitched and tossed upon his heretofore downy bed. Was she a wretched spirit sent to beguile him and to lead him into all sorts of difficulties? Or was she that good angel, come at last, for whom, through boyhood, manhood, and old-bachelorhood, he now, upon his lonely bed, acknowledged he had in secret sighed. He tossed, and reasoned, and asked strange questions of himself, until day, with its sober gray, cooled the fever of his brain.

Without one wink of sleep, he arose and consulted his mirror with eager and unusual anxiety. He shaved, he sighed, he tied his neckcloth and adjusted his shirt-collar. Was ever man so out of sorts? He had never found himself so hopelessly ugly. Being disgusted with himself, he of course fell into a passion with everything about him. He flew out violently at Dick, his valet, stormed at old Silvy,

stamped and raved, turned up Jack in the kitchen, kicked two hounds, and upset a grave cat. After which, he sauntered about his grounds. Of course they presented a pleasing prospect, being covered with ice and snow. In an oblivious moment, he idly ran his fingers through his hair. "Merciful Knox!" He encountered a bald place about the size of half a dollar! Horror-stricken, he whirled around, and there stood his fair guest, like Hebe, in the back porch.

"Good gracious!" murmured the doctor, as he approached. "She is as fresh and blooming as an opening rose this cold morning. Good morning, madam," said he, drawing near.

This idea of calling that fair, dazzling creature "madam," could only have originated with a bachelor. No married man would have been so ungallant. The lady bowed and smiled. Oh, such a smile! It danced upon the doctor's heart like sunshine on a brook.

"What sweet flowers!" she said, pointing to some sickly, rickety plants, which the doctor had cooped up in a dismal green-house. "I suppose these were gotten up merely as an experiment, to relieve ennui."

"Ha! ha!" laughed the gentleman, nervously. "I dare say you think ennui cannot be driven from the premises, madam, but—but it is not so dull here, upon my word."

"Not dull in cold, snowy, sleety weather?" said the lady, drawing her shawl.

"No, madam, upon my word. I—I—sometimes think old Time almost strikes a trot. He goes so fast, madam; indeed, he does."

"He never flies, I am sure," replied the fair one, turning into the house.

Our hero—for Dr. Hinton is our hero—humbled and chagrined, followed her.

"You are from the city, perhaps, madam?" observed the M.D., deferentially.

"No; not from the city," she replied, a strange fire flashing from her eye.

"Ahem—you—a—extended your walk too far, I presume, last evening; and was surprised to find it so late when I overtook you, I dare say, madam."

"No; I had not walked very far. I knew it was late."

What a cunning lady was the doctor's guest! She had no more idea of letting him know her name and destination than she had of flying to the moon. The curious host, fairly baffled, asked her in to breakfast; and once more the fair, dashing, brilliant beauty and the quaint old bachelor sat *à-vis-à-vis*. Gracefully she poured the coffee, and did the honors for him. She chatted away, too, most pleasingly, and made the doctor laugh outright at some of her drolleries. Behold, in her fairy presence, Elysium opened unto Dr. Jack Hinton! Her conversation, like milk and honey, flowed refreshingly into his ears, and he leaned back in his chair and was thankful. His coffee was as nectar, and while he quaffed the fragrant cup his eyes roved en-

raptured over a face radiant, and beaming with intellect and grace. Such a breakfast he had never eaten before. He looked back into the past, and found it all a blank compared to this delicious moment. He looked forward into the future, and the coming days and years actually menaced him. He sank back into the present and listened to the soft, cooing voice, and looked upon the fresh and youthful face, and forgot all things else besides. A knotty head is protruded in at the door, and a strange voice speaks thus to our eminent practitioner—

"Miss Higgins says as how do baby is wuss. De truck what you gen it warn't no manner of use; and she wants you to ride over ther jest as quick as you ken."

"Good gracious!" exclaimed the doctor, turning fiercely upon the intruder. "Do Mrs. Higgins' children never get better—never sleep—never allow friends or foes one oblivious moment?"

"It do *not* sleep, marster—dat it don't. It ain't slept a wink for more 'n three nights hand running, and it keeps constant crying and cryyng, untwell mistress she don't know what upon the yearth to do."

"Well, do tell Dick to get the black horse," said the good man, impatiently.

The fair nymph smiled and dropped her faultless lids, and bade the doctor go to see the poor woman's child.

"But you will be alone," he said.

"Oh, that is nothing. I can just sit here, at your window, and await your return."

"And you will be glad to see me coming?" asked the doctor, a glorious thrill rushing to his heart.

The lady was silent.

"Oh, do not mind saying so, for pity's sake!" he cried. "Say you will have a pleasant word for me when I return, and a smile, and I can gallop over the hills with a new heart."

"My dear, kind sir, you certainly value a smile and a pleasant word most highly. Surely, I shall smile when I see you again. Is there any very great favor in that?"

"I don't know," said the doctor, making a pause, and musing. "But a cheering smile and a bright face at one's favorite window, and a pleasant, kind voice as one enters benumbed with cold, are charming to contemplate. Upon my word, they revive one's spirits wonderfully, madam."

The lady was silent, and the long lashes drooped on her delicate, rose-tinted cheek.

Before taking his departure, our hero opened the doors of his choice library to his fair guest. He laid before her his objects of *vertu*, his drawings, skulls, fossils, and curiosities of all descriptions. Some splendid paintings were uncovered, and the lady found herself in a suite of rooms, surrounded by objects worthy the attention of a connoisseur. She discovered that her shy and diffident host was a man of no mean talents and acquirements. His very tongue seemed suddenly loosed when conversing on his favorite topics. He forgot his *mauvaise*

amateur, and was an entertaining and highly cultivated amateur.

"Now these rooms are at your service, madam. Pray command everything I have. My servants are ready to obey you. Just make yourself at home, and you will confer a favor," said the doctor, drawing on his gloves.

"Thank you, sir; you are very kind."

"But you will not leave while I am away?" said the gentleman. "Do not scruple to remain here. I shall return in about two hours; and hope you will allow me to offer my house and all it contains to you, so long as you can remain contented."

Again she thanked him; but she did not say she would stay.

Poor Dr. Hinton could scarcely tear himself away. He feared the fair vision would vanish in his absence, and he lingered yet a little while near her.

Finally he went; and in two hours he returned to find his innamorata gone. He was not naturally a passionate man; but this made him furious. He! all the fine, elaborate castles he had reared within the last twenty-four hours lay at his feet a shapeless mass! He had been elevated but to be dashed down; he had been cheered only to feel a deeper gloom. He must return to the old routine, and live during the long, long hours unloved, unsoothed, unchecked. He ranted and raved, cursed the hour he was born, and also Mrs. Higgins and child. He threw down his fur cap, and crushed it with his boot heel as he would a viper. He pulled Dick by the ears; and when old Silvy, according to custom, civilly asked him what he would have for dinner, he bade her "get out!" Having composed his nerves in this masterly and scientific manner, he deliberately sat him down and resolved to be as miserably as possible.

The snow lay cold and unmoved upon the bosom of the earth. All nature was congealed. Night came, and with it came also the blue-devils to haunt and harass our bachelor until bed-time. Oh, he was so supremely miserable! and, during the long, still hours, such thoughts as these came marching up like spectres to beguile him in his sadness:—

"It is not good for man to live alone. Behold how I eke out life! The sands drop slowly, and each hour brings its own discomfort. I see men, no more formed or fitted to be loved than I, surrounded by hale lads and blooming girls, and the idols of sweet, confiding creatures, who carry heaven in their gentle bosoms. I see brutes being loved by angels. I see all happy and begirt by tender ties but myself. Ho! I despise myself! I wish I was dead and decently interred this very minute!"

Thus he sat and mused, all solitary and alone, and was on the verge of suicide. Had a gentle wife but ran her fingers through his hair, or a prattling boy but climbed upon his knee, there would have been none of this. No murmurs against fate—no wish for oblivion.

Morning, noon, and night the form of his mysterious visitor haunted the mind of the bachelor. He had sketched her a hundred times, and his jealous heart treasured up every grace and beautiful line which distinguished her above all others of her sex. The large, flashing eye; the lip, and the changing dimple which coyly lay near it; the midnight tresses, and softly arched brow; the peculiar *sang froid*; the easy and graceful address, spiced with a little piquant boldness, which, of all things on earth, he admired; the imperious toss of the haughty head, and the majestic carriage, and the soft and witching tones of her voice, all, all were conjured up by his too faithful memory, and he embalmed them in his good, pure heart, and there they lay as all he had ever known of beauty and of love.

Life became now a burden to our bachelor friend. Time did not even kindly strike a trot, but groped along heavily, slowly, and oppressively. Oh, the long, long hours of that dreary, hopeless winter! Who can measure them?—who can tell how painfully they passed away? I cannot, I am sure; for I love old Winter, with its heavy frosts and bridal snows, its long evenings and cosy nights, and roaring, cheering fires. I have heard old bachelors talk about the horrors of these; and my imagination will sometimes sketch them as they yawn, and smoke, and twirl their fingers, and poke the fire, and consult their creeping watches, and wish in vain for something on earth to do. I do not like to dwell upon their miseries. Not I. I had rather marshal up the married man, who returns from his office, after the busy day, to meet the baby's eager greeting and his wife's glad kiss at the door—who finds his paper ready aired, his slippers and his gown all waiting, the fire briskly burning, and a welcome everywhere—who in sorrow finds a comforter, and in joy finds others happy through him.

CHAPTER II.

DR. HINTON'S PLANS, ETC.

In the course of time, our hero became desperate, and ruthlessly abandoned his hermitage, leaving Mrs. Higgins' interesting family in the hands of Providence. He determined to venture out boldly into the world; for hope whispered of his fairy vision careering about in those unknown and dreaded realms. Accordingly, the faithful narrator can trace him to the city. We find him taking lodgings at the fashionable hotel; but we can glean no information concerning the mysterious unknown, for whom he so ardently sighed. Being a millionaire, and a man known for his talents and acquirements, he was taken in hand by the "upper ten." Though timid and coy, he frequented the highest places and looked in at parties, and was quite a catch for a season. But, I must confess, he could not swell with the city beaux. He could not rattle away for

hours without a subject; nor could he manage his hat so gracefully, or adjust the folds of his cloak so *à la mode*; but he was a man for all that—a man worth twenty foplings and as many polka dancers. He stammered and blushed before the ladies, but among men of sense his words seldom fell unheeded. Master of his profession, a scholar, a lover of poetry and the fine arts, a connoisseur, a moderate and well-read politician, filled with knowledge of no ordinary kind, he was esteemed by all those whose esteem was worth having.

But he was no companion for giggling misses in their teens and fashionable belles, and, consequently, this really great and good man concluded there was no good in him. He would gladly have exchanged places with any moustached dandy who could encounter a lady without a blush. There seemed to be a great Chinese wall, or some such impervious structure, built round about him, from which the fair sex fled in consternation. It really was provoking that our good friend Dr. Jack, rich in the goods of this world, with a deep heart of the purest and holiest feelings, should pine in single-blessedness, while nice young ladies were running off with impertinent clerks, and giving their fair hands away to rough, surly, uncivilized fellows, who knew no more of their worth than of the great Koh-ee-moo diamond. Being in Rome, he determined to do as the Romans, and, accordingly, Dr. Hinton consulted a fashionable tailor, who faithfully promised to make an Adonis of him in four-and-twenty hours. A hair doctor was also called in, who, with a potent preparation, attacked the bald place about the size of half a dollar, of which we have before made honorable mention. This barren spot was rubbed with zeal and vigor, until it shone like burnished plate; and further this deponent saith not. Finally, Dr. Hinton was seen to purchase a handsome light carriage and a dashing pair of bays. Soon after this, he left town for a place called Belgrave, the residence of Colonel Vernon and lady, who were the only relatives he had in the world. We cannot describe the wonder and amazement of Colonel Vernon, lady, and family, when they saw their relative descend from his glittering carriage and approach their door.

"Come, my dear, do let's go and meet him," cried the lady, running to the door and falling into the arms of her cousin Jack.

"Bless my heart and soul!" cried the doctor, receiving her embraces as best he could, while the tears stood in his eyes.

"Oh, why have you not thought of us before?" said the lady, while Colonel Vernon grasped, with great fervor, the hand of their estranged, but still dear relative.

They led him into their comfortable parlor, gave him the seat of honor, and the little ones pressed around him. There was so much real warmth in their welcome, and so much pleasure beaming from their eyes, that the isolated bachelor was overcome. He did not know there was so much warmth of

heart in the world. His good heart expanded 'neath the genial hospitable glow. He fondled the children, he chatted, he grew merry, and, to his surprise, he began to be like other men.

"Where is Clara?" inquired Mrs. Vernon of her eldest.

"She is up stairs," said John, "and will not come down."

"Did you tell her, my son, that our cousin, Dr. Hinton, was here, and that I particularly desired she should make his acquaintance?"

"Yes, mamma; but she said she had an engagement, and must go home immediately."

During this conversation, which the doctor had scarcely noticed, he was occupied with the baby. He was making himself highly interesting to his infantine capacity. He had, *secundum artem*, drawn out his watch, held it to baby's ear, whereupon he, with great glee, clapped his tiny hands and cried out, "Tick! tick! tick! tick!" to the wonder and delight of papa and mamma. Finally, he took the baby to the window to show him all the "pretties."

"Call the chickens for cousin Jack," entreated mamma, anxious to arouse some more surprising talents, which she knew lay dormant in that remarkable baby's cranium. But he, like all other babies, would not exhibit his accomplishments when particularly requested; but, it appeareth, was far more extraordinarily gifted away in the nursery, when no one was near save the reliable witness. But what cared cousin Jack at this critical moment for babies or their wonderful feats? He gasps for breath, a tremor seizes his compact frame, and his eyes start, like bullets, from their proper spheres.

Everybody run here! for, behold, upon the lawn trips the fairy figure of the mysterious unknown! The flashing eyes are turned towards the window, and once more the doctor drinks in the strange, thrilling light which had robbed life of its quiet bachelor pleasures, and made his home a blank. She tripped rapidly on.

"Stop, madam!" cried the doctor, dropping the baby into unknown space, and springing out of the window. "Stop, madam! a word with you if you please!"

A laugh as clear as a bell rang out from those rosy, mocking lips, and the doctor's innamorata sped before him like an arrow. Such a race has seldom been seen as was witnessed by Colonel Vernon and family from their drawing-room window. The renowned Dr. Hinton, whose fame as a practitioner extended far and near, whose dignity and reserve were proverbial, running like mad after their esteemed and highly-refined guest, Miss Clara Moreton. The fair girl ran nimbly on, her jetty curls streaming in the breeze. The plethora bachelor, with coat-tails in a gentle flutter, tore on behind, puffing like a locomotive. She was fifty yards ahead of him.

"Ho, madam!" cried our desperate doctor. "Stop, for Heaven's sake, and do let me have a word with you, if you p-l-e-a-s-e, madam!"

Another pealing laugh came back upon his ear, and, with a muttered oath, he picked up courage and galloped on again. He had despaired of ever seeing her again, and now he was determined to overtake her if it cost him all the breath in his body. He felt like it was now or never, and, with a mighty effort, he redoubled his speed. He foresaw a turn in the road, and he made a frantic rush after his fair prey. He struck his foot against a fence-rail, and was down upon his nose in a twinkling.

Another laugh, and cousin Jack's length was measured on the ground. With a bruised heart and battered person, and feelings sorely wounded, this worthy practitioner gathered himself slowly up and looked cautiously around. Before him, he beheld the fairy vision fleeing still away. In the rear, he beheld his cousin's family standing in mute wonder and surprise. He saw the servants gathered in curious groups, and impudent urchins holding their sides and rolling with laughter. He hung his head, picked the gravel from his palms, and returned to the house a wiser and a milder man.

"And may I ask what was intended by that sudden one mile heat?" inquired Colonel Vernon, smiling, as our bachelor, begrimed and chagrined, returned among them.

A groan and a sigh were the only response, and the victim used his bandana vigorously. At last he said—

"I—I have seen the young lady before, I believe."

"And that is the way you *claim* your acquaintances?" observed the colonel, still laughing.

"No, my dear sir," said the doctor, as the colonel's mischief-loving eyes twinkled upon him. "Pray spare me. In a moment of hallucination, I bounded from the window, and"—

"Ran her fairly off the premises. Oh, you bachelors!—dear me, how you *take after* the girls. I wish she had not been so fleet of foot; for, upon closer inspection, our neighbor, Miss Clara Moreton, is quite enough to turn as wise a head as yours, sir."

"I—I am sorry for having treated the lady so unceremoniously," said the now humble and contrite doctor. "But, upon my word, there is a mystery about her which must be cleared up."

Colonel Vernon stretched his eyes, and his lady shook her finger slyly at cousin Jack. Our bachelor hero bore their hints, and innuendoes, and teasing quite as meekly as any married man or widower could have done. Not another word escaped his lips concerning his adventure with Clara. He sighed mournfully, and concluded that he must ever pursue and never overtake this fleet and nimble damsel, while the bald place expanded daily, and threatened to take a very bold stand indeed upon his crown.

After the chase to which we have alluded, Dr. Hinton became rather taciturn and melancholy. Miss Clara was timid and coy, and durst not venture out for fear of another advance from the ene-

my. The doctor kept on the alert; but she gave him no opportunity to claim her acquaintance. Matters remained in this uneasy state for some weeks, until the doctor could endure it no longer.

One cold, raw afternoon, he was observed to grow very sidgety and nervous. Mrs. Vernon had her eye upon her eccentric cousin, but she kept very quiet. After watching her for some minutes, and finding her wholly absorbed in her sewing, he arose, threw on his cloak and hat, and walked away. He walked directly to Parson Moreton's. With stolid indifference, he rapped at the door of the plain dilapidated parsonage. His heart fluttered, for within those dingy walls the fairest creature dwelt, and it was to see her the doctor said he had called. The grave servant, not suspecting the state of his heart, opened the sitting-room door, and the doctor found himself in her very presence! All color forsook his face, and he was about to behave most cowardly, when the fair girl arose and greeted him with a cordial, heart-beaming smile, which restored the circulation immediately. She was the same flashing beauty, and about her mouth the same merry dimple played at hide and seek, and dived now in its rosy bed upon her cheek, and now in the dew about her mouth.

"Pray, be seated," said the lady kindly. She wheeled up a chair, stirred the fire, and did a thousand little attentive winning things, while the doctor stood with his eyes in a fine frenzy rolling, and could have fallen down and worshipped her. "I believe this is not the first time we have met?" said Clara, dropping her lids, and smiling.

"No, madam," said the doctor, in a choking voice.

Poor Dr. Jack! his *mauvaise honte* was upon him like an incubus.

"I—I can never forget that singular meeting, madam."

Clara smiled. She had never been so pertinaciously *be-madamed* before.

"Nor can I, my dear sir. You were very kind to me when I really needed your services, and I should have explained the circumstances to you before."

"I assure you," cried the doctor, earnestly, "I did not come to solicit your confidence. No explanation is necessary, upon my word. I only came to beg permission to renew an acquaintance so—so essential to my hap—pi—ness."

"And you spare me all revelations?" she asked.

"Yes," said the doctor, mastering his diffidence, "provided you do not run from me again."

"I was not running from you, doctor."

"I beg your pardon; but you ran from me most fleetly."

"Oh, no; I only ran from a denouement. I feared I should have to explain matters, and I ingloriously ran."

The doctor laughed, and a pause ensued. Clara tapped her pretty foot, and hummed a low tune musically. She was so free and natural, so unconscious

of her rare beauty, so naive, and at times as simple as a child; indeed, her manner was so piquant and variable that the doctor was ever on the *qui vive* for a newer grace to rivet his poor heart more closely yet.

"What a snug retreat that is of yours, doctor!" she said, looking up into his face.

"Bah! abominable, a perfect bore; I assure you it was worse than the great Desert of Sahara after you left."

Having made this speech, the doctor actually began to stroke his young moustache, and to look unutterable things. The Rubicon was passed, and he made good use of his time after that.

"Ah! but you are a bachelor. I dare say Paradise would have been abominable to you, and the fair Eve a bore."

"Not so fast, if you please, miss. We do not know the ladies, I assure you. Sometimes they will not permit us to cultivate a little friendly acquaintance. They seem to avoid us. And sometimes," said the doctor, boldly raising his voice to give force to his words, "they run from us as fast as they can, madam, though they are convinced we are dying for them."

"A poor excuse, doctor," said Clara, laughing. "I am sure you bachelors are reared like other men. You have estimable mothers and sisters, from whom you can learn how to estimate the sex."

"But one's mothers and sisters are not like other ladies. I was called a dutiful son and affectionate brother, and yet I have always been afraid of the ladies. Had I met one possessing your admirable tact and address, miss, I dare say the whole current of my life would have changed."

"Thank you; you are decidedly complimentary. You should have said that, as none of your acquaintance possessed my assurance and *sang froid*, they did not violently invade your castle; and, consequently, you were left in profound ignorance, &c."

"Ah! that visit! that visit!" cried the doctor, raising his eyes to the ceiling. "It was too short and sudden, making too much brightness and leaving too much darkness, but ever dear to me." He paused, and then said: "Let me humbly beg that you will condescend to look in upon me again in some of your eccentric peregrinations."

"Hush!" said Clara. "That visit must be *entree nous*. You will force me to run again if you allude to it in that way."

"Pray, pardon me!" remarked the doctor, in a state of alarm. "Indeed, I would not mention it again for worlds!"

Our bachelor, having enjoyed a conversation of two hours' length with the captivating lady, arose to leave. It was like tearing his great heart out, and he was very loath to go, but daylight was declining, and etiquette, and very many other considerations, bade him take up his cross and go.

"Will you come again to-morrow?" said Clara, extending her hand.

"Will I come! Oh! *may I come?*" cried the bachelor, elated.

"Come, my friend—yes; come to-morrow. I—I thought I would beg you to do me a favor if you would come to-morrow."

"Come!" cried the doctor, his enthusiasm now soaring above that of all the knights that ever sought the favor of the fair—"Come! Yes, I will come, though it rain pitchforks and cannon balls. Come! Yes, I will come, through fire and smoke, through laughter and scorn, through hail and snow, through rivers and torrents, through!"—

"Why not come quietly along the turnpike, and avoid all those dangerous routes?" said our Clara, with an odd smile.

The gentleman smiled a ghastly smile, and, laying his hand upon his heart, began—

"Oh woman! in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please," &c.,

which he repeated with tragic effect.

Our hero was waxing so eloquent, and soaring so far above the level of ordinary men, and knocking about so tremendously among the stars, that his listener recalled him to his senses by saying she believed her papa was coming.

A slow and measured step was heard in the hall, and the Rev. Jeremiah Moreton, with a melancholy visage, entered.

"Whom have we here, Clara?" he inquired, swaying his tall, thin form to and fro.

"Dr. Hinton," said Clara, presenting her guest.

"I hope you are well, sir," said the reverend gentleman, extending his hand. "I hope you are well this raw, inclement evening, while so many of our fellow-creatures are perishing of hunger and cold?"

"Pretty well, thank you," replied Clara's enthusiastic lover, eyeing his future father-in-law's strange, angular figure curiously. "It rains, I believe, sir."

"Yes; a sleet is driving pitilessly. How thankful we should be for fireside joys and all the comforts of home, while thousands wander to and fro, and have not where to lay their heads!"

"I am thankful, my dear sir; very—very thankful," responded our bachelor, giving Clara a look, which plainly showed his rapid progress in the art of love.

"But how do we show that thankfulness?" inquired the most reverend gentleman, drawing a chair, stretching his long limbs over the fender, and moving his toes up and down, gravely, until his leather shoes squeaked out a doleful accompaniment. "Let us see, what outward sign do we give of our thankfulness? Do we visit the sick, clothe the naked, feed the hungry, and fast and pray continually? Do we deny ourselves daily? Are we in love and charity with all men? Does not the sun go down upon our wrath?"

"For my own part," answered the doctor, for the good man's eyes were upon him, "I endeavor to

act conscientiously in these matters. I have never sent the beggar away empty; neither do I wrangle with my neighbor."

"But do you fast and pray continually?"

"Not I," said our bachelor. "I love good cheer, and seldom fast when I can help it; and I pray when the spirit moves me."

The parson sighed. He would have had our jocund, genial physician down upon his marrow bones, fasting and praying, and mortifying the flesh all the day long. Their discourse was interrupted by the arrival of the Rev. Hezekiah Hays. The sleek parson entered so bland and fair, and acknowledged a presentation to the doctor with soft and winning grace! Meek, and gentle, and pure in spirit was this pleasant gentleman. He was so devout, so intolerant of sin, so uncontaminated by the groveling world, o'er which he glided like a sunbeam! And he was Clara Moreton's suitor. He wooed the mad-cap girl, not that he could ever be won by earthly charms, however luxuriant; not that he regarded sparkling eyes and lashes of jet—oh no, not he! But he wooed her that, by his holy precepts and example, he might turn her from the error of her ways. He stood, clear and undefiled, upon a bright and holy pinnacle, infinitely beyond the blandishments of the maiden, and far above all considerations save the well-doing of a soul.

"Daughter, prepare our frugal meal," said Parson Moreton, after having made the doctor resume his chair for the evening.

The young girl, upon hospitable thoughts intent, glided from closet to press, and their humble table

was spread. After a long and eloquent grace from Hezekiah, they sat down and ate in silence and thankfulness.

All this time the doctor was bewildered. He had never been above par with the clergy, and he feared he was losing caste in the eyes of his fair lady-love. He was shy and mum before these learned divines. After tea, he was wonderfully edified by the reverend Hezekiah, who earnestly besought him to sell all that he had and give unto the poor; and he also insisted upon the performance of a variety of feats of a similar startling and unprecedented nature, to all of which the doctor stoutly dissented. Whereupon the reverend Hezekiah drew back and opened wide his holy eyes, and regarded him as a reprobate, and gave very many convincing evidences that he would not touch the doctor with a pair of tongs.

At that primitive and highly commendable hour, nine o'clock, they held prayers, and the doctor once more arose to go. But not so the reverend Hezekiah. He must hold a short conversation with the maiden, he said; and a withering, scorching fire darted from Clara's now terrible eyes, which made the uninitiated bachelor start.

"Good night, madam," said our hero, bowing stiffly.

She extended her hand, and in his broad palm she adroitly contrived to drop a bit of paper. With the lightest heart that ever danced in bachelor bosom, he clutched the prize and bounded away to Colonel Vernon's. Beneath the hall lamp he next stood, and there he read upon his treasure of a bit of paper, "Come to me to-morrow. Come at ten."

(To be continued.)

THE OLD BACHELOR.

BY PENNY PATCH.

(Concluded from page 237.)

CHAPTER III

"I do not like thee, Doctor Fell;
The reason why I cannot tell."

To bed went our happy lord of creation, but not to sleep. "Oh! to-morrow, to-morrow; will it never come!" moaned the man, too supremely happy for nature's sweet restorer, as the languid pendulum jogged lazily along, and slowly crept the cold hours of that long, long night.

"Daylight at last!" exclaimed our impatient bachelor, bouncing out of bed, and drawing aside the curtain—after which he jerked it back, and cried, ferociously, "It is only the moon!" for that silver orb was only innocently shining in the absence of her lord, and had only ventured to peep in upon the doctor, never once dreaming of being found fault with by a lover.

The doctor never once thought about the moon and stars; he had quite enough to think about Clara. But Dr. John Hinton was no ordinary lover. Loving with the concentrated and accumulated love which had been lying dormant in his system for full thirty years, he was totally unlike those youths of nineteen, &c., who frequent fragrant groves, apostrophize the moon, and sigh over imaginary dulcineas. He loved a sprightly, sensible, luxuriant creature of flesh and blood. He had a reverend rival, whose large black eyes made the ill-favored bachelor most unhappy. And Clara—fair, bewitching, mysterious—unhappy, too—with a dash of coquetry, and just enough sarcasm to give her still more power, and to pique her lovers—ah, she was quite enough to turn the heads of parsons and bachelors without number.

Well, our hero tossed and pitched, *secundum artem*, and wondered why she had thrown herself upon his protection on that wild, tempestuous night? Why she looked so much like a princess clothed in rich apparel, while everything around her bespoke primitive simplicity, and almost poverty? Why she was the daughter of Jeremiah? for no parent and child were ever before so totally unlike. These questions tormented our lover until day—and then he was ready for action, quick and decisive. I need not say that ten o'clock found him, like a valiant soldier, at his post.

Clara met him with a smile—such a genial, beam-ing, sociable, good-natured smile as he would have the future Mrs. Hinton wear whenever he was about. She gave him the large chair, and hoped

she had not incommoded him in the least that morning, and went on to say a great many pleasant things in her pleasant way, to all of which the doctor replied as any other man over head and ears in love would have done.

This was a cosy couple, sitting in the old begrimed parsonage. There was no happier man under the dome of heaven than our hero, during this *tête-à-tête*. He had never known a lady in his life, and his felicity and perfect bliss can be easily imagined while sitting familiarly conversing with the fairest and most enchanting of her sex.

Clara held a crotchet needle in her hand—and, after dextrously catching a stitch by the head just as it was about to escape her, she turned to the doctor, and, laying her hand gently on his, said, in a voice of seraphic music—

"Doctor?"

The doctor bounced like an India-rubber ball.

"Madam!" he cried, rebounding, and by a lucky hit falling back into the protecting arms of his huge chair.

Clara's large eyes sparkled, and the provoking dimple dived deeply in her glowing cheek. She began to suspect that the gentleman was in love, and every novel and extraordinary feat of his only tended to confirm her suspicions.

She quietly proceeded thus:—

"Doctor, I requested you to come this morning, because I knew I should be alone, and I felt it my duty, both to you and myself, to acquaint you with the circumstances which forced me upon you on that terrible night."

The gentleman laid his hands upon his knees, and bent forward eagerly.

"You have seen the Rev. Hezekiah Hays—now tell me, honestly and candidly—what is your opinion of that man?"

"A villain!" cried the doctor, frantically; "a wolf in sheep's clothing; a rascal!—or there is no truth in God's stamp upon his brow."

Clara's lip quivered.

"Take care," she said. "Do you know he is my betrothed?"

"I don't care if he is," cried the doctor, boldly. "I have my eye upon him, sleek and oily as he is. And, madam, it is my opinion that he has about as much religion as I could conveniently carry on the point of my penknife!"

"You judge him harshly, perhaps."

"I think not, madam; you should not have asked my opinion—indeed you should not—but having

spoken boldly, I maintain my ground. You have my honest and candid opinion. I have nothing more to say."

"But allow me to say that I agree with you," said the girl.

"And yet he is your betrothed?" replied the doctor.

"Yes; but I do not think him a model man—nor do I love him or admire him."

"Strange!" said our bachelor, turning his hat thoughtfully.

This was a new phase in his idol woman. Alas! he felt that he had yet much to learn concerning those fair creatures.

"No, it is not strange. I certainly cannot marry one whom I neither admire nor respect—but is there any crime in engaging one's self conditionally to a gentleman to please one's father?" inquired Clara, naively.

"Ah! I must confess I know nothing of those matters," said the doctor, shaking his head. "I *had* thought that an engagement was a promise to marry, and that a promise was a thing to be regarded as rather sacred. But I suppose I was mistaken."

"My friend, you do not understand me. I spoke only of a conditional engagement. For instance—I promise to marry a gentleman, provided he be what he pretends to be, and I do this only at papa's earnest and repeated request."

"And you do this," cried our hero, "firmly believing the man to be a cheat—you promise to marry one whom you cannot respect or admire?"

"Yes," said the girl, seriously, "but under uncommon circumstances." She then proceeded to relate her little history, which we will take the liberty to lay before our reader.

Clara Ann Moreton was the only child of the Rev. Jeremiah Moreton, and Edith his wife. This fair, eccentric damsel, having lost her mother at a very early age, was reared and educated solely by the parson. And this reverend and most estimable gentleman, in order to atone for his early sin in marrying an heiress, a worldly-minded and dashing lady, determined to make a perfect saint of Clara. The catechisms, hymns, Bible-verses, and psalms taught this sprightly and interesting child were truly astonishing. No pains, no fatigue, no physical or moral obstacle deterred our pious clergyman in his work of atonement and love. In his zeal, he only over-shot the mark, and gave his nursing a disrelish for those wholesome doctrines which it was the sole aim of his life rightly to instil into her youthful mind. Perhaps a milder practice would have made her all he could have wished. The parson saw his child grow up, under his very eyes, the same brilliant, piquant beauty which her mother had been in bygone days. He saw her as gay, as careless, as fond of dress and show, as coquettishly inclined as was once his lamented and beautiful partner. But she was a kind and dutiful daughter; and, though she was no model Christian, the pious man loved his child, and would not relax his efforts

to secure her happiness, both in this world and in the next. Consequently he had urged her to accept Hezekiah, because he thought to secure her temporal and eternal welfare thereby.

Parson Moreton was a man of deep and undoubted piety. His singleness of heart and purity of life were beyond all praise. Lifted by the stamp of his Maker from worldly taint, he lived a pattern of godliness. Pure and undefiled, he never thought of guilt, and his wildest dreams had never visioned one-half the wickedness of the world in which he daily walked. But while this good man was honored for his unpretending and simple piety, he was often duped by the wily and designing. This weakness was not unknown to Clara, and she no more believed the fine tales trumped up by Hezekiah than she believed the moon was made of green cheese.

This gentleman, the Rev. Hezekiah Hays, had come to the humble parsonage, bringing a letter recommending him as a highly-talented but unfortunate brother, and requesting Parson Moreton to introduce him to his flock, that he might labor among them, and also receive subscriptions for the Bible cause.

Always zealous to do good, our worthy parson received him with open arms—placed him in the bosom of his family—and divided his heart and also his purse with him.

Six weeks had Hezekiah been cosily domiciled at the parsonage, before he ventured to woo the parson's peerless daughter; and, had not Clara's mother-wit befriended her, she too might have been won by the sweet tongue, and gentle, insinuating address of the reverend beguiler. But she knew she was very beautiful—she knew she was worth twenty thousand dollars, independent of papa—and, by putting these important facts together, she came to some pretty wise conclusions. She therefore determined to bide her time; and though each day she was teased unceasingly by her importunate lover, and affectionately exhorted by papa, she would not come into measures, and positively refused to accede to Hezekiah's fluttering proposals.

Thus matters remained for some time. But we will let the lovely lady herself finish the narrative. The doctor sits with bended ear, and Clara goes on to say—

"One afternoon last winter, I was returning alone from Col. Vernon's. On the highway, I encountered Hezekiah, who, with a solemn and imposing visage, requested me to accompany him to see one of papa's parishioners, who lay very low. I of course consented. We walked along very quietly for nearly a mile. Perceiving the sun gradually declining, I asked him how much further we had to go. 'Only just there,' said he, pointing to an eminence, surrounded by a thick cedar grove. I confess I was dumb with amazement when Hezekiah placed his hand upon my mouth, and lifted me into a carriage, which had been concealed by the hill. I struggled, but to no purpose. The door was slammed—Hezekiah beside me—and the coachman

ordered to drive to the Hillston depot. I knew I was powerless in his hands; I knew I was to be taken somewhere to be married; but my nerves were as unshaken as they are at this moment, nor did my resolution waver in the least. I sat quietly in the carriage, resumed my former placid manner, and actually duped my deceiver. It was nearly dark when we reached the Hillston depot. On the arrival of the train, Hezekiah drew down my veil, and placed me in a snug car, with an elderly lady, who had already tucked herself in her berth for the night. My reverend guardian placed himself just without the door of this snug car, and away the long train went. Here I had ample time for reflection. Fortunately, I found a visiting card in my pocket, on which I dextrously scribbled a few lines, explaining my situation. This I determined to hand to any gentleman in the cars to whom I could gain access. Hezekiah still guarded the door, but the lamp in our car was waning, and the conductor entered to trim it. I hurriedly gave him my note, glanced at Hezekiah, and placed my finger on my mouth. The stranger understood my pantomime, and read the note without being perceived by my gallant Cerberus. After giving me to understand that he would arrange matters, he retired. I now pretended to fall asleep. This ruse so completely duped Hezekiah, that he yielded to the drowsy god also, and was soon off into a comfortable nap. The conductor now came to me, and said he would drop me quietly at Edon, if I could go from there to the village. I knew I could do that, I said, and I was accordingly left at Edon, while Hezekiah proceeded on his way alone. The evening was cloudy, but the moon shone a little, and, with a brave, light heart, I walked on rapidly towards the village, which, you know, is only half a mile distant. Now, I had stopped at Edon twenty times in my life, and walked to the village to see my friends, but this time I was so bewildered and frightened that I mistook the road, and wandered I knew not where."

"You were not far from the village when I encountered you," said the doctor.

"I did not know where I was. I only know I should have died but for you."

"Well, but you escaped me, too; pray how did you manage that?"

"Why, I bribed your man Dick, who took me in your buggy to my friend Mrs. Floyd. After relating my adventure, at which she laughed immoderately, she permitted me to return to the parsonage, under a strong escort; for now I had two enemies to elude—yourself and Hezekiah."

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed our bachelor. "I only wish I may secure you at last."

"But I am not done yet," said Clara, blushing, for the doctor never permitted an opening to be lost. "Hezekiah had the assurance to return and besiege me again; nor has he allowed me any rest since his failure. Papa still stoutly befriends his holy brother, and now the matter stands thus—we are to

be married in six months, if I cannot find any just cause or impediment to prevent."

"God forbid!" ejaculated the eminent physician Clara continued—

"My repugnance and unconquerable aversion to this lauded saint daily increase. I dislike him more and more, while every hour he rises in papa's esteem. The good people in this vicinity are unanimous in his favor. Every old maid in the parish is ready to lay down her life for him. You have no idea what a hold he has upon the religious community here. He is *fêted* and caressed, and followed by crowds, and called upon daily to preach this sister's funeral, and to marry that wealthy couple—and his fees are enormous. But why did he fancy me?"

"That is the most natural occurrence you have mentioned yet," promptly responded our bachelor, with a bow.

"Not at all," said Clara; "I have never paid him court. I have been formal and reserved to him. I have treated him with undisguised contempt. But I suspect"—she observed, looking archly at the doctor—"I suspect our holy man wants the funds. I suspect he is not altogether indifferent to my twenty thousand dollars."

"Bravo!" cried the doctor, delighted. "Upon my word, you are the most sensible lady I ever met. You suspect he is not indifferent to your twenty thousand dollars! Ha! ha! ha! Well, that is good—very good—upon my word."

"But," said our heroine, half musingly, and looking askance at the gentleman, "this Hezekiah has fine eyes and teeth, with a dashy growth upon his upper lip, which the ladies call beautiful. He has a most sweet tongue—he is gentle and fascinating, and lenient to my faults. He is——"

"The devil!" cried the doctor, regardless of her presence, and getting mad, very mad.

Clara was silent. Again she turned to him, and said—

"Well, in six months I am to marry him, unless I can find some just cause or impediment to prevent. Time flies. My lover's reputation for philanthropy, piety, and zeal remain unimpaired. I have no friend to assist me. Every day I grow more unhappy, yet my solemn word is pledged." The irresistible lash fell upon the oval cheek, and a tear gathered slowly.

"Now," said the doctor, solemnly, "you want my assistance. You would have me gather all the information I can concerning this man; and, if he be, as we suspect, a wolf in sheep's clothing, you would have me rescue you from his fangs?"

"Yes, my dear friend, that is what I want. Pray lose no time, if——"

"If I love you?" inquired the doctor, bending over her.

"No—oh no!—I did not mean that. But if you would save one who puts her whole trust in you."

She blushed deeply, and our hero's face was ra-

diant with a sudden light, which gleamed beautifully.

He hung over her, and, in a deep, low, trembling voice, said, "May God bless and protect the only woman who ever placed her trust in me! May He bless her, who, unlike all others of her sex, saw only my heart and not my ungainly person. Oh woman, woman—once my terror, now my loved ideal—yours is a holy mission here! I am not worthy of your love, but I envy those who are. I am cast out from the pleasant places you adorn, but my eyes rove wistfully towards you, and I fain would gather one of you to my bosom, and cherish her as never woman yet was cherished. But, alas! I am not worthy—I am not worthy!"

Clara looked up. She saw his face lighted up by his great, good heart. She felt the genuine worth of that man, and she pitied him in his sorrow. He took her hand, and, sitting close beside her, said—

"Clara, you are young, pretty, and gay. You doubtless selected me for your sweet confidence because I am middle-aged, ungainly, and bald, and not likely to be influenced by your beauty and sorrow. But, my dear girl, you could not have chosen one more deeply interested in everything in which you are concerned."

"No," said Clara; "I selected you because I knew your worth. I felt no more hesitation in confiding in you than in communing with my own heart. Has not your high character been familiar to me from my childhood? Did not Providence throw me into your very arms? Did I not pray for a strong hand to guide me aright, and, behold, I find you at my side!"

"But—but—you could not love me for all that?"

"We will not discuss that."

"You hate to wound my *amour propre*?"

"No—I think you worthy of a fairer hand than mine."

"Do not flatter me, for Heaven's sake."

"You are too much on your guard for that, believe me."

"I am nervous; I am beset by *mauvais hont*. I have been so maltreated and scorned by the sex that I am ever on the *qui vive* for ridicule; and I would give my whole estate for one faithful bosom on which securely to repose."

Clara felt these words. There was a mournful pathos about his low modulations, which she could not resist.

"Poor fellow!" she murmured, gently. Her eyes were large and luminous, and the doctor saw a soft light stealing up from their dark glowing depths. He folded his arms, and watched the light as it came up and illumined her fine face; and then such a glorious hope was his that his glad heart leaped for joy. Ah! there was yet a happiness of which the isolated man had never dared to dream!

"Clara! Clara! do you not know I love you?"

"Hush," said the girl; "this will not do. I had rather you would say anything than that."

"But I will say it. I love you, Clara—I will say I love you!"

"Not now—not now. Can you not wait?" and the girl blushed deeply at her own words.

"Yes," he said, smiling; "I can wait six months, but not longer. Remember, to-day is Tuesday; six months from to-day I shall come and——"

"Pray say no more, doctor, I beseech you," said Clara.

The doctor pressed the little hand he held, and then he looked down upon it, and saw that it was very fair and very soft, and a most timid, trembling little hand; and then—he kissed it once—twice—thrice—and bounded from the room, and never looked back to see what he had done.

Would that I could boast a dozen such heroines as Clara Moreton. She saw through Hezekiah's cant and pretended zeal, and she also saw the real worth which lay imbedded in our doctor's heart. Yet, without great cause, this admirable girl would not go counter to her father's wishes—for was he not as anxious to secure her good as she was herself? He did not wish her to marry an impostor, but, as he thought, a good and holy man. Clara, therefore, expostulated and remonstrated with her father; but Hezekiah had so completely won his heart that actually the good man could not see the matter clearly.

Doctor Hinton came no more to the parsonage. He sent Clara a note, bidding her farewell, and saying he was about to set out on an exploring expedition. The days and weeks of the allotted six probationary months rolled slowly on. Hezekiah's attentions to his fair *fiancée* were unremitting and wearisome. The parson, happy and secure, felt in his pious heart that he had atoned for his early sin, and had given his daughter to one who would see perfected the admirable work he had begun.

Poor Clara would sit in silence and listen to their plans—how she was to be married in the old church, and how the happy couple were to set off immediately upon a missionary excursion, away upon the outer confines of Oregon. Dismal prospect for one so gay, so unfitted for a mission like this!

"Oh, where is my good doctor?" she would inwardly exclaim; and then she would think about the fine times she would have with the squaws in that interesting country. What merry "head-flattening" they would hold over their "piccaninies," deep in the grand old woods. What gay "moccasins" they would fashion, and what dashing blankets rival fashionables would sport.

But, for fear my reader may doubt the wonderful good sense which I have boasted for my heroine, I may as well say here that Clara fully intended to put a stop to matters before they reached this highly unique climax.

Affairs were very quiet at the parsonage, while our friend Dr. Jack—like an eccentric and unex-

pected comet—was appearing, now here and now there; astonishing one neighborhood, and then bearing down upon another peaceful village with a rush! In hot haste, he scampered about, from pillar to post, as the saying is, until, to his infinite surprise, he began to find some of Hezekiah's tracks. This occurred during the fourth month of his alarming peregrinations.

In a remote county, he met some sniveling sisters, who were bewailing the absence of Brother Baines, as they called him, who had, they said, run off with their quarterly allowance. Here the doctor engaged lodgings, and made special inquiry concerning this famous Brother Baines. He asked the ladies at the inn about him, and they began with upraised hands: "Oh, he was such a dear fellow—such a dear, darling dove of a man! Such a perfect slave to the church—with such a handsome pair of eyes, and hair like the raven's wing! Oh! he was murderously slandered," they declared. "Some people said he had gone off with more than a thousand dollars which belonged to the church, and with Mr. Grey's horse and buggy besides!" And then they would wipe their eyes, and say, "But the meek Nazarene was also slandered!"

After gathering all the information current in the neighborhood, away our hero sped to the city. Here he took the police into his confidence. They had Hezekiah also in their books; where he figured as a Bible agent, followed closely by a colporteur gathering funds, and then suddenly disappearing. Again the doctor speeds away upon the track indicated by the police. Away down in a place called Green Valley, he finds Hezekiah a man of family; that is, with a wife and two children living on the parish.

"Hurrah for our side!" cried the doctor, with a flourish, when he heard of Mrs. Hezekiah, and the little Hezekiahs, away down in Green Valley. He traced this gentleman of family entirely through the south-western part of our State. He had performed under divers masks. Sometimes he was a dentist, a pious young man, a meekly persecuted brother, a defrauded clergyman, an eminent divine, a Bible agent, a temperance lecturer, and many other things, too numerous to mention. Finally, as Hezekiah, he landed safe and sound at Parson Moreton's, after a circuit of nearly four hundred miles.

"Upon my word, I believe I am on the verge of matrimony," exclaimed Doctor Hinton, as he traced Hezekiah to the parsonage.

Poor Clara sat alone with her betrothed. She was pale and languid, and the gentleman's winning ways and soft address were unheeded by his victim.

"Dearest!" said this dear dove of a fellow, "this week is our wedding-day. Do you pray, my charmer, that the great vineyard of the Lord may flourish and prosper through us?"

Doctor Hinton was announced, and Clara grew visibly nervous.

The doctor entered, accompanied by Parson Moreton, a lady closely veiled, and a genteel and handsome man.

Hezekiah returned the doctor's greeting, but his eye was on the very neatly dressed and genteel gentleman who accompanied him.

"Friend," said Parson Moreton, laying his hand on Hezekiah's shoulder, "these persons come to seek you. The Lord deliver his servant from those who seek to do him evil."

"I have the honor, Mr. Baily," began the doctor, and Hezekiah jumped upon his feet with a start, "to present to you Captain Strange, of the city, and Mrs. Baily." He raised the lady's veil, and Hezekiah saw his wife! With a loud yell, the impostor dashed from the room, but some very polite gentlemen awaited him at the outer door—who kindly conducted him to a carriage, and he was borne rapidly away. Parson Moreton could not believe his own eyes. He saw the still, tall lady led in tears from the room; he saw Captain Strange hand some papers, and make his bow; and then, overcome by his emotions, he sought his closet and prayed.

A solemn stillness reigned in the little parlor. Doctor Hinton stood, hat in hand, before the lady of his heart.

"I have done your bidding," he said. His heart was in his mouth, but he would say no more, for he scorned to take advantage of the boundless gratitude which swelled her heart.

"Good morning." He bowed, and was going away.

"Come back! come back! I am your debtor," cried the girl, rushing after him, and seizing his hand convulsively.

He turned gently to her, and said—

"Indeed, you owe me nothing. I am happy in having served you. I thank you for that happiness."

"And you are going?"

"Yes, if it be your wish."

"But—but—if—suppose I were to—"

The doctor looked down upon those dear eyes, the true index of her heart, and he saw the light he had noticed once before gathering beautifully there. And without a blush, without one tinge of *mauvais hont*, he drew her to his bosom, and said—

"Then I am with you, from this day forth, for ever!"

There was a grand entertainment at Doctor Hinton's new mansion after the marriage. Four-and-twenty sheepish bachelors were there, and the doctor took the poor fellows by the hand, and bade them be of good cheer. The pretty Clara, too, promised to befriend them all their days. And the old fellows got frisky, and declared they meant to turn over a new leaf, and undertake matrimony if they lived. Hoping that all the old bachelors under the sun may come to this wise conclusion, I bid them adieu.

THE OLD HOUSE BY THE GREEN.

BY ALFRED B. STREET.

THERE was an old house standing on the west of the village-green that had been entirely deserted for the last six years. Its owner had wrecked his fortunes in a lot of wild land by the Willemoc, and, smitten by the Texas fever, had written in chalk G. T. T. on his front door, and "taken the slide." He hadn't been there more than a month before the real Texas fever seized him on the hot sands of Galveston, and deposited him safe and sound in a six feet sand pit. Alas, poor Yorick! or poor "Rush," which was the name of the Texas victim.

Wanting a room for a law-office, and also other rooms for the storage of some grain, lumber, and what not (which I had taken on an execution against some unfortunate debtor), I made a visit to this house one day for the purpose of hiring it, should it prove suitable.

It was a soft, delicious, Claude afternoon, with the sunshine toned down to almost a silver tint, and the near landscape "glimpsing" out of a veil woven of mist and sun, that I turned my steps towards the old house. It was with somewhat of a misgiving that I did so, for, reader, the house had lately acquired the reputation amongst the village boys of being haunted. I can't say I believed the story, but still I felt a little nervous about exploring the recesses of the old lonely building. Shaking off my fears, however, I approached the door steps. The aspect of ruin here was deplorable.

The weather had evidently been too much for the poor stoop. There was only one step remaining. The aperture within, boxed up so long, looked grim. Two or three long grass-blades, pale from pining for the light, had struggled up, and a nettle, which had crept under from the grassy margin outside, had found itself constrained to grow, and had stretched out two great horny leaves like the wings of a dying bat. It had evidently long been gasping for fresh air, and the crumbling away of the "stoop," which was of recent occurrence, had revived its crawling life. The abyss underneath looked like the abode of the toad and snake, and turning away my gaze I tried the front door. Merely to see what noises the knocker would produce, I lifted the carved brass, shaped in the form of a spread eagle. The blow sounded through the deserted house as if the solitude brooding within had answered. The great echoes clattered about like some being suddenly awakened from sleep, and flying from room to room in affright. At last the rattling sound ceased, and lifting the door-latch, I entered. The door opened into a narrow hall, dark and mouldy,

and before me was another door, with two others at each hand. Choosing the former, I turned it on its hinges, and found a flight of stairs descending into the cellar. I went down, and found myself in damp darkness. All was blank gloom around me. At length my eye became accustomed to the blackness, and, gradually, outlines of objects commenced creeping into sight. This was caused by a pale, spectral light that stole through a narrow, long aperture in the walls to admit the air. The shape of an old recess to hold wood first glimmered on my view. Then a broken-legged buck and the remains of a rusty saw appeared. A shapeless heap, emitting a dull glimmer, then caught my eye, littering a nook, which soon resolved itself into a collection of fractured bottles. A largo hammer, lying on its side in the middle of the earthen floor, next appeared. All told of desertion and dreariness, and I ascended the stairs, after glancing at the ceiling, which appeared to be composed of huge, rough rafters, crossing and recrossing like an enormous web. I ascended the creaking stairs, and, pushing open the door again, found myself in the hall. I then entered at one of the doors before noticed. It led me into a large, naked apartment, evidently one of the sitting-rooms. A golden eye of sunshine glowed in the middle of one of the closed window-shutters, occasioned by the dropping out of a knot-hole, shrunken from long dryness, admitting a long, hazy ray, that shot directly across the room, and dashed itself against the opposite wall. Three or four other misty, quivering beams darted through narrow clefts and crevices in the shutters, some splintering on the dusty floor, and some splashing, like the first, against the wall. A large blue-bottle fly, revived by the struggling sun, was buzzing around, now up to the ceiling, now against the panes, which tinkled as if smitten by a hail-stone, awakening, by the sound of its angry chirp, an echo like the drone of a bag-pipe. It was evidently endeavoring to break prison, and taste the misty sweetness of the day without. On the dusty window-sills were troops of its kindred, lying dead on their backs, with their slender black legs pointing upward, famine being legibly written on their dry, attenuated bodies, and a large humble-bee was lying on a stripe of red ribbon as on a state-bed, with three or four horse-flies around it, as if a king had expired there, surrounded by his attendants. Tired of the monotony of this room, I left it, and entered the door opposite. This ushered me into a room which had in it considerable furniture. There was a rag-carpet on the floor,

darned so as almost to conceal the original coloring and pattern of the fabric. A yellow chair, kneeling from the effect of a fractured limb, was by the wall, under the closed window, and an old worn-out buffet or sideboard was ranged at one side. One window was half exposed to the light, occasioned by the moiety of its shutter having fallen from its worm-eaten hinge, admitting a quantity of light and disclosing a portion of the village-green, and the upper windows of St. John's store, opposite. The hearth, heaped with cinders and ashes, gaped on one side, full of touching memories—memories of fireside delights and fireside faces, now, alas, vanished forever. Alas! poor Texas-smitten Rush, how often hast thou seated thyself by the sparkling fire, with thy household around thee, and with the winter wind wailing without, in strong contrast to the innocent peace within, hast felt the sweet content of home joys, and the soft happiness which nestles only under the happy roof-tree. Thy golden days of prosperity were around thee then, and the world was bright. Ah, how different from that bleak time when the night came, and the rain beat upon thee, and the green paradise of home withered around thee! Ah, how different when the deep bell tolled its quivering music over the village-green, telling thee to come forth and lay the dead in the last home of our race! Thy long-suffering wife and thy bright-haired boy (ah, poor Rush!) side by side were they borne from thy house, thy dark, gloomy, dreary house, and side by side were they deposited in the tomb. Thou went a stricken man, poor Rush, and we all felt for thee! And when thou didst wend thy way to that land of hope, many were the good wishes breathed for thy welfare. Death hath now stricken thee, and thy grave is far from thy once happy roof-tree, and the sylvan graveyard where thy long-suffering wife and bright-haired boy sleep the last sleep of mortality. But enough of this. I shut to the door softly, and left the old carpet and the fractured chair and the mouldering buffet. I left the darkened hearth. The room was full of sad recollections, and I left them there.

Stumbling through the hall, I at last reached the stairs, and ascended. These stairs were in the craziest state imaginable. Each one clattered out a different note to the touch of my foot. One groaned a guttural bass, another squeaked a shrill treble, another led off in a tenor—this, as usual, carried the air—and every fifth one droned out a nasal counter. A perfect tune was played by the time I reached the last step. A sort of corridor now met my eyes, with four rooms opening around. These were doubtless bed-rooms. I opened the door of one. Sure enough—one of the sleeping apartments of the poor, vanished household. A quantity of straw glistened, bright and yellow, in one corner; in the other, a single downy feather alone remained. That little, fragile, soft, white, delicate thing, surviving the many hearts that composed the circle of this stricken and desolate roof-

tree—how touching, how sad, how full of heart-searching truth! Man is of all God's works the most perfect, and yet how perishing! "He springeth up, as it were, as a flower, and at noon he is cut down and withereth!" God of our race! how poor and weak we are in thy sight, and yet to what a destiny, if we spend our lives aright, have thy mercy and loving kindness made us the heirs! An eternal heaven in thy sacred presence. Consoling thought! And shall we see thy face, and wear wings and touch harps, and kneel with angels before thy glorious throne? Yes, the answer comes, if we wash away our sins in thy blood, thou Lamb of God, and take upon us "the yoke," which is "easy," and "the burden," which is "light." Yes, if we walk in the "path which is set before us," bright with "the light which shineth to the perfect day." Oh, happy thought! oh, consoling promise!

I left the corridor and turned my face up the steps leading evidently to the garret. By this time the gradually decreasing light warned me that the day was well nigh done. I knew not what splendor I had lost in this old house from the sunset, which was doubtless a beautiful one, as these Claude days generally steep themselves in brightness toward their close, but comforted myself with the reflection that I could gaze at the moon as long as I listed, from the garret windows. And authors, as all the world knows, have a peculiar *penchant* for "garrets." Did not the immortal Johnson, that leviathan of the "ocean deeps" of literature, write his "Rasselas" in one? And did not "poor Goldy" live nearly all his life in another? Did not the illustrious Beranger spend his youth in one, with his sweet, bashful Lisette, when she used to "blind the window with her shawl!" Ah, rogue Beranger! ah, *sauve roquis*!

But why garrets and authors, in despite of those examples, should be synonymous words, I am at a loss to understand. Or, in other words, why literature and poverty and misery should be inseparably blended, I cannot tell. In my case, it has not been so. Literature has been to me a guardian angel. In my youth, she was a "hovering seraph, girt with golden wings," the golden wings of hope. The misty future was painted by her magic into a gorgeous architecture, like a sunset heaven, when the pomp of sunshine and the splendor of crimson and purple cloud are woven and intermingled. Literature placed in my hand the humble pen, and bade me write. I wrote what I felt, and my pen ran like a steed of the desert over the smooth, white, pearly paper, whilst my brain glowed like the sun at noon tide, and my veins throbbled as if lightning was darting through their sinuosities. In the depths of my sorrow, literature cheered me. She smoothed my path, she plucked the thorns from my pillow, she gave me home and friends, and station and regard. She clove for me a way through the rock of this world's success, and made me—me, the poor, obscure, humble, shrinking, modest boy, a

man! And gold, even gold, she has not withheld. It is true she has not, like the Roman soldiery, thrown upon me a golden shield, which as frequently crushes as adorns, but she has given me reasonable, just compensation. And when my foot has been weary, and my eye dazzled and my head burning with the heat of the desert-path, which once I trod in the days of my youth, she, the bright angel, like the Saviour-bird in that grand poem of Southey's, "Thalaba," stretched over me her green wings, softening the sunshine into a tender glow, steeping my foot in sweet shadow, and cooling my throbbing temples with the delicious fanning of those same emerald pinions. Honor, then, to literature! She is "my ribbon, my star!" and to her will I cling. Ay, "until death doth us part!"

First, however, I took a survey of the room. There was one window, as before observed, with all the lower panes out. A huge, mottled spider had woven his gray net athwart the upper panes, in which it had managed to catch all the floating specks of dust, causing it to look like a woven loom. In the midst of his fortress, he lay coiled up like a dark lump, evidently on the watch for some adventurous fly. As I glanced over it, sure enough, a blue bottle buzzed past me, and was caught in an instant in the slimy, furzy snare. The spider darted like thought upon him, striking first one sharp claw and then another into its writhing body, the wings all the time vibrating like a low wind. At last the whizzing wings were fettered, and the poor victim gave up the ghost. I turned my gaze around once more. A battered fiddle stood against a worm-eaten beam, and a bow with one string was lying prone beside it. A number of chairs afflicted with the rickets stood and reclined around in the easiest positions that their dislocated limbs could assume. All was ruin, wreck, and desolation. I must not forget a broken bottle or two, or a large demijohn lying *verdu* in a dusky nook.

Whilst I was taking this inventory of my garret, suddenly, I heard a loud whizzing, and, looking in the direction of the sound, I saw a tremendous hornet, of the true, fierce yellow breed, shooting through one of the open panes straight into the room. He was evidently very angry and wolfish for a fight. Here and there did he dart, now and then striking his head against a beam or the ceiling, growing more wrathful at every blow he experienced. As he went along like a famished panther, I heard him sing, with the braying of a trumpet—

"I am a yellow hammer,

I am!

And I've come from my nest in the barn,

I have!

To sting and fight like the deuce—

Just so!

Who wants to fight?

Who?

For I am a true yellow hammer

With my flag of orange and my rapier of delicate steel.

Who wants to be stung?

Who?

Let him come, and I'll give him what he wants,

Yea, verily!

Till he yells like a kitten in the talons of a hawk!

Who wants to be stung?—

Aha! aha! aha!

I see him!

The very chap who wants my rapier of steel

Stuck into him as a knife is stuck into a fat porker!"

("God forbid!" says I. "Good hornet, don't come here—now don't!")

"Come out, ye poor devil, like a man and fight,

For I'm a true yellow hammer,

With my flag of orange and rapier of delicate steel."

And with one blow I'll felt ye like an ox in the stall
under the axe of the butcher!

Come on, ye poor devil, I'm ready!"

And, suiting the action to the word, he darted straight at my forehead. I ducked, involuntarily, and the fierce demon whizzed past me with such venom that his impetus carried him clean through the pane. I looked out and saw him, as if disgusted with my cowardice, buzzing swiftly towards the old dilapidated barn near by, as if to carry

"His flag of orange and rapier of delicate steel"

back to his

"Nest in the barn"

in fierce triumph.

I had hardly congratulated myself on my escape from the blow of the yellow bully, before I heard a second buzz, and, looking again, I saw a great wasp coming through the pane. He carried his long shanks below him like the parachute to a balloon, whilst his waist, small as Miss K.'s (the belle of Saratoga), seemed as if it would break asunder. He, too, seemed inflamed with spite against poor me, and he approached like a winged fury. Without any preliminary words, he darted at my face, and a sting, like the prick of a pin, smarted on my cheek. I aimed a blow at the dark fiend and struck him at my feet, and saw him crawl off with trailing wing to a dark corner of the garret. I retreated to an opposite nook and prepared for another encounter; but there I saw a little firefly, which had wandered from the green, frightened to death, and saying plainly, with his green, translucent, throbbing light—

"Oh, don't kill me, good friend! for I'm the summer light of the twilight, kindling up the blossoms and making the greensward sparkle for the feet of the fairies. Don't kill me, then, good friend, now don't!"

Scorning such "small deer," I turned away and looked out of the window.

Ah, the yellow moon!

Deliciously glowed the golden beauty—deliciously in the middle of the sky. I spoke to the golden beauty:

"Bright Michael! glorious leader of the skiey legions!
Thy refulgent shield gleams in the blue,

Thou hero of a thousand spears !
Or rather thou art (changing thy sex) Diana, huntress
amidst the starry woods,
With thy pearly quiver on thy shoulder,
And thy silver arrows glittering at thy back.
Moon of the heavens ! sweet moon of the shining heavens !

Thou dost look now upon the broad ocean,
That heaviest like the bosom of a maiden when she
leans on the neck of her lover.
Broad is the path thou hast painted on the polished and
glittering ocean ;
And the white sails look like the wing of a seraph
spread in brooding quiet,
With the song of the mariner sounding in joy over the
breast of the ocean.

Thou lookest on the gray desert,
And the camel kneels on the sand, and the Arab lies
prone in the shade
Of the palm by the sparkling fountain ;
The pillar of Persopolis stripes the white sand, and
the arch

Bends like a fractured bow
Over the broken tomb.

Thou lookest down through the forest,
And the hunter lays his head on his arm and straight-
way dreams of the antlered deer ;

The cabin gleams out from the grove of chestnuts, and
the hunter's wife listens for the foot-tread of her
hunter ;

The baby hushes its wail, and the wind dies away in
the pine-top.

All is holy silence.

Thou lookest upon the crowded city,
And a thousand roofs seem like the green summits of
the unshorn mountain side,

Where rank upon rank swell the summits, the summits
of pine on the mountain,

The green mountain of a thousand trees.

Thou lookest upon the sylvan village,
And the broad pathways glitter with dew.

Thou lookest upon the glen of the eagle,
And the waterfall plunges in foam down the rock like
the rush of a warhorse in battle.

Pure and beautiful art thou, moon !

Oh moon !

Sweet moon of the harmonized heavens !

Pure and beautiful art thou, moon !

Thou lookest down upon the world,

And then dost shoot a delicate pencil of light
Through the broken pane of this dusty garret.
Oh moon !
Sweet moon !
Pure moon of the beautiful heavens !"

I was thus apostrophising the golden beauty,
when I heard a loud knock, apparently from the
hammer, proceeding from the cellar. Instantly, at
the sound, the fiddle started and placed itself in a
slanting attitude, the bow stood up and worked
itself on one leg towards the fiddle, and then laid
itself transversely along the strings. A second
blow sounded, and a sawing commenced of most
dolorous music. The chairs made a bow to each
other, the bottles commenced curtsying, and the
demijohn waddled out of its nook and began. Then
struck up the weird and witchlike dance. The
hammer struck its blows like the poundings of a
bass drum ; the fiddle squeaked away, and the waltz
went spinning around the dusky and partly moonlit
gullet like circles in the water. My head com-
menced swimming. My feet began to stir, and I
launched away in the weird and witchlike dance.
The garret echoed to the patter of our feet, and the
very moonlight undulated in waves of melody. My
breath began to ooze away, my limbs trembled, and
my feet fairly ached with my exertions ; and I was
on the point of deserting the dance, when the knock-
ing ceased, the fiddle rocked away to its nook, the
bow fell off and lay prone beside it, and the chairs
scuttled off to their respective positions. I turned,
I ran from the garret, and, hurrying down stairs,
burst open the front door, and found myself on the
green margin of the village street that stretched
itself to the stoop.

This was the last time that I entered the old
house by the green. It is now demolished, and a
beautiful lawn with a graceful roll extends from the
top of the orchard above to the village street, car-
peted with grass and purple blossoms of the clover.
Naught now remains to tell where stood, in its
dark and weather-stained colors, "THE OLD HOUSE
BY THE GREEN."



THE OLD VILLAGE CHURCH.

BY HENRY G. LEE.

TWENTY years! Yes, twenty years had intervened since I left the pleasant village of Brookdale, and not once during all this period had I visited the dear old spot that was held more and more sacred by memory. A hundred times had I purposed to do so, yet not until the lapse of twenty years was this purpose fulfilled. Then, sobered by disappointments, I went back on a pilgrimage to the home of early days.

I was just twenty years old when I left Brookdale. My father's family removed at the same time, and this was the reason why I had not returned. The heart's strongest attractions were in another place. But the desire to go back revived, after a season of affliction and some painful defeats in the great battle of life. The memory of dear childhood grew so palpable, and produced such an earnest longing to revisit old scenes, that I was constrained to turn my face towards my early home.

It was late in the evening of a calm autumnal day, at the close of the week, when I arrived at Brookdale. The village inn where I stopped, and at which I engaged lodgings for a few days, was not the old village inn. That had passed away, and a newer and larger building stood in its place. Nor was the old landlord there. Why had I expected to see him? Twenty years before, he was bent with age. His eyes were dim and his step faltered when last I saw him. It was but natural that he should pass away. Still, I felt a shade of disappointment when the truth came. He who filled his place was

unknown to me; and, in all his household, not a familiar countenance was presented.

But I solaced myself for this with thoughts of the morrow, when my eyes would look upon long-remembered scenes and faces. The old homestead, with its garden and clambering vines—a picture which had grown more vivid in my thoughts every year—how earnest was my desire to look upon it again! There was the deep, pure spring, in which, as I bent to drink, I had so often looked upon my mirrored face; and the broad, flat stone near by, where I had sat so many times. I would sit there again, after tasting the sweet water, and think of the olden time! The dear old mill, too, with its murmuring wheel glistening in the bright sunshine, and the race, on whose bank I had gathered wildflowers and raspberries!

I could sleep but little for thinking of these things, and when morning broke, and the sun shone out, I went forth impatient to see the real objects which had been so long pictured in my memory.

"Am I in Brookdale? No—it cannot be. There is some strange error. Yes—yes—it is Brookdale, for here is the old church. I cannot mistake that. Hark! Yes—yes—it is the early bell! I would know its sound amid a thousand!"

On I moved, passing the ancient building whose architect had long since been called to sleep with his fathers, and over whose walls and eaves time had cast a duller hue. I was eager to reach the old homestead. The mill lay between—or, once it

did. Only a shapeless ruin now remained. The broken wheel, the crumbling walls, and empty forebay were all that my eyes rested upon, and I paused sadly to mark the wreck which time had made. The race was dry, and overgrown with elder and rank weeds. A quarter of a mile distant stood out sharply against the clear sky, a large factory, newly built, and thither the stream in which I had once sailed my tiny boat, or dropped my line, had been turned, and the old mill left to silence and decay. Ah me! I cannot make words obedient to my thoughts in giving utterance to the disappointment I then felt. A brief space I stood, mourning over the ruins, and then moved on again, a painful presentiment fast arising in my heart that all would not be as I had left it in the white cottage I was seeking. The two great elms that stood bending together, as if instinct with a sense of protection, above that dear home—where were they? My eyes searched for them in vain.

"Where is the spring? Surely it welled up here, and this is the way the clear stream flowed!"

Alas! the spring was dried, and scarcely a trace of its former existence remained. The broad flat stone was broken. The shady alcove beneath which the waters came up so cool and clear, had been removed. All was naked and barren. Near by stood an old deserted house. The door was half open, the windows were broken out, the chimney had fallen, and great patches of the roof had been torn away. Around, all was in keeping with this. The little garden was covered with weeds, the fence that once enclosed it was broken down, the old apple tree that I had loved almost as tenderly as if it had been a human creature, was no more to be seen, and in the place where the grapevine grew was a deep pool of green and stagnant water.

My first impulse was to turn and flee from the place, under a painful revulsion of feeling. But I could not leave the spot thus. For some minutes I stood mournfully leaning on the broken garden gate, and then forced myself to enter beneath the roof where I was born, and where I grew up with loving and happy children, under the sunlight of a mother's smile. If there was ruin without, there was desolation added to ruin within, but neither ruin nor desolation could entirely obliterate the forms so well remembered. I passed from room to room, now pausing to recall an incident, and now hurrying on under a sense of pain at seeing a place, hallowed in my thoughts by the tenderest associations of my life, thus abandoned to the gnawing tooth of decay, and destined to certain and speedy destruction. When I came to my mother's room, emotion grew too powerful, and a gush of tears relieved the oppressive weight that lay upon my bosom. There I lingered long, with a kind of mournful pleasure in this scene of my days of innocence, and lived over years of the bygone times.

At last I turned with sad feelings from a spot which memory had held sacred for twenty years;

but which, in its change, could be sacred no longer. Material things are called substantial; but it is not so. Change and decay are ever at work upon them; they are unsubstantial. A real substance is the mind, with its thoughts and affections. Forms built there do not decay. How perfectly had I retained in memory the home of my childhood! Not a leaf had withered, not a flower had faded; nothing had fallen under the scythe of time. The greenness and perfection of all were as the mind had received them twenty years before. But the material things themselves had, in that brief space, passed almost wholly away. Yes; it is in the mind that we must seek for real substance.

Slowly and sadly I turned from the hallowed place, and went back towards the village inn. No interest for anything in Brookdale remained, and no surprise was created at the almost total obliteration of the old landmarks apparent on every hand. My purpose was to leave the place by the early stage that morning, and seek to forget that I had ever returned to the home of my childhood.

My way was past the old village church where, Sabbath after Sabbath, for nearly fifteen years, I had met with the worshipers; and as I drew nearer and nearer the sacred place, I was more and more impressed with the fact that, if change had been working busily all around, his hand had spared the holy edifice. That change had been there was plainly to be seen, but he had lingered only a moment, laying his hand gently, as he paused, on the ancient pile. New and tenderer feelings came over me. I could not pass the village church, and so I entered it once more, although it was yet too early for the worshipers to assemble. How familiar all! A year seemed not to have intervened since I had stood beneath that roof. The deep, arched windows, the antique pulpit and chancel, the old gallery and organ, the lofty roof, but most of all the broad tablet above the pulpit, and the words "Reverence my Sanctuary: I am the Lord," were as familiar as the face of a dear friend. There was change all around, but no change here in the house of God.

Seating myself in the old family pew, I gave my mind up to a flood of crowding associations; and there I sat, scarcely conscious of the passing time, until the bell sounded clear above me its weekly summons to the worshipers. And soon they began to assemble, one after another coming in, and silently taking their places. Conscious that I was intruding, I yet remained in the old family pew. It seemed as if I could not leave it—as if I must sit there and hearken once more to the words of life. And I was there when the rightful owners came. I arose to retire, but was beckoned to remain. So I resumed my seat, thankful for the privilege. Group after group entered, but faces of strangers were all around me. Presently a white-haired old man came slowly along the aisle, and, entering the chancel, ascended to the pulpit. I had not expected this. Our minister was far advanced in years when

we left the village, yet here he was! How breathlessly did I lean forward to catch the sound of his voice when he arose to read the service! It was the same impressive voice, yet lower and somewhat broken. My heart trembled, and tears dimmed my eyes as the sound went echoing through the room. For a time I was a child again. I closed my eyes, and felt that my mother, my sister, and my brothers were with me.

I can never forget that morning. When the service closed, and the people moved away, I looked from countenance to countenance, but all were strange, except those of a few old men and women. Still lingering, I met the minister as he came slowly down the aisle towards the door. He did not know me, for his eyes were dim with age, and I had changed in twenty years. But, when I extended my hand and gave my name, he seized it with a

quick energy, while a vivid light irradiated his countenance.

I will not weary the reader with a detail of the long interview held that day with the old minister in his own house. It was good for me that I met him ere leaving Brookdale under the pressure of a first disappointment. His words of wisdom are yet in my ears.

"As you have found the old church the same," said he, while holding my hand in parting, "amid ruin and change everywhere around, so will you find the truths which are given for our salvation ever immutable, though mere human inventions of thought are set aside by every coming generation for new philosophies, and the finer fancies of more brilliant intellects. Religion is built upon a rock, and the storms and floods of time cannot move it from its firm foundation."

THE POVERTY STRICKEN.

BY MR. A. F. LAW.

CHAPTER I.

Weep for the soul-sick child of want,
Whose daily music is the requiem chant
Of wailing grief, that feeds the canker, care,
And sorrow, which ends only in *despair*!

"MOTHER, I am weary and faint. Lay my head upon your breast, and let me breathe my last sigh with *your* arms about me. Do not weep, dear mother, for I part from a home of sadness to gain a bright heritage; and there, in my resting-place far above the blue heavens, I will sing glad hymns of praise; and your name, dearest mother, will be ever on my lips. I have been a burden to you on earth. Too feeble to toil for your good, I have been all dependent on your kindness. But now I go from sickness and want; and though you see me not, dearest mother, yet your child will be ever about you; for know you not that the spirits of those we've prized on earth speak to us gently in whispers of love, in the sighing of the breeze, and in dreams by night? I go!—I go! Thanks be to Thee, O Father, for the hope of life immortal, through the Saviour's blood! Mother—dear mother—farewell!"

With these lingering words of parting, passed away the spirit of a *child of poverty*. Beside the couch where lay the lifeless body knelt a woman in the prime of life. But Misery's hand had already accomplished its task, and the sunken eye, the hollow cheek, and attenuated frame told of deep suffering.

Methinks, kind reader, you would desire to know somewhat of the history of the subject of my narrative—the mother of the child whose death we have just recorded. Ellen Ellsworth was once the star of a brilliant circle, and surrounded by luxury and wealth. Of noble parentage, and an only child, she dwelt in her father's proud English home, the idol of his heart, for whose gratification no sacrifice was deemed too great, and whose slightest wish never passed by unheeded. Pampered and praised by all, this gentle girl bid fair to become merely a butterfly of fashion. But the instructions of a pious mother, who had watched over her childhood, had never been quite forgotten. Her holy example cast its hallowing influence over her child's mind, and often, in the gay revelry, and amid the giddy throng, it served to still the wild throbbings of her heart.

Time, who is no sluggard in his pace, quickly swept years away, and, by his touch, transformed the gentle girl into the loving woman. Years, too, had wrought a wondrous change; for Ellen Ellsworth stood no more within her father's lordly halls, but was an outcast from his home. For she had committed the unpardonable offence of making her own choice of a companion to journey with her along the rugged paths of life; and, because of this, she had bitterly incensed her proud parent, and brought a withering curse upon her head.

CHAPTER II.

"For riches certainly make to themselves wings, and fly away."

ELLEN STANLY (I call her now by her husband's name) had, by her marriage with a man of plebeian birth, forfeited her place among the cortege of fashion and wealth to which she formerly belonged; and, stung to the quick by the sneers and scorn of relatives and friends, herself and husband left old England's shores to seek a home across the wide waters. Possessed of health, a refined education, and energy of mind, together with a moderate portion of this world's goods, Robert Stanly hoped to win a name among the great and good in the land towards which they journeyed; and with such feelings, strong in *hope*, the young couple took possession of their new home.

For many years they prospered, and love and happiness was their daily portion. Three darling children graced their board, and for these good gifts the hearts of the parents offered up an unceasing tribute of thanks. But, at last, in the moment which seemed the most secure of joy, the curse of an angry father, which, until now, had seemed to slumber, fell heavily upon their heads. The commercial disasters which some years since devastated our land swept away, at one stroke, the accumulated gains of a life of industry, and left this family almost penniless; for, through imprudent advice, Mr. Stanly had placed the whole of his funds in those banking institutions which, by their total wreck, made so many of the fatherless and widows weep in anguish. This sudden sorrow paralyzed the hitherto active

energies of the man, and caused the poor husband and father to sink beneath its weight. A sudden and violent brain fever completely prostrated him, and, in a short time, Robert Stanly breathed his last, his intellect so clouded by sickness that he gave not one word of farewell to his weeping family, or one parting glance to the wife of his youth.

Ye who are surrounded by those you dearly love, prize their every word as a valued treasure; for, alas! you know not how soon the angel of death shall bear them from your sight. And ye who are surrounded by wealth and happiness, forget not your brother who toils to gain food for his starving babes by the sweat of his brow; for ye, too, may have both opulence and joy crushed by one grasp of a despot hand, and if ye have not ministered unto others, how can ye yourselves hope to be ministered unto?

CHAPTER III.

"She has passed to her rest, and flowers will bloom
Upon her bed of clay. Her spirit pure
Will wing its flight to realms of endless day,
Where radiant forms, in spotless robes, allure,
And seraph voices guide her on her way."

DURING the first years of her married life, letter after letter had been addressed by Ellen to her incensed father, praying for forgiveness; but all in vain, for no answer came to ease her troubled heart. And, be ye ever so upright, a parent's curse is a heavy burden. At last, yielding to hopelessness, the daughter ceased all efforts to soften his obdurate heart, considering such attempts useless. But now, when wrung by bitter anguish, she again wrote to him, trusting that, as the object of his hatred was no more, he would forget the past and pardon her offence. Alas! it was all in vain. Her deep contrition—ay, even the recital of her grief—failed to conquer his stubborn heart; and he strove to think her letter but a well-concocted story, framed to gain some of his hoarded wealth.

Thus cast entirely upon her own exertions for support, the poor mother, for the sake of her innocent children, wrestled bravely with the world, and toiled ceaselessly to keep them free from actual suffering; for, as yet, they were too young to aid her efforts but in a slight degree.

Time wore on. Gradually, pinching want entered the household; one by one, the sacred relics of happier days were sacrificed to obtain the necessities of life. Sickness, too, came with its withering power; and that insidious scourge, *consumption*, stole upon the eldest of the flock, a gentle girl, named Mary, just verging into womanhood, and the darling of her mother's heart. All her hopes were centered on this young being; to her she poured forth her sorrows, and from her received many a

word of comfort; for she pointed forward to the time when, with her energies added to her mother's, they could stem the torrent now rushing against them, and once more look gladly forth upon the world.

But these fond hopes were doomed to be nipped in the bud, and the mother's heart was again to be subjected to severe trial. Disease made a slow but certain progress. It touched the flower lightly, but *surely*, until at last it softly closed, then gently passed away. Sleep on, thou weary and heavy laden, until with glad praise the new-born spirit animates the lifeless dust, and thou wingest thy way on high, joining the ransomed throng of the pure in heart!

"Rest in peace, thou gentle spirit, throned above!
Souls like thine, with God, inherit life and love."

CHAPTER IV.

"We toil—through pain and wrong;
We fight—and fly;
We love; we lose, and then, ere long,
Stone dead we lie.
O life! is all thy song
Endure and—die?"

SICKNESS had reduced the widow's fund to its last farthing; and though her wearied frame sank beneath these accumulated trials, yet the never-tiring strength of a mother's love left her not slumber, but urged her still to strive on. After the day's hard labor ended, that lonely, sorrowing being sat beside the dim light and plied her needle, drawing it in and out, stitch by stitch, through the dark watches of the night, uncomplaining, until the flickering candle died away. Night after night, unceasingly, she toiled; and for this heavy labor, by which the very threads of her being were broken one by one, what gained she? A miserable pittance!

You ask, did no aid come to their rescue? Alas, no! The poor around them gave a crust from their scanty portion; but the rich went their way, careful lest they should be imposed upon, and with easily appeased conscience, exclaiming, "We do not know them; they cannot want, for they do not ask for help." True; a thought of former years, and the shrinking pride of a cultivated mind, sealed the lips of the widow, and so long as aught of strength remained, she never applied for aid. Ellen Stanly, amid all this ruin, had not forgotten days of yore. The refinements of a costly education had been treasured up, and were imparted to her children as their only heritage; and thus she could not bear to send them forth upon the world to listen to the taunts and jests of the vulgar-minded, and view the mass of vileness and wretchedness ever found accumulated in the streets of our cities.

At length the mother's over-tasked frame gave

way, and she was laid on her straw pallet, with famine staring herself and children in the face. It came with a rapid stride; first touching the rounded cheek of the youngest child. Its little limbs withered away, its sweet voice faded into a sigh, and then kind angels came to its relief and bore the freed spirit beyond the skies. At this happy release, the mother wept not, but rather rejoiced; for she knew her Saviour loved little children, and she hoped soon to join her cherub babe in a brighter, happier home.

Her boy still remains to her. She cannot bear to give him up, but prays he may be spared to carry messages of love to her never-forgotten father. Oh that she might see that father but once again, and hear him utter kind words of forgiveness! Then she would gladly go to rest.

Life hangs but by a thread. The once ruddy boy is now stretched beside his poor mother, for strength has left his wasted frame and he is wrapped in a dream-like stupor. The mother wrestles with Heaven for an answer to her prayer, and the petition of faith is answered; for lo, the door is opened, and, passing quickly on to that lowly couch, is the feeble, heart-stricken father! Repentance for the past has long dwelt within his breast. His unrelenting spirit has been subdued by repeated chastenings; and, having searched for his daughter until almost in despair, in highways and byways, he at length finds her the inmate of a wretched hovel, the unburied corpse of her daughter beside her, her boy stretched on the

ground, life almost gone, and she herself just ready to speed her way to the "spirit-land!"

"My father!"—"My child!"—one close embrace, one look of love, a thanksgiving from the lips of the sorrowful, and the wearied child of poverty is at rest.

The boy, by timely aid, was saved, and all the love of the broken-hearted grandparent was centered on him. But the canker worm was feeding on that old man's heart, and he, too, was soon laid beside the resting-place of his injured daughter. Young Stanly became the possessor of great wealth and of broad lands; but never, in after days, did he forget the scenes of his childhood. He was ever willing and anxious to minister to the wants of the friendless and poverty-stricken. May you and I, kind reader, go and do likewise!

This may seem to some an exaggerated tale; but go, my friends, into the courts and remote passages of our city, and you will find many whose lot in other days was among the high and wealthy, but who, from various causes, have been reduced even to a straw pallet, and to a state of actual famine. None but those who enter the dwellings of misery can know at all of the wretchedness of many of their fellow-creatures, or can fully sympathize with those who are brought low.

And now my mournful plaint of grief is told!
Then pray thee, reader, give thy hoarded gold
To chase despair, to bind the broken heart,
And bid the tear and bitter sigh depart.

THE TE DEUM.

(See Plate.

As an accompaniment to the beautiful plate in this number, representing young cathedral choristers, we have thought that nothing better could be written than a sketch of the history and a brief analysis of the matter of the magnificent hymn in the church service, "We Praise Thee, O God." To very many of our readers, what we shall say will be nothing new; but even they will be pleased to see in an accessible form a history of this ancient hymn. And to such as have not before met with any connected account of the Te Deum, it will be, we are sure, acceptable for the historical, musical, and devotional interest of the subject.

The Christian Church has followed the Jewish in making songs of praise a part of its devotional exercises, and in this it imitates also the Divine Founder, who, we are told, closed the Last Supper with a hymn, as was the Jewish Passover custom, before he went out with his disciples to the Mount of Olives. David's Psalms, and those of other writers in the Hebrew Psalter, embrace not praise alone, but all the various emotions of the devout heart—confession, supplication, complaint, on the part of the Penitent, as well as descants upon God's works and perfections, and thanksgiving for His mercies.

The New Dispensation opened new themes for the melodious utterance of the worshippers or, as we may more correctly say, what prophets and kings foretold in their Divine songs the Christians early celebrated as *accomplished*. Pliny the younger, Governor of Bithynia, writes to Wagan, A. D. 107, as the result of his inquiries respecting the practices of Christians, that they met on a stated day, before daylight, "to repeat among themselves a hymn to Christ us to a God."

The Te Deum, modeled perhaps upon older hymns, can be authentically traced back to the time of Nicetius, Bishop of Trier, to whom its compo-

sition is ascribed. He lived about A. D. 530. Though a still more ancient origin has been claimed for it, and it has been said that it was composed by St. Ambrose and sung at the baptism of St. Augustine, about a hundred years prior to the above date, there is no certainty in this supposition. A hymn of the same comprehensive spirit—perhaps the germ of this—may have been used. But, whatever may have been the precise date of its production, it stands among the most noble of human compositions, and has stirred the hearts of the devout for centuries. Composers without number have written music for it. Indeed, we suspect that it would be difficult to find a European composer since the fifth century who has not written a Te Deum accompaniment.

Like many other good things, the Te Deum has suffered from evil associations. In the rude days, when war was the business of monarchs and the glory of feudal leaders, the first act of the victor, when possible, was to order in the churches the performance of the Te Deum, as if the work of gratifying the evil passions of men by murder and rapine had deserved and received the favor of God. During the bloody scenes of the first French Revolution, before the leaders had become so frantic as to deny the existence of a Supreme Being, the Te Deum was several times directed; and once, in the Champ de Mars, where hundreds of priests united in the chant, with adequate instrumental accompaniments, salvos of artillery were fired at particular passages in the music. Nothing that the French in those days touched escaped the fury of their wild fanaticism.

The suppression of rebellions, the discoveries of treason, escapes from fiction, all the successes of monarchs, good and bad, all the triumphs of despotism over the people, and of persecuting bigotry over the

freedom of speech and of conscience, have been celebrated by the *To Deum*—in most cases with as much sincerity as a pagan ordered sacrifices. Thus, as we have observed, the ancient hymn had once fallen with many into disrespect. A brighter era has commenced, in which tolerance and mutual charity enable all parties to judge with more discrimination, and to admire what is beautiful and holy in itself, without regard to its ancient perversions.

As the *To Deum* stands in the Prayer Book of the Protestant Episcopal Church in this country, it is pointed grammatically. In the English Book, it is pointed for chanting. In most American churches, it is seldom chanted except upon holidays; on other occasions, the minister and people read it in alternate verses. There are also some verbal alterations, which preserve the same sense, but respect the modern usage of words. Thus, "Thine honorable, true, and only Son" is changed, in the American Book, to "Thine adorable," &c. Such was once the signification of honorable, or, if not precisely such, a loftier sentiment was conveyed than is now borne by a word in so common use as honorable. Mortal appropriation of it has made the term of too light signification to apply to the Redeemer in an ascription of praise. And, by the way, we may observe in many other cases in the Bible and Prayer Book, as standards, the departures from ancient usage which colloquialism and hyperbole have caused in the employment of words. Some have entirely changed their meaning, or, where they had two or more, have lost all except one. Thus, one of the prayers in the American Book, commencing "Direct us, O Lord, in all our doings," stands in the English Book, "*Prevent* us," &c. The original meaning of *prevent* is to come or go before; the inferential meanings are to direct and guide, and to

obstruct. The latter has, in common usage, entirely supplanted the former.

The *To Deum* will be found, upon examination, to be methodically divided into three parts, the first containing nine, the other two each ten verses. The first nine verses (originally ten, the opening verse having been originally written in two) are an act of praise, declaring the homage of all beings in heaven and earth—the living on earth and the sainted in heaven. The next ten form a *creed*—a confession or acknowledgment of faith—"The holy church throughout all the world doth *acknowledge* Thee." Thence the hymn proceeds to specify faith in the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, the Comforter, and to set forth the victory of the Son over death, the opening of Heaven to the faithful, and the coming of Christ in judgment. And lastly, having praised God and declared the Christian faith in Him, the hymn changes to supplication for his mercy, "*We therefore pray Thee, help thy servants.*" Thence to the end, the hymn proceeds in the declaration of worship and prayer for assistance, concluding in the words of the psalmist, "O Lord, in Thee have I trusted; let me never be confounded."

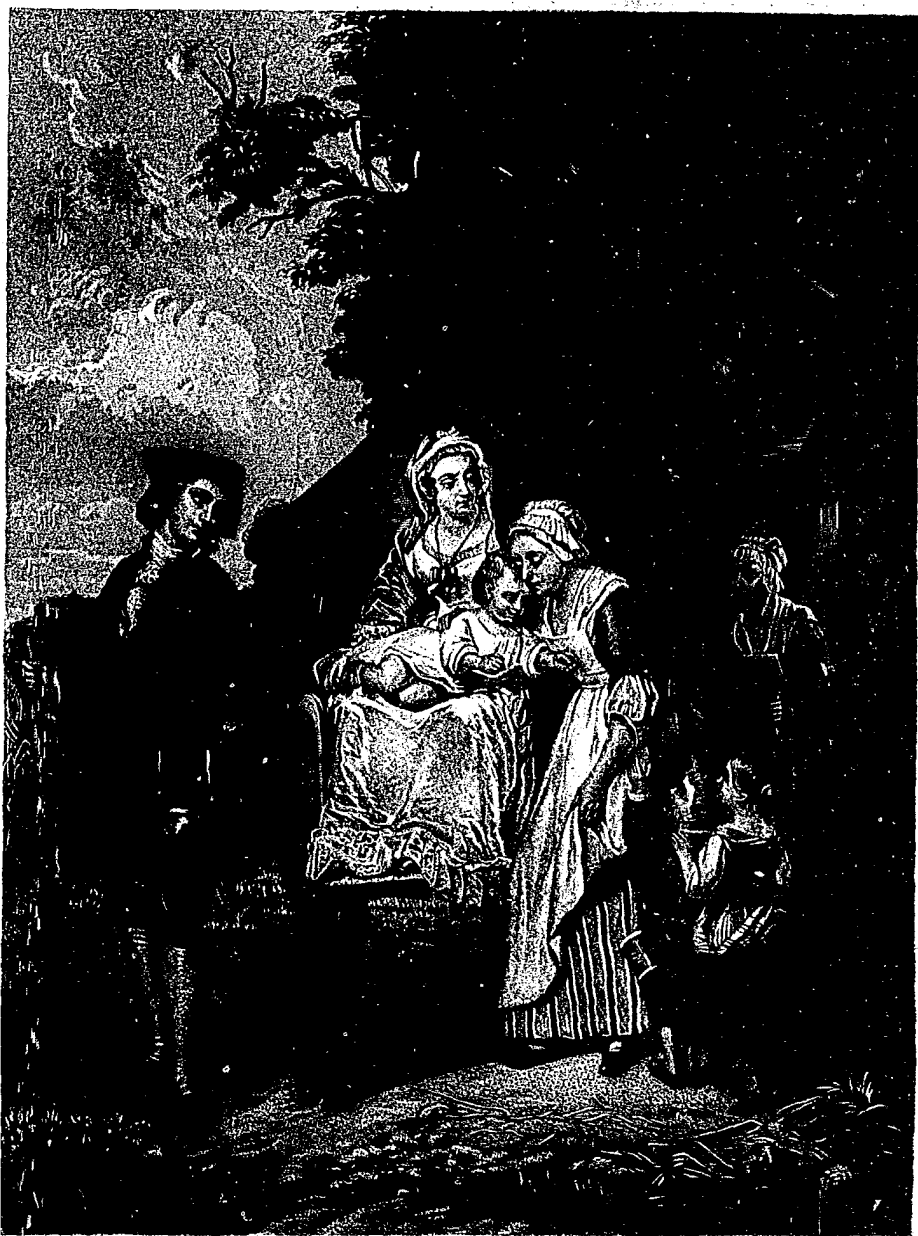
Such is a brief sketch of a composition which, in its history and analysis, has employed many pens. Its spirit is that of the Gospel; its phraseology is, in many places, verbatim from Holy Writ; and its sentiments are identical with those of the Word of God, insomuch that it may be said to be a blending together of Scriptural thoughts and words. Unexcelled in majesty, beautiful in simplicity, warm in praise and fervent in prayer, glorifying God, and yet being, in all humility, the utterance of feeble man, the *To Deum* cannot be too highly admired as the acknowledgment of the whole Christian Church, under whatever name, and in whatever land or time.

WHICH IS THE MOTHER?

Neal, Alice B

Godey's Lady's Book (1848-1854); Oct 1850; American Periodicals

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WHICH IS THE MOTHER.

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WHICH IS THE MOTHER?

BY ALICE B. NEAL.

(See Plate.)

"Now, who would think that was the young count kicking and sprawling on the grass with my little ones? Look how they fondle each other; and my Theresa is more proud of him than of her own brother."

The old dame looked up from the rush mat which she was weaving, to listen to her daughter's exclamations.

"Ay, ay," said she, half muttering, "they are near enough to each other now. They eat from the same platter and drink from the same cup. They sleep soundly under one roof; but the hamlet and the castle are far apart, though but a stone's throw from each other; and, by and by, the children will be as separate as though leagues divided them."

"Nay, but my foster child will not forget me. And think, *chère maman*, when he shall be a man, perhaps he will make Jean his bailiff, because of their old days; and when he brings home his lovely young wife, I will say to her, 'See, he slept in my arms, and he grew strong and beautiful under my roof.'"

"And, if she be like the countess his mother, she will answer thee, 'Ay, ay, good nurse; but what is that to me? Thou wast well paid for thy trouble, eh?'"

"But my lady is kind, for all that; and it is not money that rewards me. 'Tis to see the young Roberto changed from the puny infant, with its pale lacklustre eyes and sharp pining features. See how his limbs are knit, how brown and strong he grows! And then, at night, when I hold him in my arms and smooth his curls, and see him fall gently into his sweet sleep! It is then I love him most."

"And what cares his mother for that? She has not seen him since the Easter season, with her rides, and her balls, and her grand company. A shame to her for it, though she be the young mas-

ter's wife!" and the old dame recommenced her task with a vigorous snapping as the unfortunate rushes slipped through her withered hands.

The younger woman went to the door of the low cottage and leaned out, that she might watch the children better. It was a calm and peaceful summer morning, and the air was filled with the fragrance of the wild vines that she had twined about the casement. The swallows chirped about in the thatch of the sloping roof, and the great tree overtopping the walls, that had once given it shade, moved softly in the light wind. The three children were gamboling on the grass; sturdy little Jean, with his sunburnt, rosy face, the womanly Theresa, assuming an air of importance because she had been trusted with the care of the younger ones, and Roberto, the young Count of Virieu, fairer than they, with the impress of his noble birth on his broad, white forehead, and shapely, robust limbs.

The child's foster mother grew thoughtful as she stood there with folded arms, leaning in the doorway, and the smile that had lighted her round, fair face deepened almost to a shade.

"I would not be the countess for all her broad lands," she mused, "if I were forced to put my children away from me before they know their mother's face. To let another watch them when they begin to look towards the light, and use their little feet, and stretch out their hands! To think of my Jean calling another *maman*, or winding his arms about a nurse's neck when he went to sleep at night! Ah, little she knows what a pleasure it is to be a mother, and little she cares for what she has lost! And his father away in Paris half the time, or riding out with those wild gallants when he is here! I would not change for all their chateau, with its grand galleries, and stone terraces, and brave hangings."

And the peasant's wife had made the wiser choice. What are the accompaniments of wealth, the excitements of a fashionable career, to the calm domestic comfort that oftentimes gathers about a cottage hearth, where the needs of life only are supplied? What is not lost by that mother who willingly gives her child to the charge of a hireling that her own selfish indolence and petted tastes may be gratified, and turns from it to the flattery of the world and the wearying round of frivolous amusements? Love must be stilled, maternal tenderness turned from its natural course, ere this can be done; and wo to that mother who has thus wronged the noblest and truest instincts of her nature! "She soweth tares in her wheat field, and shall reap the reward of her husbandry;" for the neglect will be repaid with added sorrow. Ah! if such mothers knew how pure the pleasure of training the young being confided by the Creator to their keeping, teaching it in earliest years to see only in this life the entrance to a home of more exceeding beauty; if they could feel, as they one day must feel, the responsibility of the trust so lightly assumed, so faithfully discharged, they would turn from all else to this sacred office, and think not that their lives were wasted in the training of these young heirs of immortality.

The reverie of the good nurse was suddenly interrupted; for the children, clapping their hands, cried, "See! see the pretty lady!" and in the distance a party from the castle were winding their way towards them. She saw at a glance that it was the mother of her little charge, the young and beautiful Countess Emile, attended by a tall footman with his gay livery and saucy air. "It was well that Roberto was cleanly dressed," thought the dame, in a flutter of excitement; for the visits of his mother were rare events, and chronicled as great days in the household of the cottagers. Besides, she had all a mother's pride in the appearance of her foster child, and now she glanced with much satisfaction at the dress, so neat, yet simple in its snowy whiteness, which distinguished the young count's apparel from the coarser fabrics which his playfellows wore.

You might have looked to see the young mother's eyes grow bright as she caught a glimpse of her beautiful son. But, save a glow of haughty pride, which for a moment passed over her fine features, the indifference with which she gazed on the scene around her was unchanged. She returned the warm salutation of the nurse with a listless air of weariness; and, though she kissed the child when it was placed in her arms, there was none of the hearty affection which distinguished the caresses of Marguerite.

The little fellow seemed pleased at the trappings of the lady's patient steed, then looked wonderingly up into her beautiful face, so different from the harsher features to which he had been accustomed, and softly stroked the round, white arms that held him. Theresa and Jean, with the instinctive bash-

fulness of childhood, hid behind the vines, and peeped out now and then at the strange lady who had taken their pet, Roberto.

But the scene was changed when the countess announced the object of her visit. She had decided to remove the child to the castle, not that she might watch over it herself, for she would soon be on her way to the capital with a gay party, where even the thoughts of her son would at times be banished, but that he might be given to the charge of a Parisian *bonne*, and thus escape the contamination of a rude peasant life. With characteristic selfishness, the countess had given no warning of her intentions, and, though the parting was an event which Marguerite had sometimes contemplated, its suddenness added many a pang to the separation. No wonder that a shadow had passed over her, for it was the saddest morning she had ever known. She kissed the child again and again, while the tears streamed down upon its fair face; but the young mother looked on in calm indifference at an agony that had never shaken her own heart. And the children, when they began to comprehend that their playfellow was to be taken from them, forgot their bashfulness and came clinging to their mother's dress, begging Roberto not to go. The poor little fellow himself, unable to understand any of the scene except that they were all unhappy, and the strange lady had made them so, tried to spring from her, and stretched out his little arms towards the children with such a sad, piteous face, that even the lacquey, who had first been amused by such an unwonted exhibition of feeling, gave the sorrowful nurse a sympathizing glance. The old dame hobbled to the door to bid farewell to the darling of the family, though she did not forbear expressing her dissatisfaction at the proud lady who had come to claim him. And at last the sad parting was over, and the young count was borne away, looking back and stretching out his little hands until they passed from sight.

Poor Marguerite! how many times she woke that night with the terrible dream that some one had stolen the child away, and his mother stood reproaching her for it; and how she longed to press the little one to her heart as she so often had done, and stroke its soft curls until she should fall asleep again.

But most sorrowful was it to see the little one turning from his own mother, in the midst of all the luxury that had been gathered for the heir of Virieu, and refusing to be comforted because Jean and Theresa did not answer to his passionate sobbing. At last he fell asleep, his pillow wet with the first tears of grief he had ever shed, and watched over by his strange *bonne* while his mother was the life and gayety of her brilliantly lighted saloon.

What wonder that, surrounded by such influences, taught only to esteem wealth and rank, and to turn coldly from those beneath him in station—no matter how warm the heart or how noble the intellect—the Count Roberto Virieu should have been among the

first denounced as an aristocrat in the troublous times of the Revolution. But when his ancestral halls were rescued from the rude hands of the mob by the intercession and commands of citizen Jean Dumont, none of those who were awed into com-

pliance by the bold determination of their leader knew what a rushing tide of youthful memories, aided by the supplications of the faithful Marguerite, had moved the citizen to this deed of mercy.

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FURNISHING; OR, TWO WAYS OF COMMENCING LIFE.

BY ALICE B. NEAL.

"You don't *know* how glad I am to see you! How *did* you happen to come just at the very time I wanted you?"

And then followed a succession of kisses, such as all fashionable young ladies bestow upon their friends when they meet, as Adelaide Mercer assisted her cousin to alight from the "cab" drawn up in front of her father's stately mansion.

Carpet-bags and bundles followed the two young ladies up the steps, in the arms of Jackson, the footman; and here the visitor was met by Mrs. Mercer, a tall, youthfully-dressed woman, who bade Adelaide show her cousin up stairs at once, as the dressing-bell had rung.

But there were no signs of a toilet, for, shawls thrown aside and dressing-gowns assumed, the cousins seated themselves in lounging-chairs each side the glowing anthracite fire, which a cool fall evening made very comfortable, and were soon sailing down a stream of chat at the rate of nine knots an hour. No wonder; they had not met in a whole year, and were really very fond of each other; and, besides, Adelaide was *engaged*. Yes, positively a *fiancée*; and she had so much to say of "George" and his family—how fond they were of her, and how soon they were to be married—"George and Addy" that was, not the whole family—and next week she was going to commence furnishing.

"You have such exquisite taste, Anne, that I've thought ever so many times I'd give anything to have you assist us; and here you are. How in the name of wonder did you happen to come?"

And now it was Anne's turn to confess; and, with more blushes than had deepened the color of Adelaide's cheek, the secret came out. The quiet little country cousin was also engaged, and her errand to the city was not dissimilar to Adelaide's coming occupations.

"Oh, I am so delighted!" said the giddy young creature. "Oh, of all things—only now you can't be my bridesmaid; and I had counted on that. And tell me all about him. Robert Sanford, what a nice name! and, of course, he's handsome and rich. Does he wear a moustache? George's is divine, curls slightly, and his teeth are—ivory is nothing to them! Does Mr. Sanford polka? To tell the truth, it was seeing George polka with Miss Lewis that made me wish an introduction; and then wasn't it strange we should both be in love at first sight?"

Annie did not know whether Robert could polka or not; she had never seen him dance. Addy would see that he looked too grave and quiet, somehow,

for that. No one wore moustaches in Eastport. But he had very fine whiskers and beautiful eyes.

"Well, I made up my mind, when I first came out, just what sort of a man I wished to marry. Oh, you ought to see George on horseback! I often tell him he is more fond of his horse than he is of me; but, then, I don't wonder—Prince is such a splendid fellow, as black as jet. Who's making your *things*?"

The last expression, dear reader, is a feminine abbreviation for wardrobe, and, to a young lady on the eve of marriage, there are few more important subjects. Copperfield is not the only lover who has had reason to complain that "they make a lay figure of my darling," only the lay figure becomes very animated with the "trying on," and does not keep in character as a general thing. The fair *fiancée* informed her cousin that Madame Wharter was already engaged on some of her dresses; that *one* dress was to be an embroidered silk robe, direct from Paris; Levy was expecting it every day.

"I wish you'd have one like it. How nice that would be! It's only two hundred dollars! Shamefully cheap, considering it needs no lace; but, then, I'll make it up in my veil."

Anne looked up in amazement. The whole of her ample wardrobe, with the exception of one dress to be purchased in town, might be covered by the sum her cousin had just named as so insignificant. But she was a prudent lassie, and did not think it worth while to shock Adelaide in turn.

The dinner bell pealed through the hall just at this juncture, startling the two gossips, who sprang to their feet in haste. Adelaide submitted herself to the hands of the waiting-maid, whose services were divided between her mother and herself; and Anne's simple toilet was completed long before the beauty's luxuriant hair had received the peculiar twist which fashion demanded. Then she had leisure to admire the beautiful dresses that were in turn displayed for Adelaide's selection, and to remark that none of them had sleeves longer than the cape of the close-fitting *cashmere* in which she was arrayed.

"What! are you going to wear that thin *barège* such a cold night as this—low neck and no sleeves? Are you not afraid of taking cold?—or are you going to a party?"

"A cold! Why we in the city never think of taking cold. No, it is too early for parties; but there are always more or less people in, and George at any rate. He admires my taste for dress above

all things, and never can bear to see me in long sleeves. I declare, dessert will be on the table if we do not hurry. Jane, you stupid creature, that is a half-mourning bracelet instead of my blue enamel."

The prophecy was fulfilled; for Mr. Mercer sat with his wine before him, and his wife was uneasily trolling her richly chased napkin ring when the young ladies entered the dining-room. But Miss Adelaide's delinquency seemed no unusual occurrence, for she was met with no reproof, and Mr. Mercer, the most polite of hosts, welcomed his niece with a very proper and gentlemanly pressure of the hand. "George"—Mr. Howard—was announced before the formal meal was concluded, and his betrothed flew away to welcome him with many pretty chidings for being so late, and failing to meet her at Levy's in the morning. Her cousin followed with no little interest, for she expected her fastidious cousin's taste had been satisfied with nothing short of the utmost nobility and elegance. We must confess there was something of disappointment in the glance she cast upon a tall, slightly-formed young man, whose chief distinction lay in a delicate moustache, evidently "loved and cherished" by the wearer. But he was very young and good tempered, and Anne was compelled to acknowledge sufficiently agreeable, for she passed a very pleasant evening, the bridesmaids elect, with their escorts, coming in to increase the family party. To be sure, the conversation was not very instructive nor very brilliant, as it turned on the opera and the movements of their immediate friends. "Anna Lundin's engagement to young Smith; Dr. Colton's attentions to Miss Lawson, and whether they were serious; and Miss Wilson's opening on the next Monday," were the principal topics. But, if not intellectual, it was entertaining as far as good-natured repartee from Mr. Howard, and sarcastic scandal from Miss Lane, the first bridesmaid, could make it; and Adelaide protested it was one of the pleasantest evenings she had ever passed. In fact, she was so wearied with enjoyment, that she nearly fell asleep over her curl papers, and was in bed before Anne had finished unpacking. Her cousin stooped down to kiss her young and fair forehead, and the red lips, half curled with a smile at some remembered jest that was haunting her dreams, and then returned to the dressing-room to read over again a little note of farewell that she had received at parting from her lover. Nor did she sleep until, kneeling by her bedside, she had silently commended the dear one to the protection of a watchful Providence, asking for strength to be to him a true and faithful wife. The heart never seems in closer communion with its beloved ones than when calling the blessing of Heaven upon them in absence, and Anne felt this as her happy senses sank into a calm and gentle sleep.

Sunday, Mr. Howard was in attendance upon his betrothed nearly all day, and Anne had time to attend church by herself in the afternoon. She sat in the

old family pew, and used a prayer-book that had belonged to her own mother before she was married. How strange it seemed to see "Anno Mercer" written upon the fly-leaf as she opened it!

"Now we must not sit up to talk to-night," said Addy, after Mr. Howard's departure, "for we have so much to do to-morrow. George tells me that he has concluded to take the largest house of either of those we looked at. It's a new one out Walnut Street, in the most desirable neighborhood you can imagine. Young Mrs. Westhaven has one in the same row, and the Rushtons live almost opposite. Father thought one of that new row in Schuylkill Seventh Street would do; but it was smaller, and, besides, who wants to live in a cross street—unless it be Fourth, between Walnut and Spruce, where a great many old families still live?"

"What, is there a difference in streets that run up and down, and streets that run across?"

"Oh, the greatest in the world! But I can't stop to explain that now. We're going, the first thing, to look at the house, and see what we need; then to Hengkels', where everybody buys everything in the furniture line, after we've looked at Miss Wilson's bonnets. How fortunate we're both going on the same errand, as I shall need the carriage all day, and we can now make our purchases together!"

So the next morning, at an earlier hour than Miss Adelaide had seen the sun for many a day, the carriage was announced to be at the door, and Mr. Howard in readiness to attend the ladies.

"Why, can he leave his business as early as this?" asked Anne, somewhat astonished.

"Oh, he's hardly over at business now. It's an understood thing that, when a partner's engaged, he's not expected to be much in the counting-room. I think it's a shame George should have to be there at all. His father was such a strange man, and left everything to him on condition that he would go in business when he was twenty-three. And papa ought to have retired long before this. I'm sure I don't see why he hasn't. Mr. Louis has, and so has Mr. Lane, long ago."

Mr. Mercer knew very well, however, why he was still obliged to be in the counting-house, when his soul loathed the routine of his daily life. And Miss Addy would not have needed to be told, if she had possessed the slightest knowledge of the real value of the money so lavishly spent upon her elegant house and her elegant self. Mr. Mercer, like many of our merchant princes, commenced the world with a clerkship, and, though he had been wonderfully fortunate, all his acquaintances said, yet few purses could stand the enormous drain of the fine establishment with which he won the hand of the beauty, Ellen Gore, now the still-admired, and still lavishly extravagant, Mrs. Mercer. So, as in many another instance, the owner of that beautiful mansion and the noble horses that stood pawing the sharp stones of the pavement at his door, passed the greater part of the day amid bales and boxes, that his wife and daughter might be, we had almost said, rival belles

at expensive watering-places, and the gayest of the gay in their city home.

It was a very complacent and happy party that filled the landau that morning, as it drew up before a large house in the western part of our city. In a very few minutes, Adelaide was polkaing through the dining-room, where she was so soon to entertain her guests, and Anne followed more slowly, wondering how they would dispose of all these rooms. Mrs. Mercer soon called them to an exploring expedition, and Anne's wonder ceased.

"This is a very fine drawing-room," she said, looking around with practiced eyes, "and the smaller one I would fit up as a library. It looks well to have a library nowadays, and they are very convenient for morning receptions. I have taken a peep into the kitchen, which has ranges and everything necessary. So I won't fatigue you, Addy, by such details. This staircase is rather narrow, but now that we have gas everywhere, there are no bronze figures necessary for holding lights; and, I must say, these burners are elegant. Here we have the dining-room, which is of great importance, as Addy will have to give dinners, I suppose. Very fair, though a side window would have improved it. This recess at the side will be George's smoking-room, I suppose. It can be shut off entirely by the folding-doors."

Anne looked around, while Mrs. Mercer dived into a china-closet, and Adelaide, calling gayly to George to follow, ran up stairs. This one room was quite as large as the parlor and sitting-room of her own house. She could scarcely understand why so much space was necessary for two young people. The second story was appropriated before they reached it, in a chamber, dressing-room, and boudoir. The third was to be furnished for guests, as Adelaide enjoyed society so much; and the attic gave rooms for the three servants that would have the care of the household.

"What a task it will be to furnish all this house, Adelaide!" said Anne, when she had admired the pure marble mantels sufficiently to please the exacting girl, "and to take care of it properly afterwards! I should think your father was right, after all, about the one in Seventh Street."

"Why, I was just thinking I did not see how I could possibly get along with less room; and as to all the bother, I sha'n't have any of it."

"But do you like housekeeping, Addy?"

"I shall have nothing to do with it. The servants will attend to all such matters."

"Can you trust everything to servants?"

"I don't see why not, I'm sure. What do you intend to do, pray? Turn grandmother at once and settle down?"

"Mrs. Mercer is waiting," called out George from the door-step; and, after a short drive, our young friends were set down at Miss Wilson's. The gay rooms were crowded with showily-dressed people, selecting their winter costumes; and Adelaide was soon busy in trying on bonnet after bon-

net before an oval mirror, attended by an obsequious shopwoman.

"This blue velvet is just the thing, mamma; see," and she nodded the rich flowers complacently. "These white *brides* are so becoming to me, and I must have it."

So the blue hat was selected at sixteen dollars, and the bridal hat ordered for thirty more; while Anne chose an uncut velvet, as plain as plain could be, without so much as a plume or a sprig of flowers. It was the cheapest one in the room, as Adelaide rather rudely observed as she saw half the sum demanded for the blue velvet drawn from Anne's purse.

"But why do you wear white before you get your bridal hat? You won't want two so much alike."

"This is for that all-important occasion," said Anne, smiling and blushing.

"What! that plain Quaker-like affair? Oh, do have some orange flowers, at least."

But Anne was inflexible; and her cousin was obliged to confess that it was in very good taste and very becoming, when she saw it laid aside with her more costly purchase. George agreed to this opinion, and said something very complimentary to his cousin elect, who had been all this time wondering at the knowledge he evinced of bonnets and head-dresses, as the ladies were trying them on. As Adelaide had said, his own taste was faultless, and from the jeweled cane he carried to the primrose-colored kid gloves he wore, everything was perfectly appointed.

"And here is Henshaws' at last," said Addy, as they drove up in front of a large upholsterer's establishment opposite the State House.

Anne was bewildered by the quantity of elegant furniture which surrounded them as they entered the wareroom. *Papier maché* tables, inlaid cabinets, rosewood sofas, carved so exquisitely that every petal of the flowers in the garland which covered it was distinct, damask satin chairs of crimson and black, orange and green, or, more delicate still, rose-colored and white, were a part of the magnificent articles which they had come to examine. It was enough for Anne to sit quietly on a chair of embroidery so exquisite it seemed wrong to touch it, and admire everything around her. But Adelaide and her mother went from one article to another, examining, admiring, and ordering whatever they fancied.

"These wardrobes are one hundred dollars a piece; you will see that they are a perfect match, and have a mirror in each large panel," said the shopman. "But we have some plainer ones up stairs. Would you choose to walk up, ladies, and see them?"

"Suppose we go," said George, who began, for the first time, to notice Adelaide's extravagant propensities with some alarm.

"Yes, I should like to see some plainer furniture," said Anne; and the party were soon ushered into a second, and yet a third room, not less crowded than

those below. Here mahogany and hair cloth held sway, and, though both were of the finest quality, even Anne had to acknowledge that they looked coarse after the delicate rosewood and damask they had just left. Still, the prices sounded alarming to Anne, who had been trusted by her father to make all her purchases alone, as he could not leave his business, and her mother was an invalid. Anne's uncommon judgment and good sense could be relied on, though her gentle, childlike ways gave no promise of the firmness which was her peculiar characteristic.

"This will never do," she thought, as her aunt, whose advice her father had bidden her to ask, pointed to some bedsteads at fifty dollars each as just the thing for her. "Plain and elegant, just what you will need in the country." At the same time, one at a hundred and fifty was put down on Adelaide's list.

"I'm sure, Addy," said her father, who had joined them here, "this set of mahogany will do very well for you. George is just commencing business, and, although he has a good capital, it is as well to be prudent."

"But you give them to me, papa?"

"Still, he must support the style in which you commence."

"Oh, let her have her own way, sir," pleaded George, who was still too much of a lover to endure the least shade upon the fair face of his betrothed.

"It's but a trifle added to one's outlay, after all, and she has set her heart upon that crimson and black damask *suits*," urged Mrs. Mercer.

So the rosewood parlor furniture was decided on, at a cost we should be afraid to name, black walnut for the dining-room, mahogany richly carved for the chambers, and, after all was done, the party returned to tell Mr. Henkels they would have Sienna marble slabs at eighty dollars, instead of white at twenty-five, for the tables and dressing-bureaus.

"We shall have to come again to-morrow for you," said Adelaide to her cousin, as they re-entered the carriage. "It is now quite time to dress for dinner, and I am thoroughly worn out. I'm afraid housekeeping is a bother, after all."

Anne nodded good-humoredly; but she thought, "Indeed, my dear, if this is what you judge from, you know very little about it;" for Anne was a practical housewife, having had the entire care of her father's family since leaving school; and now she was going to a home of her own, where still greater thrifts and economy would be needed to keep within the slender income of a young country physician.

"Uncle," said she that evening, starting to his side, when the others had left the dining-room, Adelaide expatiating to her mother on the beauties of an exquisite *etagère* she had just concluded was necessary, "can you tell me where there are cheaper shops than that we were in this morning?"

"I hope my little niece is not a bargain-hunter,"

said Mr. Mercer, with more playfulness than he ever exhibited before the members of his own family.

"No, not that, uncle. Everything there was so beautiful and so tempting; but papa is not rich like you, and Robert would not think it was right to spend so much money in what was no real use."

"So you think Addy's *chaises légères* and *fautouils* are of no use, do you?"

"Oh, they are very elegant; but one of them would half fill my little parlor. If you could see it, sir, you would know what I mean. Besides, father has allowed me only six hundred dollars for everything besides home linen and china, which Aunt Jane promised us long ago, and that would go a very little way at Henkels'."

"You are a dear, good, prudent girl," was the answer; "and though your aunt would tell you a parlor could not be furnished for that, I will trust you to make it go as far as you need. Say as little to them about it as possible, and we will go shopping by ourselves to-morrow."

Of course, Adelaide and her mother wondered very much at this arrangement; but Addy was too good-natured for ridicule, and Mrs. Mercer said nothing. So the one party rolled away in their luxurious carriage to look for a velvet carpet, while Anne and her uncle did not disdain to take an omnibus to Second Street, to which most unfashionable quarter their steps were bound. Here Anne found, to her delight—for she had been somewhat alarmed—that her six hundred dollars returned to its original value in her eyes. Her uncle seemed really interested in all her movements, and Mrs. Mercer would undoubtedly have been shocked could she have seen him gravely examining feathers and settling kitchen furniture, for all this came upon Anne.

"You seem to care more for tin pans than you do for mantel ornaments," said he, as Anne "rung" some mysterious kitchen apparatus. "That's a part of Addy's housekeeping yet to come; two or three hundred dollars at Tyndale's, I suppose. Who's going to see to her kitchen, I wonder."

"Oh, aunt sent an order to a general furnishing establishment this morning, and they are to supply all that is on their list."

"No matter at what cost, I suppose," half-murmured Mr. Mercer. "But I don't see that you have bought anything yet."

"The buying is the least part. I'm only making calculations now—seeing what I can afford, you know."

Her uncle could not but admire the bright, cheerful smile with which this was said, and wondered if "furnishing" was, after all, the genuine pleasure to Adelaide, with "*carte blanche*," that Anne found it, exercising all her prudence and tact to get as much as possible with her little allowance.

"What are you figuring over?" called out Adelaide, as she sat basking her little slipped feet in the firelight that evening.

"Calculating," said Anne, and added, as if speak

ing to herself, "Yes, five dollars off that sofa would get a workstand; and I can't live without a workstand."

"Is it possible you have to think about every dollar so! Poor Anne! I wish uncle was rich, or papa could afford to give you another set like mine."

"Indeed, I don't wish it, Addy. I should not know what to do with it," returned her cousin, simply.

"And what sort of a parlor carpet did you get, *chérie*?"

"A beautiful three ply, wool colors, and green. I thought it would be cheaper, on the whole, than an ingrain. So did uncle."

"Dear me! Mamma chose a velvet at Orne's, and I have Brussels in my own room and the third story. I hate tapestry, they are so common."

"I think those in the parlors are beautiful."

"So I thought; but that was when they first came out. Now they are so cheap that everyone can afford them. A three ply! Why, what sort of chairs and tables are to go with such a carpet?"

"Mahogany chairs with cane seats, and one octagonal centre-table. I like a centre-table, it is so cheerful in the winter; and, as our parlor will be Robert's study, we shall sit there a great deal."

"Poor Anne!" soliloquized the petted beauty again, as if she thought cane-bottomed chairs were a great misfortune, and a parlor study an unaccountable ill.

No wonder she could not understand the simple enjoyments which Anne so calmly anticipated. Seeing Anne well educated and truly refined, she had never before felt how far they were separated in future, at least in habit; for the humdrum existence of a village physician's wife would have been intolerable to her.

At last, the busy week was passed, and each bride elect had furnished her new house, or rather the upholsterer would soon give the finishing touch to the elegance of the new house in Walnut Street, while to Anne remained the pleasure of "setting her house in order" with her own hands, busied with a thousand delightful anticipations as her willing feet took unnumbered steps. And, in due time, both houses were occupied, Mrs. George Howard welcoming her friends by a party that was the wonder of the season, while Anne Sanford received the congratulations of her few guests in the "study-parlor," as tasteful a room as one could wish to see. The pleasure of the whole evening was marred for the one, because Deyburgh had disappointed her in a magnificent pyramid of flowers she had ordered for the supper-table; and Anne's heart was filled to overflowing by the unexpected arrival of a richly-toned boudoir piano, which her uncle had sent her, "a reward," so said his note, "for her sensible economy."

"It was all we needed to make the room perfect—all I coveted, I confess, in the whole of those elegant rooms," said Anne, running her hands over the keys in a favorite melody. And though an elegant-

ly embroidered handkerchief from her aunt, and a silver card-case from Adelaide, accompanied her uncle's gift, they were scarcely thought of as that sweet strain recalled to both the early days of their wooing.

We are not fond of startling contrasts or crushing reverses, dear reader; but we are surrounded with them on all sides in real life, and it is our aim to be true to the actual world.

Some three years from the day that Mrs. Howard took possession of her magnificent house, it passed into the hands of her husband's creditors, and, by the same commercial crush, her father's credit was shaken. Every dollar of Mr. Mercer's liabilities was discharged, and the wreck of their fortune was barely sufficient to maintain them at a fashionable boarding-house, in which only Mrs. Mercer declared that she could exist. Her husband, heart-broken as he was by the loss of his cherished business reputation, for, as usual, there were enough ready to say that he had acted dishonorably, had scarcely the heart to object to a publicity which constantly annoyed him, and never ventured a remonstrance. He knew full well that it was, in a great measure, the extravagant expenditure of his household which had wrought the change, the enormous charges for Adelaide's outfit coming due when he was least prepared to meet them; but he never reproached his wife, and still continued, though in a less degree, to minister to her wishes and her whims.

But for poor Adelaide there was a greater trial in store than the loss of her fine establishment. Howard, in whom the shock seemed to arouse a latent energy of character before unknown, decided to go to California, then just opening its golden vista, and attempt, in its rude and fluctuating mercantile world, to retrieve his fallen fortunes. His father's friends proffered their assistance when they saw the idle man of fashion so transformed, although, at the same time, reminding him that a less reckless spirit and a little attention to business would have prevented the necessity of such a step.

And now remained the hardest trial of all, breaking his determination to his wife, who had scarcely looked up from her childlike grief since his misfortunes. What was to become of her in his absence? There was now no father's house to return to, and she could not bear the thought of meeting daily in her changed position the old acquaintances she would encounter under her mother's protection. Just then, like an angel of peace and hope, came a long cheerful letter from cousin Anne, begging her to pay them a visit as long as she would choose to remain, "for Robert was often absent, and, though 'baby' was excellent company, she should enjoy Adelaide's society very much."

And so, when Adelaide found that protestations and tears availed nothing, George being determined on what she called his "mad scheme," she thankfully accepted Anne's invitation, and became an in-

mate of her cottage home. We will give one picture from their daily life, a year after this change was made, and leave our readers to conclude whether the dark cloud had indeed a silver lining.

The two young wives were both sitting in the little parlor, Anne employed with her needle, while Adelaide read aloud from some interesting volume. The "three-ply carpet" was still almost as bright as new, and the tint of the simple furniture had deepened to a more mellow hue. There was the open piano, enjoyed so much by both of them, a vase of flowers upon the centre-table, which was loaded with new books and magazines. The little workstand—saved from that pretty sofa, as our readers will recollect—was drawn to the open window, which commanded a view of the road, and there sat our old friend Anne in her pet sewing-chair watching for her husband's return. Now and then a glance was cast towards an open door, where a child's crib, and the quiet, rosy face of the little occupant were just visible. There was a deep shadow of tall forest trees upon the grass before the door, and the cool breeze of evening shook the white petals from a rosebush to the low window-sill.

"There he is!" exclaimed Anne, joyfully, as the ring of hoofs upon the gravel caught her ear, and, throwing down her work, she ran out to the garden-gate to meet her husband.

A pang of half sorrow, half envy wrung Adelaide's heart as she watched them coming slowly up the garden walk. One arm Dr. Sanford threw about his wife, who was looking up into his beaming eyes with all the eagerness of a child. Adelaide had never known true and wifelike affection until the parting she could not endure even then to recall; and keenest self-reproach at the thoughtless extravagance which had made it necessary awakened a more gentle and womanly spirit. She felt that the present separation was, in some measure, an expiation for her fault; and you never could have recognized the cheerful, industrious sharer of Anne's domestic duties as the once idle and brilliant Mrs. Howard, unless you knew the trials which had educated her heart as well as intellect. "Only to be with him, no matter in what privation," she thought, as she looked night after night upon the joyful welcome which awaited Dr. Sanford's return. And sometimes she would steal away from the pleasant winter fireside to weep at the thought of the privations her own husband was enduring for her sake.

"What will you give for a letter?" exclaimed Anne, hurrying up to the window, holding a brown envelop so that her cousin could just catch the well-known postmark, "SAN FRANCISCO," and then her eyes were so full of tears that she could scarcely read "My own dear wife," when the seal was broken and its contents in her hands. Her lips still quivered with excitement; but her eyes were very happy when she joined them at the tea-table; and, as they were all so deeply interested in Mr. Howard's success, the letter was, of course, read aloud

as soon as she could command her voice sufficiently. She glided very quietly over some portions of it, perhaps thinking them "of no use to any but the owner;" but we have taken the liberty to give it verbatim, that our readers may see the effect of adversity upon the husband as well as wife.

"MY OWN DEAR WIFE: I cannot tell you how very, very happy your letter, received by the last steamer, has made me. I go to my daily tasks with aroused energy and a thankful heart that you are bearing up with such a cheerful spirit under your great misfortunes. Yet I can scarcely believe all you write of your occupations: 'holding the baby, making cake, taking care of your own wardrobe, and studying three hours a-day.' Why where in the twenty-four hours can you find time for so much industry? After all, it is quite as sensible as fagging round to see people you did not care a straw for, or dancing yourself to death in a close room, waltzing with men it used to make me shiver to see touch your hand, though I could not say anything because they were my friends. Shall I confess it, dear? I used to be a trifle jealous sometimes of the smiles you gave so lavishly to those heartless people; but I know I was as bad as yourself, for many a time I have been called to account for neglecting my pretty wife to flirt with this one and that. I shall expect to get a box from you soon filled with some of that nice cake; and who knows but I shall be surprised by a whole dozen of shirts made by your own dear hand? Don't smile, dear Addy; you could not make a poor fellow a more acceptable present; and how I should enjoy it to know that your little fingers set every stitch with a thought for me!

"I don't believe you would know me now, or own such a rude backwoodsman for a husband, if you should meet me face to face. I wear a moustache from economy now, not from fashion—that is, I never shave, and am *kept in countenance* by half the inhabitants. I can't say how often I get clean linen, for fear I might shock you; and as to gloves, I think my hands have forgotten they ever had such genteel acquaintances. I have just attained to the luxury of a settee in my office, by a late arrival from Canton, which is at once my 'chair of state' and my bed, with the addition of a blanket at night. But we are gradually getting more civilized, and, by the time I get rich enough to put up a little house and send for you (don't say no, and shake your head so positively), we shall be quite comfortable, I dare say, particularly as Anne has taught you such qualities of housekeeping. I get more and more fond of California every day. I never saw such kindness of heart as is here exhibited by man to man, or such noble generosity of character as the peculiar position of all parties calls forth. I often wrap my blanket closer, as the chill night wind comes whistling up from the bay, and ask myself if I can be the idle, good-for-nothing dog that used to lounge up and down Chestnut Street, or fit kid gloves at Levy's counter. Imagine our rosewood furniture out here!

No, Addy, you shall have the best of pine, or perhaps bamboo, when you commence the world over again in San Francisco.

“Business is very brisk, and, if I only had you here, I should be perfectly contented. But, God willing, dear wife, we shall meet before long, and

our love will be all the stronger for the misfortunes that have made us reasonable human beings, and the separation which, after all, has but united us the more closely. They who have never known the anguish of parting cannot feel the joy of such a meeting as ours will be.”

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APOTHEGMATA:

OR, THOUGHTS IN LUMPS AND ARROWS SHOT AT VENTURE.

BY B. D. PETTENGILL.

ESSENCE OF THOUGHT.—We have essences of flowers, essences of spices, and even essences of meat. Why cannot some of our writers give us a little of the essence of thought? Would it not be more valuable than the otto of roses?

READERS.—The present generation of readers is eminently a superficial and thought-hating one. They like to be excited, astonished, and mystified more than to be benefited. They cannot be brought to pay the least attention to instruction unless it is edged in through a story or a witticism.

LATENT TALENT.—A popular writer contends that talent is always sure to find its proper level—that, when it really exists, it never fails to emerge from its obscurity; but another author, and we think with more sagacity, observes that, if a man will let fame alone, it will be very content to let him alone.

FAME.—Fame is bread and butter, money and friends, a specific against the pangs of despised love, the vulgar man's insolence, and the proud man's contumely. It brings a place when wanted, attention when needed, respect instead of scorn, civility instead of rudeness, and honor instead of disgrace. This is an answer to those who ask what is the use of fame.

LIFE OF GENIUS.—The swifter anything moves, the quicker it arrives at its end; the hotter the fire, the sooner it burns out; and the greater the genius (other things being equal), the shorter the life.

STYLE.—A writer's style should not be the mirror of himself, but of his subject. Versatility, or the faculty of adaptation, is the quality most essential to a good writer.

OLD TRUTHS.—There is more true glory in the elucidation of old truths than in the invention of new errors.

MYSTIFICATION.—If your aim in writing is to give instruction, be as clear as possible; but if your object is to gain a reputation with the vulgar for profundity, you may mystify a little.

TRANSLATION.—A great majority of the didactic treatises, which are constantly issuing from the press, are merely translations of the thoughts of preceding writers into different language; but they are not, by any means, on that account less useful than many books which are more original.

ORIGINALITY.—Lunatics and idiots are the only persons who are at all times perfectly original. All others, sometimes at least, think, speak, act, and write like other people.

PLAGIARISM.—However disreputable plagiarism may be accounted, plagiarists have at least this to console them—that there are few great writers who cannot be proved to have been guilty of it; and it is at least questionable whether the two greatest poets, Homer and Shakspeare, have not derived most of their fame from a wholesale appropriation of the labors of their predecessors. If this should be admitted, it must, however, still be confessed that they showed remarkable good taste in their thefts, which is more than many authors do.

POPULAR WRITING.—In philosophical writing, the union of clearness with profundity is the rarest, the most difficult, and the highest of achievements. Those writers who have so much to say against a popular style are either those who find lucidity beyond their powers, or who know their need of obscurity to hide their shallowness.

WIT.—How wit, which in its legitimate use is simply a particular method of reasoning, and is indisputably an essential element of every truly logical mind, should have come to be, by so many persons, regarded as a species of trifling and folly, is more than I could ever make out.

BEFORE AND AFTER THE NEXT ELECTION;

OR, THE HISTORY OF PATRICK MURPHY'S RETURN TO HIS POLITICAL FRIENDS, AND FINAL ABANDONMENT OF HIS PARTY IN DISGUST.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

(See Plate.)

THE RETURN.

It was near the close of a sultry day in August, and a poor, toil-worn Irishman "might have been seen" wearily wending his way upwards towards the summit of a house, with a hod of bricks upon his shoulder.

"Bad 'cess till Musther R——!" fell, half angrily, from the Irishman's lips, as he gained the elevation he was seeking, and deposited his load upon the scaffold. "Bad 'cess till Musther R——!" he repeated. "If it hadn't been for him I'd still be houlding my good situation in P——'s store, instead of being kilt to death wid this hod-carrying."

And then Mister Patrick Murphy, for it was that independent citizen, shouldered his empty hod, and commenced retracing his steps down the ladder for another installment of building materials. Just as he reached the ground, a voice, whose tones were instantly recognized, said, with animation—

"Why, Mr. Murphy! Is this you? How are you, my old friend and fellow-citizen? How are you?"

And Mr. R——, the very man Patrick had been thinking about, stood smiling, with extended hand, before him.

To be thus addressed by a "gentleman" was more than the long-nursed anger of Murphy could withstand, and it melted away into good nature, like frost-work in the morning sunshine.

"How are yees, Musther R——?" he returned, as he let the candidate take his hand and shake it heartily.

"Oh, bright as a May morning!" said R——, still holding the Irishman by the hand. "But how are you getting on now, Mr. Murphy?"

"Bad enough, and plaze y'r honor," replied Patrick.

"Ah, I'm sorry for that. Have you been unfortunate?"

"Dade, thin, and have I. That 'lection business kilt me dead."

"How so, Mr. Murphy? We were beaten, it is true; but how did it affect you personally?"

"Mr. P—— turned me off for going to the polls on 'lection day and it's been hard times wid me iver since, I can tell yees."

"Turned you off, Mr. Murphy, for voting your sentiments as an American citizen!" exclaimed R——, in well-feigned astonishment.

"Yis, it's just that, Musther R——," said Mur-

phy, with much feeling. Already the hope of making capital for future interest out of that circumstance was beginning to form itself in his mind.

"Vile proscription! Thus it is that these nabobs of our land seek, as in the old country, to bind the free consciences of the people, and to trample on their political rights. You felt this in Ireland, Mr. Murphy; and it was to escape such tyranny that you left the beautiful home of your fathers and came to happy America. Shall the heel of the oppressor be on your neck here also? Spirit of liberty, forbid it! Mr. Murphy, we must break down this league of the rich against the poor. We can do it, and we will. In this cause I have embarked, and I will die by it. What greater glory can any man desire than to be known as the friend of the people?"

"Nabobs!" responded Patrick, indignantly, taking the cue. "Yis! Vile, oppressing nabobs! If I had my will o' thim!"

And the Irishman clenched his fist.

"This is rather a hard kind of a business, Mr. Murphy," said R——, changing the subject. "A man like you ought to be doing something better than carrying bricks up a ladder."

"Dade, and he ought, Musther R——."

"Come round to my house to-night, Mr. Murphy. I'd like to have some talk with you."

"Yees lives in the same place?"

"Oh yes. Come about nine o'clock. I will be disengaged then."

"I'll be there to the minute, Musther R——."

"Very well. And now good day. I rather think we'll find you some better work to do than this."

All the Irishman's indignation towards R——, so long cherished, was gone. His next trip up the ladder was accomplished in half the time occupied in the last ascent; and when he came down again, it was "on the run."

Precisely at nine o'clock, dressed in his Sunday suit, which was not one of particular elegance, Patrick was at Mr. R——'s beautiful residence. He rang the bell, and, almost instantly, the door was opened—not by a servant, but by R—— himself.

"Ah, you're the man after all. Mr. Murphy; punctual to the minute!" said he, grasping the Irishman's hand. "Come in, my good fellow. Come in," and he almost dragged him into the house.

In a room in the third story, to which Murphy was conducted, two or three men were found sitting at a table, on which were decanters and glasses.

"Mr. Murphy, gentlemen"

Thus the Irishman was announced in a manner the most courteous.

"Ah, how are you, my honest friend? How are you? Happy, indeed, to see you!"

Such were the words of welcome that greeted his appearance.

"Take a chair, Mr. Murphy," said R—, and he handed the Irishman to a seat, with an air of deference and courtesy that was particularly flattering to the easily duped son of Erin.

"Well, gentlemen," said R—, after they had all resumed their places at the table and taken a glass round, "this is the Mr. Murphy of whom I was speaking to you; an honest, hard-working man, who has been proscribed for opinion's sake. No man has labored harder or more efficiently in our cause than he, and it will be a burning disgrace to our party—the party of the people, the sworn advocate of the oppressed and trampled upon—if we let him suffer for his devotion to true principles. This man has a family, sir—a family to whom he is dearly attached, and for whom he's toiling like a galley slave at the oar. Previous to the last election, he had a good situation and a good salary in the store of P—; but, because he worked in our cause, P— turned him off to starve with his wife and his little ones. for all he cared!"

"Impossible!" exclaimed the men at the table, lifting their hands in astonishment. "To think that such a spirit exists in our country!"

"A spirit," resumed Mr. R—, "that, if not checked, will prostrate our liberties beneath the iron heel of oppression. What is a poor man in the eyes of one like P—? Of less value than his horse! And he is but the type of his party."

To this there was a warm response from all present.

"And now, Mr. Murphy," resumed R—, addressing the Irishman, "the time has come when another strong effort must be made to break through the party lines that have been drawn by these poor-oppressing, blood-sucking aristocrats! At the last campaign, we drove them back, and came near routing them, horse, foot, and dragoons. This time, if we unite all our forces, victory is certain; and you know, my honest friend, that to the victors belong the spoils. No man did better service to the good cause at the last election than you, Mr. Murphy; and, now that the tug of war is about to come again, your bleeding country calls upon you, and asks for aid. Shall she call in vain? No; not when her voice reaches the ears of Mr. Patrick Murphy, the man who has felt the crushing weight of oppression. What say you, Mr. Murphy? Are you with us again?"

Thus appealed to, Murphy instantly replied, with enthusiasm—

"Faix and am I, Muster R—! Bad 'cess till the nabobs! I'll have it out wid 'em yet."

"You've got the right kind of stuff in you, I see," remarked one of those present

"I'm an Irishman," said Murphy, proudly.

"And an honor both to the country of your birth and the country of your adoption," responded R—.

By this time, Murphy was fully prepared to enter into the views of the individual who wanted his "valuable aid" again. Flattered into blindness, he allowed the bit to be once more placed in his mouth, and, bearing on the rein, moved forward to the right or the left, at the will of his drivers. It was demonstrated to him, with the utmost clearness, why the party failed of success at the last campaign, and why it would now be sure to gain the victory. And his reward was to be a clerkship in the post office, at a salary of six hundred a year. Moreover, R— said that he must throw away his hod, and come at once into the service of the party. And, as the laborer was worthy of his hire, it was agreed to pay him one dollar a day until the period of election arrived.

Again was Mr. Murphy a man of consequence in his own eyes. Higher ranged his head, and more stately was his step as he walked homeward from the house of R—. But he was doomed to have his ardor somewhat cooled; for, on announcing what had just happened to his better half, Biddy, that lady became exceedingly indignant, called him a fool, and sundry other names of like character, and vowed that, if he got himself into any more trouble with his politics, she'd "take the childther and lave" him.

On the next morning, Murphy waited on Mr. R— again, according to appointment, when arrangements were made for attending a "harvest home," to be celebrated at a village in the county which embraced the district in which R— was a candidate for election. There were to be present at this assemblage some of the leading men of the party, with many of whom Murphy had worked side by side in the last campaign, and he was made to believe that his appearance among them would be hailed with the greatest enthusiasm.

"We looked upon you at the last election as one of our best men," said R—. "Already more than a dozen old friends have been inquiring after you. Your appearance, Mr. Murphy, will put new life into our people, for they know you of old."

R— then placed a five dollar bill in the hands of the Irishman, as the beginning of his pay in the new service, and five more to be used for electioneering purposes among his own countrymen. Particularly was he instructed to see to the naturalization of all those who had been in the country long enough to entitle them to citizenship, and to pay all attendant expenses, if a pledge were given to vote the party ticket.

Again the Irishman began to feel his own importance, and to swell beyond his natural dimensions. It was night before he returned home; and then he was, to use a vulgar, but very expressive word, a little "groggy." The moment he entered, Biddy said, with some sharpness of voice—

"Patrick, ye convict! And where have ye bin all the day? Musther P—— sent for yees this mornin', and wants to see yeos."

"Bad luck till Musther P——!" returned Murphy. "Bad luck till him, I say!" and he staggered into a seat.

"Are ye crazy, man?" exclaimed Biddy. "No doubt, Musther P—— wants yees back agin in his store."

"Bad 'cess till him! I 'll niver darken his door agin, the aristocratic, silk-stocken nabob! Didn't he turn me aff for votin' my sentiments as a free American citizen? Didn't he, I say? Bad luck till him, the spalpeen!"

"Y'r a drunken fool, that 's what ye are!" said Biddy, in wrath uncontrollable. But, knowing how fruitless a discussion would be with her husband while under the influence of liquor, she curbed her anger, and had little more to say during the evening. But, on the next morning, as soon as Patrick was fairly awake, she began—

"Patrick," said she, "are ye going till see Musther P——?"

"No, fuix, and I am not," replied Patrick. "I'm done wiv Mr. P——, kith and kin. Didn't he turn me aff for votin' my sentiments? Didn't he? Ay, fegs! And if iver I darken his door it 'll do him good."

It was all in vain that Biddy argued, scolded, persuaded; her husband was not to be moved from his resolution. There was a better chance before him than any situation in P——'s store. He was to be a clerk in the post office. That was settled; and, moreover, up to the period of election, was to receive a dollar a day for doing what was equivalent to "just nothing at all, at all."

For three or four days, Murphy spent his time idling about taverns, and at night going home in a condition that made all Biddy's attempts to reach his feelings abortive. Then the time for celebrating the "harvest home" came, and he was called for in a carriage by R—— and two other members of the party. Such an honor elated him almost out of himself; and even Biddy, who knew that her husband was no uncommon man, began to think him of even greater importance than she had yet imagined.

This "harvest home," as it was called, was nothing more nor less than a political gathering, for the purpose of gaining party influence. It was held in a certain neighborhood pretty thickly settled with Emerald Islanders, and the particular work Murphy was wanted for on the occasion was to make interest for R—— among his countrymen. A bullock was to be roasted, and an entertainment, consisting of an abundance of things eatable and drinkable, provided.

When R—— arrived on the ground, accompanied by his willing tool, the latter was introduced, with all formality, to about a dozen substantial leaders of the party, office-expectants, and others personally interested in the approaching election, who treated him with the most marked attention, asked him to

drink with them, and talked to him as if he were an individual of the first importance.

"Welcome back among your friends!" said one.

"Ah, my old friend Murphy," said another, "you are just the man I've been wanting to see. How are you? How are you?" And he shook the Irishman's hand half off.

"Here's Mr. Murphy again!" exclaimed another. "Why, bless me! I'm as glad to see you as if I'd found a guinea!"

And so the changes were rung, and Murphy believed all he heard was true. In return for the cordial welcome received, and the honor bestowed upon him at this reunion with the party, Murphy went to work in good earnest, cheered on, every now and then, by some one of the leaders, with flattering words of encouragement like the following—

"You 're the man, Mr. Murphy!" Or—

"Ah, my fine fellow! If we had a little army of such as you, we'd sweep the nation!" Or,

"Talk to them, Murphy. That's you! The best man among us!"

Never did Patrick Murphy work harder at cellar-digging or hod-carrying than on this occasion, in his efforts to make converts to the "cause of the people;" and between arguing, persuading, drinking, quarreling, and such other efforts with his countrymen, he was so much overcome by sundown that his political friends had to send him home to his wife Biddy in a furniture wagon. As he was not in a condition to feel the honor attendant on a ride with R—— in his carriage, such an honor was not wasted upon him.

On the next day, Mr. Murphy had a shocking bad headache, and was so sick and so much exhausted that he kept his bed until towards night, when he sallied forth, and took his way to McPholin's tavern, where he spent the evening in drinking, talking politics, and "going his death for R——," whom he did not hesitate to declare, "A jontelman, iver-y inch, and a raal friend o' the hard-workin' pable!"

About twelve o'clock, he staggered homeward, carrying with him a black eye and sundry bruises from hard fists on other parts of his body; the effects of which he did not get over for a week.

Thus, for a whole month, did Murphy serve the cause of the people, receiving his dollar a day, besides money to use "judiciously," in treating and in other ways controlling the votes of the "better class of citizens," whom he was especially chosen to influence. As the election-day approached, he became busier and busier, and finally was placed in charge of a "colony" of drunken vagabonds, who would vote either way for a glass of grog. There were twenty of these, and he had them locked up in the loft of an old warehouse for two or three days, supplying them with as much as they could eat and drink all the time, and generally managing to keep them too drunk to run away, even if they should manage to escape from their prison.

The particular work of Murphy, on the election-day, was to bring to the polls these vagabond voters,

and as many others as he could drum up. To this end, he was supplied with a carriage and ten dollars to treat with. Faithfully did he perform his part, even to the injunction of R——

"Mr. Murphy, mind! you must keep sober to-day."

"Gloriously" the voting went on from the time the polls opened until their closing at six o'clock.

It was twelve when Patrick Murphy burst into the room where Biddy sat mending the tattered jacket of her eldest hopeful, swinging his cap about his head, and crying—

"We 've bate! we 've bate! Biddy, my darlint! Hurrah for R—— and the cause of the people! Hurrah! Hurrah!"

"Hish! hish! Pathrick, now! Ye'el wake the childther, and alarm the whole neighborhood!"

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But Patrick was too intensely delighted at the great result achieved to care for such trifles. Seizing Biddy in his arms, he swung her round as lightly as if she had been a strip of a girl—and Biddy was not a baby in size—repeating the words—

"We 've bate! We 've bate, darlint! And now for the swate little corner in the post-office, and silks and satins for Mrs. Murphy! Ha! what do yees think of that, honey? Pathrick Murphy knew what he was about!"

But we must leave the reader to imagine the rest of this scene. The party whose cause Patrick had espoused were the victors, sure enough. They had routed their opponents, in the common and expressive phrase used on such occasions, "horse, foot, and dragoons."

Next for the sequel.

## APOTHEGMATA:

### OR, THOUGHTS IN LUMPS AND ARROWS SHOT AT VENTURE.

BY B. D. PETTENGILL.

**ARTIFICIAL WRITING.**—One reason that we have so much artificial, meaningless writing in the periodicals of the day is that most of our editors make superficial accuracy the great test of merit, use the file too much, and oblige all contributors, on pain of rejection, to feel by rule and think by precedent. How a small fault, a slight vagary, or a little departure from customary usage would startle some editors! In fact, it is only writers of a great and overshadowing reputation who are allowed nowadays to follow the bent of their genius, and write as their own instincts dictate.

**FAULTS IN COMPOSITION.**—Many a popular man derives his popularity more from his very eccentricities than anything else; and many an interesting and able article, both in prose and poetry, is chiefly interesting from what, by the strict rules of art, might be termed its faults.

**BRIILLIANCY OF STYLE.**—The following beautiful specimen of brilliancy in writing is taken from the commencement of a modern novel, and may be of use as a model to beginners:—"The setting sun's refulgent glories tipt with dazzling lustre Etna's lofty summits, and danced in a thousand varied hues over Polycrasto's smooth, transparent bosom. The gentle zephyrs breathed Sicilian odors, and wafted on their silken wings the finest strains of Italian melody."

**THE LEARNED STYLE.**—Learned lecturers might learn a lesson in learning from the opening address of that erudite pedagogue, the venerable Mr. Lollypop, when about to teach Masters Johnny and Tommy to say A B C. "These letters, young

gentlemen"—said he—"are the elements of all literary knowledge, and in their various combinations possess functions capable of transmitting, from one mind to another, every species of intellectual intelligence."

**PREFACES.**—Conduct which is unexceptionable needs no apology, and books which are well written require no prefaces.

**TITLES TO BOOKS.**—Children should not be named till after they are born, nor titles determined on for books till after they are written.

**NEWSPAPERS.**—A good newspaper should be like a kitchen-fire. It should contain one large substantial article as a back-log, then a fore-stick and several smaller sticks, and the rest may be chips. But some newspapers are all chips.

**PHILOSOPHY OF HUMAN NATURE.**—If you wish to gain a little knowledge of human nature, and the rules of practical wisdom, read poetry, newspaper jokes, and the best novels; but do not go to didactic treatises, for you will not find it there.

**THE VALUE OF THINGS.**—There is no better test of a man's wisdom or folly than his estimate of the comparative value of the different objects of human pursuit. The wise man values reputation, but he would not sacrifice health for its attainment; he does not despise riches, but he would not give up honor, conscience, or charity to procure them; he admires beauty, but he does not set it above virtue; he loves amusement, but he does not neglect business for its enjoyment.